CAVENDO
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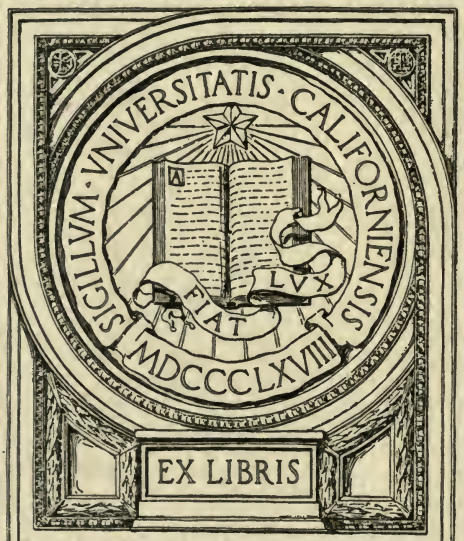

# THE CAVENDISH FAMILY

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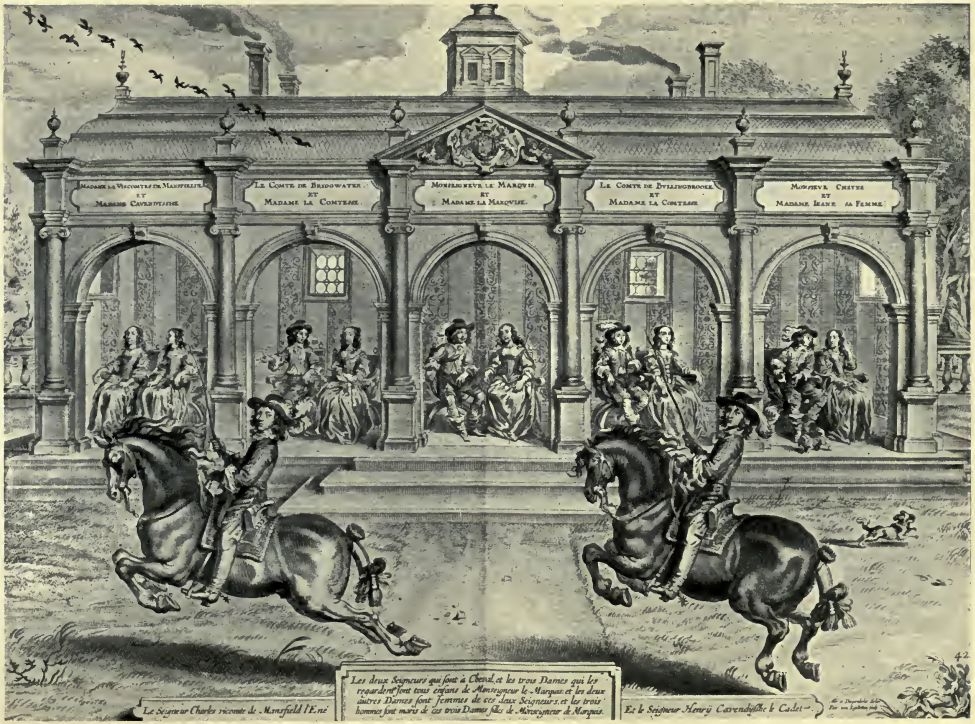
Madame la Vicomtesse de Mansfeild
et
Madame Cavendishe
Le Comte de Bridgwater
et
Madame la Comtesse
Monsieur le Marquis
et
Madame la Marquise
Le Comte de Dillingbroke
et
Madame la Comtesse
Monsieur Cheyne
et
Madame Jeane sa Femme
Les deux Seigneurs qui sont à Cheval et les trois Dames qui les regardent sont tous enfants de Monseigneur le Marquis et les deux autres Dames sont femmes de ces deux Seigneurs et les trois hommes sont maris de ces trois Dames fille de Monseigneur le Marquis
Le Seigneur Charles vicomte de Mansfeild l'Ainé
Et le Seigneur Henry Cavendishe le Cadet
42

NEWCASTLE AND HIS FAMILY.

*After Diepenbeeck.*

# THE CAVENDISH FAMILY

BY

FRANCIS BICKLEY

*ILLUSTRATED*

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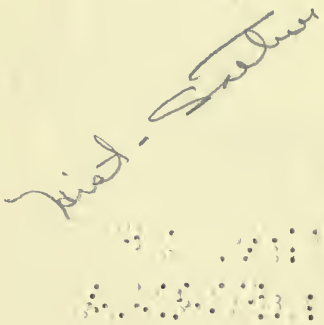

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# THE CAVENDISH FAMILY

## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTORY: CAVENDISH OF CAVENDISH

THE ancient theory that an eighteenth-century peerage carried with it, *ipso facto*, an authentic descent from a Norman baron is fast dying out. Modern scientific methods have sadly shorn the genealogies of many a great house, and a pedigree with its beginnings in the fourteenth century may now be considered a decent one. The Wars of the Roses made a holocaust of the old families, and those that survived found little favour in the eyes of the new dynasty. The Tudors were too astute to put much power into the hands of any who might contest their own far-fetched claim. They found keen men of moderate birth more convenient for their tortuous policies. The greatest statesmen of the day had but humble origins. Wolsey was 'an honest poor man's son'; Thomas Cromwell's father was a blacksmith.

The Cavendishes had no such swift rise to fortune as these. They achieved the great position they have so long occupied by more evolutionary methods. For more than a century before Bosworth Field they had been landed men, and they had a judge of repute for their first ancestor. Still, Sir John de Cavendish was too late to fight at Hastings by some three hundred years. A longer pedigree than that had to be found for the lords of Chatsworth.

The Cavendish legend is, however, but a half-hearted affair. It is characterised by no such consistent and per-

sistent falsification as has made the lopping of some family trees such tough work. All the old genealogists are agreed in tracing a descent from the Gernons, an ancient and distinguished house with the requisite representative in Domesday Book. According to one story, Roger Gernon, who died about 1323, married the heiress of John Potton, lord of Cavendish in Suffolk; the eldest of his four sons, who all took the name of Cavendish, being Sir John the judge. Another version fathers John de Cavendish with a John Gernon or Cavendish who had espoused Catherine, daughter of John Smith of Cavendish. Neither of these stories takes into account the fact that the manor of Cavendish was held by the family of Odyngseles from early in the thirteenth century until Judge Cavendish bought it in 1359.[1] It is an unconvincing legend, and has long been discredited. Even the most conservative *Peerages* accept it with reservations. Yet its very inconsistencies suggest that there may, after all, be some truth in it. The Cavendishes may in some way or another have been connected with the Gernons. But that is pure speculation.[2]

The village which was destined to give its name to one of the most famous houses in England lies on the Essex border of Suffolk, a dozen miles south of Bury St. Edmunds. Although they did not acquire manorial property there till a comparatively late date, the Cavendishes must have been connected with their name-place much earlier. In 1226 a Robert, son of Simon de Cavendish, was quarrelling about six acres of land there. In the records of the fourteenth century the name becomes frequent. There was Stephen Cavendish, for example, an alderman and one-time mayor of London, who died in 1372, desiring to be buried

[1] Copinger, *Manors of Suffolk*, i. 59 *et seq.*

[2] Gernons early held the manor of Bakewell and lands in the Chatsworth neighbourhood; which fact may have recommended a Gernon ancestry for the Cavendishes.

in the church of St. Thomas of Acon near the tomb of Thomas Cavendish, his erstwhile master. The last named was probably the Thomas, son of Thomas de Cavendish, clothier, who made his will and died in 1349, asking for interment in the same church, and making bequests to his brother John and his sister Isabel. John was possibly the future chief justice, two at least of whose descendants were buried in St. Thomas of Acon, afterwards the Mercers' chapel. But one cannot be sure.[1] Neither can one establish any connection between the ancestors of the house of Devonshire and the Cavendishes of Grimston Hall, whose line came to an end with Thomas Cavendish, the great Elizabethan mariner.

In 1359 John, son of John de Odyngseles, sold his old family property, the manor of Overhall in Cavendish, to John de Cavendish and Alice, his wife, who in 1370 bought the advowson of the church.[2] Alice is usually assumed to have been the eventual heiress of the Odyngseles, and the transfer of the manor thus becomes something more than a mere financial transaction. This may or may not have been so. The purchase is quite sufficiently explained as the whim of a rising man who, looking round for an estate, chose to establish himself in what might at least pass as the home of his ancestors. For Cavendish was following the law with success. By 1366 he was sergeant, in 1371 he was made puisne judge of Common Pleas, and a year later chief justice of the King's Bench. His connection with Suffolk was official as well as personal. One of his earliest appointments was to collect taxes there and in Essex, and he was for three years justice of assize in the eastern shires. He was a busy judge, and one at least of

[1] According to the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, he was probably the son of John de Cavendych who appears as surety for Thomas de Letchford, M.P. for Lynn, in 1322. No authority is given for this supposition.

[2] Copinger, *loc. cit.*

his judgments proves him sapient. A lady who wished to prove herself a minor offered to stand by Cavendish's verdict. The judge, however, would express no opinion. 'Il n'ad nul home en Engleterre,' he said, 'que luy adjudge a droit deins age ou de plein age, car ascuns femes que sont de age de xxx. ans voile apperer d'age de xviii.' 'There is no man in England who would rightly adjudge her under age or of full age, for all women who are of the age of thirty years wish to be thought eighteen.'

On the accession of Richard II. Cavendish was reappointed chief justice with a salary of one hundred marks, and in 1380 he was elected chancellor of Cambridge University. As his fortunes waxed he added to his landed property. Then the troubles of the reign came upon him. In June 1381, when Wat Tyler and his Kentishmen were marching on London, John Wraw, a Suffolk priest, raised the standard of revolt in his shire. He commenced operations at Liston, which lies not many miles from Cavendish, and one of the first objects of his attack was Overhall Manor. Lawyers were specially obnoxious to the insurgents, and Cavendish was personally unpopular. He had been trying to enforce the Statute of Labourers, one of the chief causes of the risings, in his native county. Presumably warned in time of the threatened invasion, the judge hid all his plate and other valuables in Cavendish church tower, and fled in the direction of Ely. Wraw and his men had to be content, for the moment, with sacking the manor-house. They also discovered and made off with the hidden goods. Then they proceeded to Bury St. Edmunds to destroy monastic property and Cavendish's town house.

A day later the judge himself was caught at Lakenheath, in the beginning of the fen country. He almost escaped, for his pursuers were still behind him when he reached the ferry over the River Brandon. But before he could enter the boat a woman named Katharine Garner pushed it

into the stream and left him helpless on the bank. His head was carried to Bury St. Edmunds, and set up on the pillory in the market-place. There it had for a companion that of Cavendish's old friend, John of Cambridge, prior of Bury. The mob amused themselves by placing the lawyer's mouth to the priest's ear, as for confession, or by setting them lip to lip.[1]

Some time before his murder John Cavendish had made his will. It is rather a curious document, in as much as, after having in Latin disposed of his soul and his body—to be buried in the chancel of Cavendish church near his wife Alice—he proceeds, 'and because the French tongue is better known to my friends and me and is in more familiar use than the Latin tongue, all the rest of my testament aforesaid I have had written in French that it may be by my friends more easily understood.' So it is in French that he bequeaths his son Andrew a bed of vermilion worsted with a tester embroidered and powdered with doves, and curtains of vermilion worsted; to Andrew's wife Rose a bed, and a silver cup engraven with a rose (a gift from the Countess of March); and to their daughter Margaret a bed powdered with popinjays.[2]

Sir Andrew Cavendish, who succeeded to the estate as the chief justice's heir, played no great part in history. He sat in Parliament for Suffolk, served as sheriff, and apparently fought in the French wars; for in 1374 he agreed to serve the king beyond the seas, with twenty-nine men-at-arms and thirty archers, for half a year. His wages were to be two shillings a day, those of the men-at-arms one shilling, and those of the archers sixpence.[3] He died at the end of 1394, leaving an infant son, William, and the estates were taken into the king's hands. Six

[1] Oman, *The Great Revolt of* 1381, pp. 104-7.
[2] *Archæologia*, xi. 55.
[3] Additional MS. 5861, fol. 372.

months later his widow, Rose, was in need of the royal pardon for marrying one William Carew without leave.[1]

Soon after coming of age William Cavendish sold Overhall Manor to his cousin William, son of Andrew's younger brother John.[2] This second William, a citizen and mercer of London, died in 1433, leaving his young son Thomas under the guardianship of his brother Robert. Robert Cavendish, a lawyer like his grandfather, enjoyed possession of the family property for life; and after his death in 1438 his niece Alice, wife of William Nell and daughter of his brother John Cavendish, received seisin. Thomas's claim was, however, recognised, and shortly afterwards the Nells released the estate to him.

With Thomas's son and namesake the pedigree begins to be something more than a string of names. Even about him, however, the facts are scanty. His position as clerk of the pipe in the Exchequer brought him to London, and he lived in the parish of St. Albans, Wood Street. His marriage with Alice, daughter and co-heir of his Suffolk neighbour, John Smith of Padbrook Hall,[3] increased his acres in Cavendish, and brought him new lands in Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire. In 1522 his rent roll in Cavendish was the decent one of £25.[4] He had lands in Kent, too,

[1] *Calendar of Patent Rolls*, 1391-6, p. 615.

[2] This John Cavendish has been credited by Stow and later writers with giving the finishing blow to Wat Tyler at Smithfield (cf. *Archæologia*, xi. 56), and to that fact is attributed the fury of the Suffolk mob against his father. Tyler, however, died a day after the chief justice; and the man who finished Walworth's work was, according to more reliable authorities, Ralph or John Standish, one of the king's squires. For centuries later than this, Cavendish was pronounced, and often spelt, to rhyme with Standish. Whether the judge's son was the John Cavendish who fought at Agincourt cannot be decided, but he almost certainly was not Henry v.'s 'broiderer.'

[3] Probably the younger of the two John Smiths with whom Thomas Cavendish's father had had a suit in chancery about a mortgage of Overhall Manor.

[4] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Ancaster MSS., p. 495.

which he left to his second wife Agnes. Little is known of this lady but that she bore a daughter, Mary, survived her husband, and afterwards occupied a tenement called the 'White Bear' in West Cheap and Bread Street.[1] By Alice Smith, Thomas Cavendish had had several children, but only three sons, George, William, and Thomas, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, seem to have survived.

In 1525, a year after his father's death, George Cavendish, then a young man of twenty-five, made good his right to the family manors against Lord Ferrers of Groby and John Clerk of Cavendish, who claimed them by virtue of an indenture made by Thomas. He had little time, however, for the cultivation of his acres. About this date or rather later he entered the household of Cardinal Wolsey as gentleman usher, was with the great statesman until his death, and in after years plied his pen in service of his memory. His position must have been an arduous one, and he filled it well. The cardinal was not ungrateful. In the moment of his downfall he still had a thought for his faithful usher. Cavendish himself tells the story. The scene is at Cawood Castle. 'But as sone as he perceyved me commyng in, he fill in to suche an woofull lamentacion, with suche rewfull termes and waterye eyes, that it wold have caused the flyntiest hart to have relented and burst for sorowe. And as I & other cowld, comforted hyme; but it wold not be. "For nowe," quod he, "that I se this gentilman, meaning by me, howe faythefull, howe diligent, and howe paynfull, synce the begynneng of my troble he hath served me, abandonyng his owen contrie, his wyfe, and childerne, his howsse and famelye, his rest and quyetnes, oonly to serve me, and remembryng with my self that I have no thyng to reward hyme for his honest meryts, grevyth me not a littill."'

When Wolsey went on his stately embassy to France in

[1] Vide *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.*, v. 606.

the summer of 1527, Cavendish was sent ahead to announce his coming. Throughout the visit he was kept busy, and to this time belongs one of the few personal incidents he has preserved for us. It was one of his duties to prepare lodgings for his master. When riding from Amiens to Compiègne on such an errand a pleasant adventure befell him. His horse casting a shoe in a little village, 'where stode a fayer castell,' Cavendish took the opportunity of visiting its lord, Monsieur Crequi. He was well received by the nobleman, who proudly showed him the beauties of the place. From the lady his reception was still more gracious. In deference to his nationality both she and her twelve gentlewomen gave him the salute which Erasmus found so delightful a custom of English ladies. '"For as muche," quod she, "as ye be an Englyssheman, whos custume is in your contrie to kys all ladyes and gentilwomen without offence, and althoughe it be not so here in this realme, yet woll I be so bold to kys you, and so shall all my maydens." By means wherof I kyst my lady and all hir women.'

In the days of the cardinal's adversity Cavendish did not desert him, and after his arrest he was his constant companion. By virtue of his office he learned much of what was passing, and, consciously or unconsciously, stored it in his memory for future use. He was by the death-bed at Leicester, and was subsequently questioned before the Privy Council as to his master's last words. Both the king and the Duke of Norfolk wished to have him in their service, but he preferred to return to his quiet Suffolk home. All he asked for was a horse and cart to carry his gear. He got more than this. At Henry's command he had six of the dead cardinal's best cart horses, a cart, and five marks for his expenses, besides ten pounds for wages due and twenty pounds as a reward. With these he set out for his house at Glemsford, a few miles from Cavendish.

For the remaining thirty years of his life George Cavendish took little part in public affairs. Unlike his younger brother, he did not move with the times. His wife, Margery Kemp, was a niece of Sir Thomas More, and he himself held to the old faith. His temporal affairs did not prosper, and in 1558 he made over the manor of Overhall to his son William.[1] A few years later he passed unnoticed out of life.

The book which he wrote to vindicate the tarnished memory of the man he had served so faithfully was the work of his later days, for it was written while Philip and Mary were on the throne. Although not printed for many years, it was probably widely circulated in manuscript. Stow made use of it in his *Annals*, and Shakespeare may have seen it. In 1641 a garbled version was published to serve the ends of party. This was several times reprinted, and it was not until 1815 that a full and comparatively accurate edition appeared. Even this had a modernised orthography; and the only edition reproducing George Cavendish's words as he spelt them is the beautiful one printed at the Kelmscott Press. It is an intensely human book, touched with a sense of the vanity of human greatness, but with its bitterness tempered by years and faith. It gives a living portrait of the great cardinal, and takes no mean place among the prose works of the English Renaissance. For years its authorship was forgotten. Historians and compilers one and all accredited it to the better known Sir William Cavendish. Only in 1814 did the Rev. Joseph Hunter, an antiquary of good repute, prove it conclusively the work of the elder brother in a pamphlet entitled *Who wrote Cavendish's Life of Wolsey?* Certain *Metrical Versions* are also attributed to Cavendish, but, if they are his, they do not set him very high among poets.

[1] *Archæologia*, xi. 59.

George Cavendish was soon followed to the grave by his son William. Another William, son of the last-named and his wife Anne Coxe, succeeded to the lordship of Overhall manor. He did not long keep it. In 1569 he sold the house and lands, which had been his ancestors' for more than two hundred years, to one Robert Downes of London. Little more is heard of the Cavendishes of Cavendish. In 1582 Thomas Precious and Prudence, his wife, William Cavendish's younger daughter, brought an action in chancery against Downes and Prudence's step-mother Elizabeth, then the wife of Humphrey Bagshawe. They claimed that the sale to Downes had been on the condition that he should maintain Prudence 'in good and convenyent sorte as his owne chylde,' and pay her forty pounds at her marriage. Far from doing this he had conspired with the Bagshawes to defraud Prudence and 'xij others her pore brytheren and systers.' The truth of these charges cannot be ascertained, nor how the suitors prospered. The case is interesting as showing that William Cavendish was far from dying childless, as some of the pedigrees maintain.

For some while longer Cavendishes are still to be found in the neighbourhood of their old home. Three years after his niece's suit, Ralph, a younger son of the elder William, was disputing in the same court about some lands held of Overhall manor. In 1612 William, son of Ralph Cavendish, gentleman, was christened in Cavendish church. Then the record closes. Meanwhile other bearers of the name were winning to fame and prosperity.

## CHAPTER II

### THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE

SOME strain of an older chivalry made George Cavendish, in an age of materialism, stand by a losing cause and honour an unloved memory. No such troublesome element went to the composition of his younger brother. William Cavendish fitted his age well. A keen head for business was of far more use than a romantic temper in the work to which he was called.

Born some five years later than his brother, William Cavendish was probably introduced to Thomas Cromwell by the gentleman usher, who knew him well. Cromwell was at that time but a servant of the great cardinal's. But he was shaping his future, and had need of such men as the younger Cavendish. When he had risen to power and commenced his work on the religious houses he found plenty of use for him. In April 1536 Cavendish was appointed one of the ten auditors of the Court of Augmentations, which had just been founded to cope with the business of the dissolution.[1] His duties took him hither and thither about the country, examining and reporting. Untiring in his zeal, we find him now at Ely, now at Bruerne in Oxfordshire, now at Dover. Active and efficient, not prodigal of unprofitable mercy, he was a man after Cromwell's own heart. In the June following his appointment as auditor he dissolved the priory of Little Marlow. 'My lady takes her discharge like a wise woman,' he wrote phlegmatically.[2]

[1] *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.* xiii. (I), p. 573. [2] *Ibid.* x. 1188.

St. Albans and Sheen also rendered him their seals. Cromwell was ever anxious for his advance. When Cavendish wanted the auditorship of the priory of St. John at Clerkenwell, because it lay conveniently for him in his journeyings between London and Northaw—the Hertfordshire house which he had bought from the abbot of St. Albans—Privy Seal could find time to write twice or thrice on his behalf.

Although unsuccessful in this particular case, Cavendish's services were considered valuable. He became auditor for Lord Beauchamp, Queen Jane's brother, and was big enough to make his lordship wait his convenience. Naturally he came in for some share of the spoiled lands of the monks. Towards the end of 1538 lands at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire and Tallington in Lincolnshire were given him and his wife Margaret. A year later these were increased by some of the Hertfordshire lands of St. Albans Abbey, including Northaw, and the house and site of Cardigan Priory. About the same time Cavendish acquired a lease of Lillshall Abbey in Shropshire.

The Margaret who shared her husband's fortunes was his first wife, the daughter of Edward Bostock. She died 9th June 1540, having borne five children, of whom two daughters only outlived their childhood.

'Heven blis be here mede,
Yat for the Sing Prey or Rede'

was put on her tomb in the London church of St. Botolph's Aldgate, where her mother-in-law Alice, wife of Thomas Cavendish of the Pipe Office, had been buried twenty-five years earlier.[1]

In July 1540 the once all-powerful Privy Seal mounted the scaffold and Auditor Cavendish found fresh employment.

[1] As also was Catherine Scudamore, the said Thomas Cavendish's mother, in 1489.

No more monasteries were left to suppress, business in the Augmentation Court was slackening, and Cavendish was too good a man to be wasted on office drudgery. There was better work for him in Ireland.

In that country Henry VIII. had for some time been pursuing an energetic policy. During the Wars of the Roses Ireland had been allowed to revert almost to its pristine independence, and the Tudors had at first been too busy, both at home and on the continent, to reassert their authority. The government of the country had fallen entirely into the hands of the powerful clan of Fitzgerald. Even within the Pale the native speech was everywhere heard and the native dress everywhere seen. Anarchy was the rule. In the middle of Henry's reign things came to a climax. In 1529 the Earl of Kildare, head of the Fitzgeralds, was accused of disloyalty, summoned to England, and thrown into the Tower. Two years later he returned to Ireland, and soon succeeded in ousting Sir William Skeffington, who had been appointed deputy. In 1534 he was again in the Tower. A rumour crossing the seas that he had paid the death penalty, his friends rose in revolt under the leadership of his hot-head son Thomas Fitzgerald, known to story as Silken Thomas. Solemnly declaring himself the enemy of England, Thomas, who soon afterwards became Earl of Kildare by the actual death of his father, marched to the siege of Dublin. But the burgesses made a stout resistance, and in October English troops came to their relief. In the following spring Kildare was fain to submit to Lord Leonard Grey, marshal of the English army, and, although mercy was shown him for the moment, three years later he and his five uncles were executed at Tyburn. The power of the Fitzgeralds was broken, and Henry made up his mind henceforth to rule Ireland through Englishmen. He appointed Lord Leonard to succeed Skeffington as deputy, and in 1537 set Sir

Anthony St. Leger at the head of a commission to establish order.

So well did St. Leger do his work that after Grey's disgrace he was appointed lord deputy. Arriving at Dublin early in August 1540, he found the country comparatively quiet, but plenty still to be done. A commission was appointed to assist him to survey the Crown lands, which had been much augmented both by the suppression of monasteries and by the attainder of the rebels, and also to inquire into the alleged dishonesty of William Brabazon, the vice-treasurer. The commissioners were Thomas Welsh, a baron of the Exchequer, John Mynnes, an auditor of the same court, and William Cavendish.[1]

Arriving in Ireland, 8th September, these three gentlemen at once got to work. They sent in their first report, 24th October, when they had surveyed the counties of 'Meth and Uriall,' and examined the accounts of the vice-treasurer, to whose integrity they were eventually able to testify. They subsequently rode south with St. Leger to assist him in the pacification of the Kavanaghs and the O'Mores, and they set their hands to the letter which the deputy and council sent to Henry, suggesting his adoption of the title of King of Ireland. By a later commission, they were authorised to survey and sell friars' houses.

For such tasks as these Cavendish's training well fitted him, and he seems to have commended himself to the deputy in a signal degree. All three commissioners went to Cashel to arrange terms with James, Earl of Desmond, head of the southern Fitzgeralds; but Cavendish was singled out for a special honour. The chieftain had made his submission and been confirmed in his earldom. 'Whiche matters being ther finisshed,' wrote St. Leger to the king, 'I, and your saide Chancelor, and Master Cavendisshe, your Com-

[1] For the proceedings of St. Leger and his commissioners, vide *State Papers* (1834), iii. *passim*.

missioner, departed from thence, at requeste of the saide Erle, to a towne cauled Kylmalocke, where I thinke none of your Graces Deputies cam this hundreth yeris before; where he made us very good chere, and toke my comyng and theirs thethir in so kinde parte, that he openly declared, that if I wold desire him to go to London to your Majestie, he wolde gladly do the same.' In the following May, when the time had come for the commissioners to return to England, St. Leger asked and obtained the king's consent for Cavendish to be left behind for a year, in order that he might perfect the treasurer's accounts. The favoured commissioner did not outstay his colleagues by a whole year, however. They were all still in Ireland in August 1541, and Cavendish had left by the following May, much to St. Leger's regret. A letter of that date to the king shows how high an opinion the deputy had of his former assistant, and what reliance he put in him.

> 'Mr. Cavendish toke grete paynes, at his being here, in your saide sarvice, aswell with contynewall payns aboute the saide accomptes and surveis, as in taking very paynfull jorneys aboute the same; as to Limerike, and those parties, where I thinke none of Your Highnes Inglishe Commissioners cam this meny yeris, and in suche wether of snowe and froste, that I never roode in the like, to my remembrance. And I note him to be suche a man, as letill ferythe the displeasure of any man in Your Highnes sarvice; wherfore I accompte him the meter man for this lande, if Your Highnes pleasure so be.'

In spite of St. Leger's desires, William Cavendish did not again go to Ireland. On 3rd November 1542, 'at the Black Fryars in London,' he married his second wife, Elizabeth Parris, a widow, the daughter of one Thomas Coningsby. Apparently idle for the next three years, early in 1546 he was appointed treasurer of the King's Chamber. He commenced by getting into trouble for not rendering his

accounts regularly,[1] but evidently mended his ways, for he was soon knighted and made a privy councillor. The king's death made no difference to his tenure of office. Edward VI. not only continued him as his treasurer and privy councillor, but rewarded him with monastic lands in several shires; and when Catholic Mary had come to the throne, Cavendish found nothing in his conscience to retard him from keeping his posts for the few years he had still to live.

But it is not only by virtue of his zeal in the service of king or queen that Sir William Cavendish can claim to be the founder of his illustrious house. His second wife, after becoming the mother of two daughters, died in giving birth to a third; and at two o'clock in the morning of 20th August 1547, at Bradgate, in Leicestershire, a seat of the Marquess of Dorset, the king's treasurer was married for the third time.[2]

The new Dame Cavendish, another Elizabeth, was the fourth daughter of John Hardwick, a Derbyshire squire, the sixth of his line to be seated at Hardwick. Her mother also was of a Derbyshire house, being a Leake of Hasland, near Chesterfield. Born about 1518, Elizabeth Hardwick had, at the age of fourteen, become the wife of Robert Barlow of Barlow, in the same county. Soon after this marriage, in which the bridegroom was almost as youthful as the bride, she was left a widow, with the rich Barlow estates secured to herself and her heirs. And a widow she remained until, as a beautiful woman of thirty, she was married to Sir William Cavendish.

Throughout her life Elizabeth Hardwick always kept one purpose in view, and carried it out with surpassing success. That purpose was to establish a family in Derbyshire, and set her offspring foremost among the landed there.

[1] *Acts of the Privy Council* (New Series), i. 356.
[2] Collins, *Historical Collections*, p. 11.

Co-heir of her brother John of Hardwick, where her estates were subsequently added to by the purchases of her son William,[1] the Barlow property also, as has been said, was no mean portion ; and very soon after her second marriage she induced her husband to sell most of his lands in other shires, and buy in the Midlands. His purchases included Chatsworth, bought of her brother-in-law, Francis Leach,[2] and he exchanged his old house at Northaw with the king for the manor of Doveridge. At his wife's instigation Cavendish pulled down the ancient home of the Leaches and commenced the new house, which, after gaining immortality as one of the places of Mary of Scotland's captivity, was eventually to be itself superseded by another of equal fame. He did not live to finish his work. On the last day of July 1557 the queen, in straits for money to prosecute the French war, called on eight gentlemen to lend her £100 apiece. Among these, but also among the three who did not answer the summons, was Sir William Cavendish.[3] Possibly he dared to disapprove of Mary's policy. Possibly his last sickness was already on him. He died, still in office, 25th October following. His third marriage was apparently as happy as it was certainly fruitful. His first two wives had had but weakly issue, and had given him no sons who should live to carry on his name. By Elizabeth Hardwick, besides two daughters who died young, he had three sons and three daughters. He did not live to see the high destinies in store for his house. That, with the completion of the new Chatsworth and the building of the new Hardwick, he left to his widow.

'On whose Soule I most humbly beseeche the Lord to have Mercy, and ridd mee and his poore Children out of

[1] He bought lands in Hardwick from the Lord Chancellor and a Mr. Fanshawe (Lansdowne MS. 40, fo. 100).

[2] The actual purchase was made early in 1550, from one Francis Agard, who was probably an agent (Add. MS. 5861).

[3] Strype, *Ecclesiastical Memorials*, iii. (pt. 2) 78.

our greate Misserie,' added Dame Cavendish to the record she made of her husband's death. Soon afterwards she became the wife of Sir William St. Lo, captain of the guard to Queen Elizabeth, whose letters show him his wife's most ardent lover.

> '"My owne, more dearer to me than I am to myseylff," commences one, "thow schallt understande thatt ytt ys no smale fear nor greyff unto me off thye well doyng then I schowlde presentlye se what I dowgst, nott onelye for that my contynuall nyghtlye dreams besyde my absens hath trobelyd me, butt also cheyflye, for that Hugh Alsope kan nott sarttefye me in whatt estate thow nor thyne ys, whome I tender more then I do Wyllyam Seyntlo." "My owne sweete Besse," he calls her, and "My honest swete Chatesworth," and writes himself "Yowre loveng husband wyth akeng hartt untyll we mete."'[1]

With the acquisitiveness that was growing on her, Bess induced him to settle all his lands, which lay in Gloucestershire and were of no mean extent, on herself and her own children, if she had none by him, to the utter exclusion of the children of his first marriage. The not unreasonable wrath of St. Lo's relatives, and the charges of malpractice which they hurled at his lady, were of no avail. When not at court he spent his time at Chatsworth, deserting his 'fair lordships' in the south, which, at his death in 1565, duly went to swell the prospective possessions of the young Cavendishes. They were destined long to be kept out of their heritage, however. Their mother, although nearing fifty and a widow for the third time, 'had not,' according to good Bishop Kennet, 'survived her charms of wit and beauty.' A long and eventful life was still before her. Hitherto, though with her third husband she had had a hand in the marriage of Lord Hertford and Lady Catherine

[1] Hunter, *Hallamshire* (1869), p. 108.

Grey, which had turned out so ill for those chiefly concerned, she had figured mainly as a brilliant, but comparatively obscure, family politician. She was now about to make her appearance in a leading part on the public stage.

For her fourth marriage Bess of Hardwick was content with no knight or squire. The fascination of widows is notoriously difficult to withstand. Triply armed, she was able not only to bring one of the greatest men in England to her feet, but to make such terms as must have been gratifying even to her ambition. In short, George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, was in 1568 among the most important men in the realm; and in that year Bess married her eldest son Henry Cavendish to his daughter, the Lady Grace Talbot, her youngest daughter Mary to his son and eventual successor Gilbert, and, shortly afterwards, herself to the earl.

Shrewsbury, who had received the Garter in 1561, was soon to be set in a position of peculiar responsibility. 'Now it is sarten the Scotes quene cumes to Tutburye to my charge,'[1] he wrote to his wife in the December following their marriage; and on 2nd February Mary was welcomed at the Staffordshire Castle. At Tutbury and Wingfield, Chatsworth and Sheffield, the hapless queen was for fifteen years in Shrewsbury's charge. Elizabeth had chosen well. A loyal and scrupulous man, the earl was not one to give ear to plotters or bend to Mary's blandishments; nor would he, by any maltreatment of his captive, stir sympathy on her behalf. Mary complained of her strait circumstances at Tutbury, but there is no reason to suppose that her confinement there was more irksome than it would have been elsewhere. In the latter years, when the earl and the countess were at open war, she found their house a place of little ease; but, at the commencement, she was treated as softly as was compatible with Elizabeth's injunctions.

[1] Hunter, *Hallamshire*, p. 110.

The Countess of Shrewsbury was herself soon to know captivity. In October 1574 Margaret, Countess of Lennox, and her son Charles Stuart, Darnley's younger brother, were journeying from London to the north. The English countess gave them entertainment for five days at her house at Rufford, near Huntingdon, and with that wonderful promptitude which she displayed in gaining her ends, arranged and carried out a marriage between the young man and her second daughter, Elizabeth Cavendish.

The queen was angry. Charles Stuart stood too near the throne to be thus lightly wed. As a descendant in the female line from Henry VII., and uncle to the Scots king, he was the object of Elizabeth's jealousy. So the two countesses who hatched the plot were clapped in the Tower, Shrewsbury fell for a moment out of favour, and even Queen Mary, in spite of the hatred and suspicion in which Darnley's kin held her, was suspected of promoting the match. Pleased at first at a good marriage for his step-daughter, Shrewsbury, when he found what turn events were taking, made rather mean haste to exculpate himself. He wrote anxiously both to Burghley and the queen, throwing all the blame on his countess and her disappointment in other directions. 'There are few noblemans sons in England,' he said, 'that she hath not praid me to dele forre at one tyme or other; so I did for my lord Rutland, with my lord Sussex, for my lord Wharton, and sundry others.' Elizabeth considered three months long enough to teach her imperious subject the folly of undue arrogance, and at the end of that time the countess rejoined her husband. Nevertheless the marriage was fraught with such consequences as the wise queen feared. Fruit of it was the unhappy Arabella Stuart, doomed to suffer a pretender's fate.[1]

The early years of Bess of Hardwick's fourth marriage

[1] For a full account of this affair, see Mrs. Murray Smith's *Life of Arabella Stuart.*

seem to have been peaceful enough. Her husband calls her his ' dere none,' and talks of his ' faythefulle affecsyon, whyche I nevar tasted so deply off before.' [1] His duties kept him mostly at Sheffield, while Bess spent much time at Chatsworth, whence she wrote of her building and sent him little gifts: venison and ' podengs,' a capon and a lettuce, because he was fond of them. These kindnesses, however, were soon to be forgotten. About 1577 the first clouds seem to have arisen. The earl was dissatisfied with the countess's frequent absence, and disapproved of some of her personal servants, whom he thought tale-bearers. The countess was not the woman to allow interference in matters of this sort. Both had quick tempers, and altercations arose. On one occasion when the earl was visiting his estate at Bolsover, the lady left Sheffield secretly in his absence and went to Chatsworth. This did not mend matters. Gilbert Talbot, Shrewsbury's son, assumed the rôle of peacemaker, and tried to pacify his irate father. Obdurate at first, the earl at length melted before the younger man's eloquent description of the countess's grief at the thought that she was no longer loved and her protestations of conjugal affection.

> ' "I know," quothe he,[2] "her love hathe bene great to me: and myne hathe bene and is as great to her: for what can a man doe more for his wyfe then I have done, and daly doe for her?" and so reckoned at large, your Ladyship may thynke with the moste, what he had geven and bestowed. Wherunto I coulde not otherwise replye then thus. Quothe I, "My Lord, she weare to blame if she consydered not thes thynges: but I gather playnely by her speche to me y^t^ she thynkethe nothwithstandinge that your harte is hardened agaynste her, as I have once

[1] Hunter, *Hallamshire*, p. 110.

[2] Letter from Gilbert Talbot to the Countess of Shrewsbury (Hunter, *Hallamshire*, p. 88).

or twyse alredy toulde your Lordship, and y$^{t}$ you love them y$^{t}$ love not her, and beleave thos aboute you which hateth her." And at your departure I sayde your Ladyship toulde me that you verely thoughte my Lord was gladder of your absence then presence. Wherin I assure your Ladyship he depely protested the contrary; and sayde "Gilbert you know the contrarye; and how often I have curced the buyldinge at Chatesworthe, for want of her companye: but, (quothe he) you see she carethe not for my companie by her goynge away. I wolde not have done so to her for VcLi [500*l.*]." But after this he taulked not muche; but I know it pynched him, and in my conscyence I thynke so; but what effecks will follow God knoweth.'

'I knowe that his harte desyred reconsyliation if he wyste which way to bringe it to passe,' Gilbert goes on, and some sort of reconciliation seems to have taken place, for the countess decided to discharge an offensive groom. But there was no more than an armistice.

The storm broke round the unhappy head of the Scots queen. Asked by Elizabeth one day how Mary did: 'Madam,' the countess had answered, 'she cannot do ill while she is with my husband, and I begin to grow jealous, they are so great together.' She did not stop at half-jesting innuendoes. In December 1583 Mary complained bitterly to Mauvissière, the French ambassador, of the *villains bruictz* disseminated concerning her, and of the insults to which she was subjected by Lady Shrewsbury, who mocked her *à gorge desployée*. She threatened, in revenge, to disclose certain communications made her by the countess concerning Elizabeth and Leicester. This she subsequently did in an extraordinarily circumstantial letter,[1] which, if it be a true report of Lady Shrewsbury's words, shows that, if Queen Bess had any respect whatever for the seventh commandment, Countess Bess can have had none at all for

[1] See Labanoff, *Lettres*, vi. 36 *et seq.*

the ninth. It seems unlikely that this epistle ever reached its destination. Nevertheless, the queen took prompt action. In August Mary was transferred to the charge of Sir Ralph Sadler and shortly removed from Sheffield, where she had been for nearly fourteen years, to Wingfield. Shrewsbury, though he felt deeply the stain on his honour, was not sorry to be relieved of his troublesome charge. He was later to thank Elizabeth for having delivered him from two devils, his wife and the Queen of Scotland.

It is difficult to say whether Lady Shrewsbury's jealousy was real or simulated. According to Mary, her calumnies were prompted by her ambitions for her granddaughter, Arabella, who, if the Scots queen were out of the way, would only have James VI. as a rival for the throne of England after Elizabeth's death. The *villains bruictz*, which, indeed, the countess and her sons denied, were certainly the effect rather than the cause of the quarrel between husband and wife. As the years went by the lady's temper became more and more imperious, and her craving for land and houses for her sons amounted to a mania. She would not brook any interference on the earl's part. As early as the summer of 1583 she had retired altogether from Sheffield to Chatsworth. Eighteen months later her sons declared she had been driven there. 'Att such tyme as the Countesse by the Erles appointment (a yere and a half since) went to the Howse of one of her yonger sonnes The Erle with many good and kynde wordes promysed within fewe daies to sende for her agayne which hetherto he hathe not done Althoughe neither since nor before she canne be Justlie charged towardes his lordship with the least offence or evill desarte.' A year later Shrewsbury is complaining to Walsingham that his lady has left Chatsworth for Hardwick, her son William's house, and taken many of the earl's things with her; while the countess is pouring into Burghley's ear a piteous tale of her ill-usage at the earl's hands. It is at least certain

that Shrewsbury stopped his wife's allowance of £800 a year. Among the losses which the Cavendishes averred they had suffered through their step-father was the sum of £1500 which their mother had cost them during these eighteen months.

The crux of the question, which came to a head in November 1584,[1] was a deed of gift made by the earl to William and Sir Charles Cavendish of all the lands which he held in right of his wife. According to Shrewsbury this deed might be revoked at pleasure on payment of ten shillings; according to his step-sons it gave them absolute possession of the lands in question. Shrewsbury, finding that his wife and her sons had disposed of the property entirely for their own profit, and left him out altogether, had very naturally revoked the deed and re-entered the lands. This might seem a fairly straightforward case for the law to settle, but it was no easy matter to disentangle Bess of Hardwick's accumulations. Besides the Barlow, Cavendish and St. Lo estates, there were lands which she had herself purchased, lands of which the earl had given her absolute possession, and the lands belonging, both by purchase and inheritance, to her younger sons, William and Charles, who had identified themselves with their mother. There can be little wonder if the earl, acting on his reading of the deed of gift referred to above, entered on property to which he had in any case no right. It was alleged, at any rate, that he had not only ejected his step-sons from land which he himself had given them, and beaten and wounded their tenants, but even taken from them land which they themselves had purchased. (If they had purchased lands, the earl scornfully replied, the money had come out of his pocket. 'For theire corages are knowne

[1] The developments of this great quarrel are chiefly traced from (1) Lansdowne MSS., 40, 44 and 47; (2) Cecil MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*), iii.; (3) *Calendar of State Papers*, Domestic Series, 1581-90. Cf. Lodge, *Illustrations of British History*, ii.

to be greater now then theire purses or abileties were then.') In the good Elizabethan days men did not stop at words when their tempers were up. On the earl's coming to Chatsworth, William Cavendish had, at his mother's instigation, denied him a night's lodging, with halberd in hand and pistol under his girdle; for which the Council put him in prison. It was perhaps on the same occasion that Shrewsbury broke the windows of the great house, took away the iron bars from them and bespoiled gardens, orchards, warrens, parks and fishponds, doing damage which was estimated at £500.

The case was ordered to be tried before the lord chancellor and two chief justices. The rents, meanwhile, of the lands which Shrewsbury had seized were to be handed over to the lord treasurer — a course which commended itself little to the earl, more especially as he had actually received few of the rents. It was not the financial loss, however, which touched him nearest, but the loss of dignity, the feeling that his great house should be so patently out of order. It was no light thing for a Tudor nobleman to be openly flouted by his wife.

> 'My self and all that is or maie be myne rest [he writes to the queen] at your majesties Comandement, yet in Respecte of my faithfull service I trust your highnes will have that gratiouse consideracion of me, that forasmuche as my wife hath abused me, and now in the tyme of my sicknes hath most impudentlie and audatiouslie bravid it both in Courte and abrode seekinge to deface me, that I be not enforced to doo that shall prejudice my Right and strengthen hers, neither yet deliver the staffe out of myne owne handes to beate myself, as by yeldinge of theis rentes I shall, And besides geve occasion to the world (who by meanes of her and her ministers are apte yenoughe to allowe of most sclanderous and untrewe reportes spred by them of me, and that verie latelie) to

conceive an opinion that I have unadvisedlie and dishonourablie entred into that I maye not lawfullie maintaine and justifie. The valewe thoughe it be great I do not respecke soo muche as myne honore, wherof I make more accompte then of life or goodes; w^ch^ she and hers have sought by all meanes possible to impeache; not with standinge my honourable and liberall dealinge with them which is now so unthankfullie taken as I cannot but holde ill bestowed.'[1]

Even in his answer to the charges brought against him the earl laid as much stress on family ethics as on his legal rights.

'They have noted verie bouldlie and sawcelye [he says of his step-sons], and without anye great discrecion, that the Countesse or her yonger childeren have not delt withe any goodes or landes which were the saide Earles, as thoughe yt were a great faulte in the Earle, not to suffer his wieffe and her Sonnes, to deale withe his landes and goodes, and not to Suffer his wieffe to Rule and not to be ruled . . . yt ys the condicion of theym and theire mother to lacke noe stoutnes in challenginge, nor noe slownes in deservinge.'

Again, in a list of 'remembrances' submitted to the queen, after stating his case, he goes on to enlarge on his wife's iniquities and concludes in almost aphoristic strain.

'It were no reason that my honour and my cause shoulde be tryed, and ruled, by my wief, and her lewde servantes, having noo man of creditt to joyne with them. It were no reason that my wief and her servantes shoulde rule me, and make me the wief and her the husband.

'It were no reason that my liberalitye shoulde be extended any further, then they deserve; for there is no honour in bestowing where there is no desert, but rather follie and dishonour.

[1] Lansdowne MS. 40, f. 101.

'If I have bene allreadie deceived in putting too muche truste and confidence in my wief, yt were no reason that I should still be abused and deceived.'

It was indeed a vast family feud which could never be settled by law. The tangled threads of controversy are difficult to unravel. It was not even a clear issue of Talbot against Cavendish. Henry Cavendish, who was rightfully lord of the manor of Chatsworth, doubtless feeling aggrieved at his mother's aggression, had thrown in his lot with the earl, who was both his step-father and his father-in-law, while Gilbert Talbot, having failed in his efforts at peace-making, had espoused the cause of the countess, with whom he stood in a similar double relationship.

As the months dragged on the queen herself grew tired of the wranglings of her quarrelsome subjects. Her intervention was in the lady's favour. In July 1585 she made the earl promise to be contented with £500 a year from the disputed lands. In December an order of agreement was made by Burghley and Walsingham, and Shrewsbury was asked to desist from the suits against William Cavendish and against the countess's servant, Henry Beresford, who had been active in spreading the Mary Stuart scandal, and in maintaining whom Bess manifested her 'devilish disposition.' This order was based on the assumption that Shrewsbury and his countess should henceforth live together. The earl, however, absolutely refused to keep house with one who had 'called him knave, fool, and beast to his face, and mocked and mowed at him.'[1] The acute irritation of the situation seems, indeed, to have swept away the linguistic restraint which is the basis of society. If Bess was violent, Shrewsbury could be very bitter. 'There is no creature more happy and more fortunate than you have been,' he writes in a long letter dated 5th August 1586,[2]

[1] *Calendar of State Papers*, Domestic Series, 1581-90, p. 452.
[2] Cecil MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*), iii. 163.

'for, when you were defamed and to the world a byword, when you were St. Loo's widow, I covered those imperfections (by my intermarriage with you), and brought you to all the honour you have, and to the most of that wealth you now enjoy.' This letter was a last outburst. The final difficulty seems to have been the plate, which Bess had been pawning, Talbot arms and all. But at last all was settled to a salt-cellar. Two days later the angry pair stood together before Elizabeth, who spoke them fair and sent them away at least outwardly content. William and Charles Cavendish also made their peace, begging their step-father's pardon on bended knees, in presence of the lord chancellor and the lord treasurer.

By the first clause of the agreement the countess was to go that very day, 7th August, to the earl's house at Chelsea; thence to Wingfield, where she might tarry a month at his expense, and there he would visit her. Eventually she was to go to Chatsworth, where the earl was to pay her occasional visits. A year later she writes from Wingfield, complaining to Burghley that Shrewsbury had not been to her above three times and had withdrawn supplies, not even allowing her sufficient firing. Nor could the queen's expressed wishes or the spiritual counsels of the good Bishop of Lichfield move him.[1] The fact was that the old earl was seeking consolation elsewhere. One of his domestic servants, Eleanor Britton, had gained complete ascendency over him, taking advantage of his dotage with the rapacity of an Alice Perrers. In November 1590 Shrewsbury died. Among his last words was the expression of a fear that Arabella Stuart would bring much trouble on his house by the devising of his wife and her daughters.[2]

[1] Cf. Lodge, *Illustrations of British History*, ii. 407 *et seq.*

[2] *Calendar of State Papers*, Domestic Series, 1581-90, p. 689. Incidentally, Arabella was a bone of contention between earl and countess in May 1584. She was then staying with Gilbert Talbot and his wife;

The dying earl's apprehensions were not unreasonable. Ever since the death of her mother in 1582 the little orphan had been the spoiled favourite of her grandmother and of Lady Shrewsbury's allies, Gilbert and Mary Talbot. Efforts had been made to persuade Elizabeth to add the mother's pension of £400 to one of £200 which Arabella already enjoyed. Notwithstanding the failure of the attempt the child was well cared for. When she was only eight her ambitious relations had braved the queen's wrath by arranging a marriage between her and Leicester's baby son, who, however, saved the situation by dying at the age of three. Elizabeth harboured no grudge for this indiscretion, and when Arabella came to court a few years later she was well received. The great Burghley paid her special attention. The queen herself was soon scheming to marry her to James of Scotland, and at one time seems to have thought of nominating her to succeed to the throne.

By 1590, however, Arabella's little tide of fortune was ebbing. She was no longer *persona grata* with Elizabeth. The importance which people attached to her, the secret traffic for marrying her, in which the queen was allowed no share, and the efforts of the Catholics to win her to their faith, were portents such as a Tudor sovereign would not view with complaisance. So the young beauty left the court, and retired to Derbyshire to be under her grandmother's care.

Old Shrewsbury's fears were that his wife would be joining with the marriage plotters, and so drag his son Gilbert into Elizabeth's disfavour. He had not foreseen the consequences of his own death. Bess and Gilbert

to which the earl, who was on bad terms with his son, objected, and commanded his wife to take her back into her own keeping. This Bess, disliking Shrewsbury's peremptory tone, refused to do. The dispute was apparently settled by Leicester's intervention. (See Mrs. Murray Smith's *Arabella Stuart*, i. 61.)

quarrelled violently over the executorship of his will, and the long standing alliance was broken up. Mary, the new Countess of Shrewsbury, was, as a papist, suspected of supporting the Catholic faction. The dowager became the ever vigilant guardian of her grandchild and Elizabeth's ally against the plots of Jesuit and wife-hunter. For a dozen years Hardwick was Arabella's prison-house.

She did, indeed, attempt to escape. In 1602, taking advantage of certain tentative matrimonial negotiations which had been carried on with the Seymours some years previously, she sent a secret message to the Earl of Hertford suggesting that they should be renewed, and that the earl's grandson, the proposed husband, should come to Hardwick. Her suggestion did not receive the approval she had hoped for it. The messenger was detained, and the whole story came to the ears of the queen, who at once sent to Hardwick to inquire into the matter.

When the old countess heard the story she was furious. At first she tried to persuade Elizabeth to relieve her of the charge of her insubordinate granddaughter. Her request being refused she redoubled her severity, and her son, William Cavendish, was called in to her assistance. Violent scenes occurred at Hardwick. Arabella was apparently reduced to the verge of hysteria, and her letters of this date are of the wildest. A plot was hatched for carrying off the prisoner, in which Bess's ' bad son Henry ' was the protagonist. He had always been his niece's friend, and had been privy to her advances to the Seymours. With a certain Mr. Stapleton, a papist, he gathered together a band of forty men, whom he posted at various points round the Hall. The principals and three or four others went to Hucknall, half a mile away, where Arabella was to meet them. One of the men had a ' little pillion behind his horse.'

The lady, however, was not destined to ride. When her uncle, tired of waiting, went boldly to Hardwick, he found

her with the vigilant Bess. A breezy three-cornered altercation followed; but Henry left without his booty, and his mother despatched an account of the business post-haste to the Council. It was now, also, that she added a codicil to her will, excluding both Henry and Arabella from any share in her possessions. Cavendish was summoned to court to explain his conduct. But before he had time to comply, the old queen was dead, and the little event swallowed in the great one.

One of James's first acts was to free his cousin of her hated durance and Lady Shrewsbury of her troublesome charge. Arabella returned to court, to enjoy a few brief years of fortune and favour, before the later and darker gathering of clouds. It is strange to think of the erstwhile captive as benefactor and peacemaker among her relatives, Talbots and Cavendishes alike, but in such generous fashion did she employ her influence. She did her best to reconcile Shrewsbury with the imperious old mistress of Hardwick; bothered the king on behalf of her uncles, Sir William and Sir Charles Cavendish, and actually succeeded in obtaining a peerage for the former;[1] and when she heard her grandmother was ill she went straight to Hardwick without thought of old sores, armed, however, with a letter from James. The dowager, apparently, did not receive the visit in the same Christian spirit in which it was made; and it was with but an ill grace that she made her grandchild a present of a gold cup and three hundred guineas.[2]

This illness was the beginning of the end, but though her years numbered nearer ninety than eighty the indomitable old lady had still a little while longer in which to indulge

[1] See Chapter III.

[2] For the story of Arabella's relations with her grandmother full use has been made of the *Life* by Mrs. Murray Smith, who, having access to the unpublished MSS. at Hatfield, brought to light many new facts.

her master passion. Through all the stormy years of her last marriage and widowhood she had never swerved from her self-imposed task of furnishing good housing for the family she had founded. Perhaps she remembered what a gipsy had told her in her youth: that so long as she was building she should not die. At any rate, build she did, with extraordinary energy and enterprise; and, if she did not lay the bricks with her own hands, she at least took cognisance of every wall that rose. For she was her own book-keeper, and found no detail nor the most trifling expense beneath her notice.

At a cost of some £80,000 she completed the house at Chatsworth, begun by Sir William Cavendish. It was ready for the housing of the Queen of Scots in 1570, but was not finished until some years later. A picture of the old Chatsworth is preserved at the new, and shows it a quadrangular building with towers at the corners and others flanking the entrance. To build it stones were brought from Bess's old home at Hardwick. Ruins of this house are still to be seen, and she is said to have intended to leave it standing, 'as if she had a mind to preserve her Cradle, and set it by her Bed of State,' as the allegorical Bishop Kennet puts it. This is rather contradicted by the fact that material was certainly taken from it both for Chatsworth and the new Hardwick Hall—her Bed of State.

It is this last-named which stands to-day—with its carven coronets and repetitions of E.S. outlined against the sky—as witness to the countess's ambition; and it testifies as strikingly as any house in England to the splendour of the days in which she lived. Commenced about 1576 and finished in 1599, Hardwick Hall is not only a fine and well-preserved specimen of Elizabethan architecture, but its halls and galleries have suffered no insulting intrusion of upstart furniture. On the chairs that are there to-day

Bess and her sons may have sat for council or dispute; and Arabella, wandering restlessly through her prison-house, must often have swayed the tapestries which still deck its walls. It is a place of ghosts, but there is one who, spite of sentimental tradition, can never haunt it. And that is Mary Stuart, who was out of Shrewsbury's keeping before Hardwick could have been fit for such a guest.

Even two such houses as Chatsworth and Hardwick did not content the spirit of building which possessed the countess. She erected others at Oldcotes, but a few miles from Hardwick, and on the Talbots' property at Worksop in Nottinghamshire. At last one winter, when her builders were at work on Bolsover Castle, came a hard frost, which stopped their labours. The gipsy's prophecy was fulfilled. On 13th February 1608, at Hardwick Hall, died Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, otherwise known as Building Bess of Hardwick. She was buried in the church of All Hallows, Derby, in accordance with her wishes. The sumptuous monument which she had had erected in her lifetime records her years as about eighty-seven, but they can scarcely have been so much under ninety. Tobie Matthew, Archbishop of York, and father of a more celebrated namesake, preached her funeral sermon, and found Solomon's description of a virtuous woman applicable. In 1636 William Sampson, the dramatist, gave her first place in his *Virtus Post Funera Vivit*, a series of poems dedicated to the lately dead. Thus he writes of her:—

> 'This blest *Eliza*, this bright Diamond,
> Which long-time grew upon our peakish stronde
> Gracing the fertile quarries! . . .
> . . . like a Queene shee long liv'd in the North,
> Grac'd by her noble vertues! shee alone
> Shone in her owne orbe (ungrac't by none),
> Free from Ambition, or thoughts to aspire,
> Yet was her temper all celestiall fire.

Her glory was in children, happy she
That left behinde her such a progeny!'[1]

And so on in the same strain. Later, with less reverence and as little regard for accuracy, Horace Walpole penned the countess an epitaph :—

'Four times the nuptial bed She warm'd,
And ev'ry time so well perform'd,
That when death spoild each Husband's billing,
He left the Widow ev'ry shilling.
Sad was the Dame; but not dejected;
Five stately Mansions she erected
With more than Royal pomp, to vary
The prison of her Captive Mary.
When Hardwicke's towrs shall bow their head,
Nor Mass be more in Worksop said,
When Bolsover's fair frame shall tend,
Like Oldcoates, to its destined end,
When Chatsworth knows no Candish bounties,
Let Fame forget this costly Countess.'[2]

Whatever her failings, Bess of Hardwick was a great woman. She had the virtue, commoner in her day than ours, of knowing what she wanted; and she had the skill to get it. She has been compared with her queen, but there was an essential difference in the methods, if not the

[1] William Sampson was a most earnest candidate for the good graces of the Cavendishes. Being a man of the midlands, he evidently thought he had a special claim on them, who were ever patrons of letters. *Virtus Post Funera Vivit* opens with a 'Proeme' addressed to the great Duke (then Earl) of Newcastle, which is followed by a prose dedication to Christian, Countess of Devonshire, and one in verse to Charles, Viscount Mansfield, Newcastle's son. The first poems in the book treat of Lady Shrewsbury, Lady Ogle (Newcastle's mother), and William, second Earl of Devonshire. An unprinted poem is also extant, dedicated to Margaret, Marchioness of Newcastle. (See *Dictionary of National Biography.*)

[2] Written in 1760, in the margin of Walpole's copy of Collins's *Historical Collections*, now in the British Museum library. Cf. *Letters* (ed. Toynbee), iv. 425. It is scarcely necessary to point out that her fourth husband did *not* leave the countess 'every shilling.'

aims, of the two women. Elizabeth of England was a politician, both by training and inheritance. She was a granddaughter of Henry VII., and had been brought up in an atmosphere of diplomacy and intrigue. The Countess of Shrewsbury, daughter of country squires, had none of the queen's niceness. She was rather strong than subtle, going straight for her goal. She was selfish, if you like, but to play for your own hand was a rule of the game in those days; and that she could be generous, the twelve almshouses which she built and endowed in Derby testify. Her selfishness had at least the merit of consistency. Her changing attitude to those around her shows her constant, not capricious. As they helped or hindered her policy, she, in scrupulous proportion, favoured or disliked them. Family was everything to her, but she knew nothing of that loving-kindness which forgives or is blind to injuries. On William, Lord Cavendish, her second son, who had been her constant ally, she settled almost everything of which she had the disposal. Henry, the eldest, lost his legacy when he tried to help Arabella Stuart. Charles, at one time his mother's friend, latterly earned her disfavour, presumably through his intimacy with his brother-in-law, Shrewsbury, and was to have had nothing but a blessing; before her death, however, the old countess so far relented as to leave 4000 marks to be spent in land for his sons. She was a true daughter of the north country in her knowledge of the value of money. Beautiful and witty as she undoubtedly was, she must have lacked many graces; but she was a great financier and a great general, and the foundress of a great house.[1]

[1] An excellent biography of *Bess of Hardwick* by Mrs. Stepney Rawson has recently been published.

## CHAPTER III

### THE EARLS OF DEVONSHIRE

Of Henry Cavendish, Bess of Hardwick's firstborn son, there is no long tale to tell. He took little part in public events, and his name occurs but scantily in the records of the time. Compared with his brothers he was a poor man; and his poverty was not due alone to his mother's displeasure. For what we know of him shows him a *gaillard*, a rover, not one to husband his goods, heir neither to the steady industry of his father, nor to his mother's genius for amassment. *Splendidus et hilaris* he was quaintly called in his epitaph. He kept minstrels,[1] was a lover of horses.[2] As a young man, ill-wishers charged him with dicing and light living: an accusation which elicited a spirited denial in a letter to his mother:—

> 'For me I lyttle regarde reports, nor studdy to please every man. I have attayned to please those I seeke if I please your Ladyship, for others I lyttle esteme to please theare fantasyes, and wyll lesse everye daye, knowyng I am free borne as any other, and therefore I thynke I dooe well yf I please myselfe; which by God's grace I wyll

[1] Belvoir MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*), iv. 407.

[2] In 1597 he wrote to Sir Robert Cecil: 'I have a colt of yours, and now he is six or seven years old and waxeth unruly, so I am fain to take him into the stable lest he should spoil himself. If you will give me leave to buy him, I will give 100 French crowns for him; or, let me have him and take another of mine as good at any time' (Cecil MSS., vii. 185).

assuredly shortely dooe, and showe whearfore my commynge up [to London] was, neyther to playe at dyce, to seeke ease and dallyance, or for any other vayne delyghte, but to seeke vyrtu, and honor in armes, which by hys lycence that yeldes all things I am resolute to folloe, knowynge nottwithstandynge that yt wyll be yll spoken of, and letted by my frends, not for my good, but for envy. But by that meanes I shall staye some babelyng tounges from talkynge of my playe and cause them to sharpen thear wytts to devyse some other great faulte in me; more I thynke in my conscyans to troweble your honor then to mend any yll in me, ys ther dryffte. My studdy ys to please your Ladyship, and so I endeavour my selfe dayly; and for my playe your Ladyship shall hear, yf you hear the trewthe, shall be altered, and I gyven to other playe, that many myslyke, though most fytte for a gentleman.'[1] . . .

He kept his word, going 'to seeke vyrtu and honor in armes' as a volunteer in the Low Countries. The fair fame he won himself in this enterprise justified Shrewsbury's high opinion of his son-in-law, though it was doubtless a reasonable prejudice which prompted the earl to tell the queen that Henry was better able to serve her than both his brethren together.[2]

As a matter of fact, Henry Cavendish's loyalty to the regnant dynasty was not above suspicion. The story of his chivalrous but bootless attempt on his niece Arabella Stuart's behalf has already been told. His friendship with Queen Mary was a graver count against him. He had made his home at Tutbury Abbey, one of Edward VI.'s gifts to his father; and when, in 1585 (the year she had left Shrewsbury's charge), Mary returned to her old prison, Tutbury Castle, he was considered no good neighbour by Sir Amias Paulet, the queen's jealous governor, who frankly

[1] Hunter, *Hallamshire*, p. 118.

[2] Shrewsbury to Elizabeth, Lansdowne MSS. 40, f. 101.

wanted ' to rid him out of his house.' Grace Talbot, Cavendish's wife, was an old friend of Mary's, and Paulet had his suspicions. Nor were these allayed when, some repairs being needed in her chamber at the castle, Mary suggested that she should be moved to the abbey. Although there was no other house in the neighbourhood, her governor would not hear of it.[1]

Henry Cavendish may or may not have been implicated in the plots with which the Scottish queen was ever surrounded. He never laid himself open to any definite charge. But he had no voice in the scandalous assertions of his mother and younger brothers, and his sympathy was probably one of the causes of his taking sides against them in the family quarrel. He was, indeed, of the temper to listen to the call of the Stuart, that fatal siren cry which, new then, was destined for generations to sound in men's ears for their bane. Had he lived a little later than he did, he would have fought for Charles I. like others of his name; later still, he would have acclaimed as Charles III. the prince he followed to Culloden.

Six times member of Parliament for Derbyshire, he was too restless to busy himself with the routine of politics. His wandering spirit took him far, and the journal he kept on his journey to Constantinople and the East is still preserved at Hardwick Hall. At his mother's death Chatsworth, which should rightly have been his on the death of his father, at last came to him, but a few years later he sold the reversion of that and most of his other lands to his brother, Lord Cavendish.[2] Tutbury he reserved for his wife's dower, and the manors of Doveridge and Church Broughton he left out of the sale, bequeathing them even-

[1] Morris, *The Letter Books of Sir Amias Poulet*, passim.

[2] Additional MS. 6688, f. 127: the deed is dated 31st August 1610. For the relations between William and Henry, see the Appendix to this chapter.

tually to his bastard sons.[1] He died 12th October 1616, in his sixty-sixth year, and was buried in the church at Edensor. As he had begotten no children in wedlock, his brother was his legal heir.

With Chatsworth added to Hardwick and Oldcotes, William Cavendish was indeed a great man in Derbyshire, where he had long ago passed the shrievalty. He had been knighted in 1580, and in May 1605, on the christening of the Princess Sophia, he had been created Lord Cavendish of Hardwick, owing this honour, as he frankly admitted, to his niece Arabella, who was then in highest favour at the court. Thirteen years later came a further elevation. While attending the king on a progress in Wiltshire, he was made Earl of Devonshire, 7th August 1618, at the bishop's palace at Salisbury. He is reported to have paid £10,000 for the title.

Devonshire was an early adventurer to Virginia, and in 1615, as Lord Cavendish, he was one of the grantees of the Bermudas or Somers Islands, and an original member of the 'Company of the City of London for the plantation of the Somers Islands,' an offshoot of the Virginia Company.[2] One of the eight 'tribes' into which the colony was divided was christened the Devonshire Tribe, and there was also a Cavendish Fort.[3] His son, Sir William Cavendish (styled Lord Cavendish after the creation of the earldom), also took a prominent part in the enterprise, and as governor of the Bermudas Company was concerned in the disputes by which the Virginia Company was brought to an end and the colony taken over by the Crown. To give all the reasons of this quarrel would be to write a fairly detailed

[1] Of these there were four: Henry, Augustus, Charles and Thomas, who all bore the name of Cavendish. From the first of them descend the Lords Waterpark of Waterpark, who are still seated at Doveridge.

[2] *Calendar of State Papers*, Colonial Series, 1574-1660, p. 173.

[3] In 1663 the Earl of Devonshire owned 245 acres in the Bermudas (Lefroy, *Memorials of the Bermudas*, ii. 720).

history of the government of Virginia for some dozen of years, which is not the business in hand. But, briefly, from a complication of factions, there emerged two parties. At the head of one was Sir Edwin Sandys, the most prominent member of the company and at one time its treasurer. The other consisted of the Earl of Warwick and his allies, who accused Sandys of mismanagement of the colony.

Lord Cavendish espoused Sandys's cause with such zeal that in May 1623 the Privy Council, who had taken cognisance of the matter, confined him to his house for five days on account of his intemperate language.[1] Durance, however, did not cool his ardour. A couple of months later, at a stormy meeting of the two companies, Warwick [2] and Cavendish fell so foul of one another that only one way of settling the dispute was left open to them. They determined to cross the seas, but their intention coming to the king's ears, all the ports were ordered to be watched.[3] Cavendish was caught at Shoreham and detained there in a gentleman's house.[4] Warwick, disguised as a merchant, got away to the Netherlands, but was discovered at Ghent, and the whole affair apparently blew over.[5]

There is no need to conclude from this incident that William Cavendish was merely a fire-eating duellist. Although a partisan of Sir Edwin Sandys, who was little loved by the king, he was a distinguished courtier, and that he was a scholar of no mean order is testified by one well able to judge. Seeking a suitable tutor for his son, the Earl of Devonshire (then Lord Cavendish) had asked the

[1] See Kingsbury, *Introduction to the Records of the Virginia Company of London*, p. 108.

[2] Robert Rich, second Earl of Warwick, whose father had been created earl, 6th August 1618, the day before Cavendish's father was made Earl of Devonshire.

[3] *Calendar of State Papers*, Domestic Series, 1623-5, p. 21.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 28.

[5] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 8th rep., app. p. 29.

advice of the principal of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. He was recommended a young member of the college, one Thomas Hobbes, who had just taken his bachelor's degree. Thus commenced the great philosopher's connection with the Cavendishes, which was to continue, with intermissions, throughout his long life.

The relationship of Hobbes to his charge was that of companion rather than of tutor. There was little difference in their ages. In 1608 Hobbes was only twenty and William Cavendish, though two or three years his junior, was already a married man. His wedding had taken place in the April of that year, before Hobbes entered his service. The bride was Christian,[1] only daughter of Edward, Lord Bruce of Kinloss, Master of the Rolls, to whom James offered this alliance with a rich and rising English house as a reward for his share in setting him on the English throne.[2] The young man at first showed some reluctance to wed this 'pretty red-headed wench' of twelve summers, but became more complaisant when his father told him that 'Kinloss was well favoured by the queen, and if he refused it he would make him the worse by £100,000.'[3] The king himself not only made Christian's portion of £7000 up to £10,000, but used his personal influence to induce the old Lord Cavendish, who had lately taken a second wife and seemed to grudge money to the son of his first, to establish the young couple becomingly. A year later he dubbed the bridegroom knight at Whitehall.

In view of the bride's tender years the marriage was,

[1] So named because she was born on Christmas day.

[2] Pomfret, *Life of Christian, Late Countess Dowager of Devonshire*, p. 23.

[3] Nichols, *The Progresses of King James I.*, ii. 194. The Earl of Arundel, writing to the Earl of Shrewsbury an account of the match, differs from Pomfret. He says that the marriage was a secret one, the work of Arabella Stuart, and displeasing to the queen. See also the Appendix to this chapter.

of course, a mere form, and for some time longer Sir William Cavendish was for all practical purposes a bachelor. At first he seems to have spent his time diligently enough in sowing wild oats. Study played but a small part in his economy. Hobbes, who had been engaged as an instructor, began to lose his own Latin. He not only rode hunting and hawking with his charge, but was also employed in the thankless task of raising money to meet creditors, by which means he 'took cold, being wet in his feet, and trod both his shoes aside the same way' and became 'unhealthy and of an ill complexion (yellowish).'[1] This way of life was ended in 1610, however, when the inseparable friends set out together on a grand tour. They visited France, Germany and Italy, evidently making a more serious use of their time than had been their previous custom. For it was during this journey that Hobbes laid the foundations of his philosophy, and Cavendish acquired a knowledge of foreign tongues and affairs which afterwards made him extremely useful in introducing ambassadors at the English court.

The young Lord Cavendish was, indeed, a man of parts. Not only was he a linguist, but also deeply versed in history and statecraft, and, like all of his name, a patron of learning and the arts. According to Hobbes his house was an adequate substitute for an university. From 1619 he was lord-lieutenant of Derbyshire—an office which became almost a hereditary right of the bearers of the title—jointly, while his father lived, and subsequently alone. In 1621 he was elected member for Derbyshire, and occupied the seat until, on the death of the old earl, 3rd March 1626, he went to the House of Lords.[2]

[1] Robertson, *Hobbes*, p. 12, quoting Aubrey.

[2] William, first Earl of Devonshire, born 27th December 1552, married first, Anne, daughter of Henry Keighley of Keighley, in Yorkshire, by Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Carus, justice of the Queen's Bench;

As a politician the second Earl of Devonshire was not pre-eminent, though he gained some reputation for his oratory. As a courtier, on the other hand, he was in the front rank. He always took a prominent part in stately functions. At the festivities in honour of the creation of the Prince of Wales, who stood sponsor for his second son, he was one of those who 'ran at the ring.' He made a brave show at the marriage of Charles and Henrietta Maria, and at the king's coronation his eldest son was made a Knight of the Bath. He came to be a recognised leader of fashion, and his polished manners and cosmopolitan outlook endeared him to James I. All this naturally implied a considerable drain on his private purse. Rich as he was, he lived beyond his means, 'his house appearing rather like a prince's court than a subject's.'[1] The inevitable result was that his affairs became extremely embarrassed; so much so, that after his succession to the title a bill was introduced into the House of Lords to enable him to sell some of his entailed estates, an unusual measure in those days. He did not live to reap the benefits of its enactment. 'Excessive indulgence in good living' is given as the reason of his early death, which occurred at his London house,[2] 20th June 1628; for he was only thirty-eight,

secondly, Elizabeth, widow of Sir Richard Wortley of Wortley, in Yorkshire, and daughter of Edward Boughton of Causton, in Warwickshire. By his first wife he had three sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Gilbert Cavendish, was for a time accredited with the authorship of the volume of essays entitled *Horæ Subsecivæ*, published anonymously in 1620. Grey Brydges, Lord Chandos, is, however, now considered the more probable author. Gilbert's early death—he must have died before August 1618—being urged against his claim. Devonshire's only son by his second wife, John Cavendish, was made Knight of the Bath at the creation of Charles Prince of Wales, 3rd November 1616, but died without issue, 18th January 1618. The earl died in his seventy-fourth year, and was buried at Edensor, near his brother Henry.

[1] Pomfret, *Life of the Countess of Devonshire*, p. 25.

[2] Where Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate, now is.

and had been little more than two years an earl. Probably the luxury of his habits was in part responsible, but it is hardly gratuitous charity to presume that his zeal both in politics and study did their share. 'Perhaps he might have carried too far the natural propensity he had to splendour and magnificence, which the age he lived in so much encouraged,' writes Grove;[1] 'but we do not hear of others suffering on this account. It was a failing, indeed, but such a one as none but the great and generous are capable of falling into; and since we are told of no other, we may presume it was his only one.'

Hobbes, who felt keenly the loss of his old companion, wrote a glowing eulogy of his intellectual qualities in the translation of Thucydides, which he published soon afterwards with a dedication to the young earl.[2] Yet the philosopher was a sufferer through his friend's extravagance. Devonshire had left his widow with three small children and a vast number of debts. Retrenchments were necessary, and Mr. Hobbes, who for all these years had been a comfortable member of the great household, must, for a time, seek employment elsewhere. The Countess Christian felt she could hardly afford a tame philosopher.

Having obtained the wardship of the ten-year-old earl, the countess at once set about mending his estate. It was fortunate for the house of Devonshire that such a woman was at its head at this juncture. The 'pretty red-headed wench' had grown into a woman of thirty, who united the business capacities of Bess of Hardwick with a far more conciliatory manner. She had a popularity which the tyrannical Lady Shrewsbury never enjoyed. 'Madam, you have all my judges at your disposal,' King Charles once laughed to her. And indeed it seemed so; for of the thirty lawsuits, which were the fruit of her husband's

[1] *Life of William, second Earl of Devonshire*, p. 2.
[2] Quoted, *Ibid.* p. 3.

largeness, she was victorious in every one.[1] 'A mirror of a woman,' the judges called her.[2]

Although the sale of the lands disentailed by the act of Parliament did not produce enough to pay all creditors, the countess by her prudent husbandry and with the aid of her brother, the Earl of Elgin, got things so to rights that she was able nearly to double her jointure of £5000. To save expense, she herself undertook the early education of her children, William, Charles and Anne; and that her method was a good one was afterwards amply proven. Nevertheless she was too wise to keep the boys' training entirely in her own hands. In 1631 Hobbes was recalled to tutor the young earl, whom he instructed in logic, rhetoric, astronomy, law and other subjects, seeking to imbue him 'with all such opinions as should incline him to be a good Christian, a good subject, and a good son.'[3] Three years later he conducted the son, as formerly the father, on an European tour.

To a youth of seventeen, who, like Devonshire, took an eager interest in the worlds of fact and thought, these years of travel must have been delightful. The party made first for Paris, where they had an opportunity of studying on the spot the designs of Richelieu. Then proceeding southwards in a leisurely fashion, they crossed the Alps into Italy, paying a visit to the aged Galileo in Florence. For Hobbes this, his third journey abroad, was one of the most significant incidents in his life. Hitherto he had been but a student, an admirer of greater men. It was on the return to Paris, where he arrived with his charge in 1636, that he was first recognised among the *savants*. The second stay in the French capital lasted for eight months, during which the Englishmen found ready admission into the most exclusive scientific circles. When in the autumn of the

[1] Pomfret, *Life*, p. 28. [2] Grove, *Life*, p. 10.
[3] Robertson, *Hobbes*, p. 29.

year they turned their steps homewards, Hobbes was ready to embark on his work of constructive philosophy, and Devonshire to play a peer's part.

> 'Before your Lordship comes to mine [Hobbes wrote to the Earl of Newcastle from Byfleet] you will know by other letters, that we are come from beyond sea so farre as Byflet, which is the period of my Lord's travels, but not of mine. For though my Lady and my Lord do both accept so wel of my service as I could almost engage my self to serve them as a domestique all my life, yet the extreame pleasure I take in study overcomes in me all other appetites. I am not willing to leave my Lord, so as not to do him any service that he thinkes may not so well be done by another; but I must not deny my selfe the content to study in the way I have begun, and that I cannot conceave I shall do any where so well as at Welbecke, and therefore I meane if your Lordship forbid me not, to come thither as soone as I can, and stay as long as I can without inconvenience to your Lordship.'[1]

With the young earl back from his travels, the Devonshire household was doubtless too gay a place for philosophic speculation. Two months later, however, Hobbes was still at Byfleet, delayed by the rough weather from making his journey into Nottinghamshire, which must now be postponed till after the Christmas festivities. 'I have a cold that makes me keep my chamber, and a chamber . . . in this thronge of company that stays Christmas here . . . that makes me keep my cold,' he writes to Newcastle. The epigram is by no means symbolical of his relations with his patrons, and the phrase about serving them as a 'domestique' all his life was to prove prophetic.

The time had come for Countess Christian to part with her younger son, so, a year after his brother's return, Charles Cavendish, in his turn, set out on his travels. He

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii, p. 129.

too, went in the company of a tutor, but, with the spirit which makes his brief career so brilliant a foot-note in the history of the Civil War, he showed little inclination to brook the implied restraint. While at Paris he heard that the French army was encamped at Luxemburg. Camps were more to his taste than the peaceful improvement of his mind, and he gave his pedagogue the slip. For a time he was brought back to his studies, but in the following year, after visiting Italy, he refused to rest content, as William had done, with the conversation of the polite and learned of Europe. Like his great-uncle Henry before him, he took ship for the East. At Constantinople he dropped his poor tutor altogether, and with the determination to become thoroughly acquainted with the ways of the oriental, rid himself of the encumbrance of English servants. He then travelled through Asia Minor, visited Alexandria and Cairo and made his way homeward through Malta and Spain. Arriving in England in May 1641 he left again almost immediately for Holland to serve under the Prince of Orange, with a view eventually to take command of Colonel Goring's regiment of foot, which his mother had promised to buy for him. Returning to England in November he found signs enough that he would soon have work for his sword without crossing the seas. The days of Charles I.'s autocratic rule were numbered.

For eleven years while the dust thickened on the benches at St. Stephen's, the king had been proving his incapacity to govern. In April 1640, on Strafford's advice, he had at last summoned a Parliament. But he found an assembly in which Pym and Hampden, Cromwell and St. John were prominent members little to his liking. After three useless weeks he dissolved it, and it has become known to history as the Short Parliament. Six months later he began the first session of the Long Parliament, which before its adjournment had condemned Strafford to death,

suppressed the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission, and abolished the irregular ways of raising money in which Charles had so freely indulged.

After the reassembly of Parliament in October 1641 events followed one another quickly. The Irish rebellion and the atrocities committed in Ulster aroused England to a boiling-point of indignation. Responsibility was freely foisted on the Royalist party. In November, after a stormy debate, the House passed a Grand Remonstrance, which was presented to Charles with a petition that he would agree to the exclusion of the bishops from Parliament, grant an indulgence to Puritans, and choose councillors in whom the members could have confidence. Charles's answer brought matters to a deadlock, and a few weeks later he issued his counterblast in the impeachment of the five members.

On the failure of this attempt to bully his subjects, the king retired before the popular wrath, first to Hampton Court and then to Windsor. Thence he reluctantly assented to the bill for excluding the bishops. He also dropped the impeachment of the five members. But the gauntlet was down. Weeks might still be spent in negotiation and compromise; but the Commons were organising the militia, while Henrietta Maria was in Holland seeking supplies, and Charles's friends were rallying round him at York. On 22nd August the royal standard was raised at Nottingham and the war began.

Among the first to hurry Yorkwards were the Countess Christian's two sons.[1] Many who espoused the royal cause had been zealous for reform, but finding only the one way

[1] 'Tuesday night [24th May 1642], about ten o'clock, the Earl of Salisbury and Devonshire his son went from London, pretending to their ladies that they went to Hatfield to hunt, but are gone to York. The night goers cause some suspicion, and presage no good. It is now said they went this morn.' [William Montagu to Lord Montagu. Buccleuch MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*), i. 301.]

left for it, had shrunk from drawing swords against the Crown. The Cavendishes were not of these. Father and grandfather of theirs had supported the Stuart and known his favour, and on their mother's side they were of the blood of Lord Bruce of Kinloss. The countess dowager herself was as fervent a Royalist as any, and their kinsman, the Earl of Newcastle, commanded the king's forces in the north. To have taken sides with the Roundheads had been to do violence to their nature.

Devonshire did not himself do active service. He had shown his sympathies by opposing Strafford's attainder, and had subsequently been in private conference with the queen. Now, however, though his purse was open enough,[1] he preferred a passive part. Impeached with eight others of his rank of high crimes and misdemeanours, and on his refusal to appear at the bar of the House expelled and ordered to stand committed to the Tower, he left the country. It is difficult to understand why he chose this unheroic course. Possibly he was Cavendish even more than Royalist, and considered his duty to the house of which he was head more urgent than his duty to the king. Or the consideration may have been Christian's.

Young Charles Cavendish, on the other hand, was hot to fight for his sovereign. He elected to ride under Lord Bernard Stuart in the king's own troop, that chosen band of which the king remarked: 'The revenues of those in that single troop would buy the estates of my Lord of Essex and of all the officers in his army.'[2] So tender was Charles of these gallant gentlemen, that at Edgehill he decided to keep them close to his own person, and out of harm's way. But the young bloods found such a position little to their taste. Spurs were not thus to be won. Charles Cavendish was the one to protest, and through his urgency with Lord

[1] According to Edmund Waller, he 'did whole regiments afford.'

[2] Kennet who quotes from a MS. *Life.*

Bernard he got the regiment a post of sufficient danger on the extreme right flank of the line of battle. Thus they followed Rupert in the wild charge which went near to losing the day for his side.

Among the headlong riders Cavendish was conspicuous, and after the battle, which in the end must be counted a drawn one, he was offered, and readily accepted, the command of the Duke of York's troop, vacated by the death of Aubigny, Lord Bernard Stuart's brother. The sequel was another example of his mettlesome character, and of that excellent habit he had of asking for what he wanted. Thinking himself slighted by the colonel of the Prince of Wales's regiment to which his new troop was attached, the high-spirited young officer went to the king with a request that he should have an independent command, further suggesting that £1000, which his brother Devonshire had contributed to the Royalist funds, should be handed over to him for the purpose of raising a regiment of horse in the north. Charles I. seems to have made no demur in granting him this commission, and bestowing on him the colonelcy of the new regiment.

Colonel Cavendish made his headquarters at Newark, where his gallantry and activity soon rendered him so popular, that at the request of the commissioners for Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire he was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces of those shires, with the rank of colonel-general. His brief career was one of brilliant success. In March 1643 he took Grantham, and in April completely routed the younger Hotham at Ancaster. Early in June the queen, who had been negotiating at York, brought him a reinforcement of two thousand foot, with arms for five hundred more, and twenty companies of horse.[1] In the queen's carriage came the Countess Christian, who enlivened the journey with proud descriptions of her son's prowess. So

[1] Rushworth, *Historical Collections*, pt. III. vol. ii. p. 274.

COLONEL CHARLES CAVENDISH.
*By Vandyck.*

pleased was Henrietta with these stories that, on being asked the word at Lincoln, she gave the name of Cavendish, a courtesy which must have delighted the mother's heart.

The young officer was no stranger to the queen, having been presented to her at court and seen her again in Holland. Meeting her at Newark, he entertained her there for a fortnight, and then conducted her some way on her journey towards Oxford. Incidentally he stormed Burton-on-Trent. True cavalier as he was, he wanted to supply an entertainment for his exalted guest, and recked nothing of the cost of it. The queen would have liked to take him with her to Oxford, and but for the urgent request of the gentlemen of Lincolnshire, he would have gone.

A few weeks later he passed out of the story. The Earl of Newcastle, for the time successful in his struggle with the Fairfaxes in the north, sent him to besiege Gainsborough, which had recently been taken for Parliament by Lord Willoughby of Parham. Standing in the earl's road, whether to Lincoln or Newark, it was a position coveted by both parties, and as soon as Cavendish's move became known, Sir John Meldrum and Oliver Cromwell were sent to Willoughby's relief. On 28th July they found the enemy drawn up on the edge of a sandy plateau, a little to the north of Lee, on the Gainsborough road. Quickly taking possession of higher ground, they charged down hill, driving the Royalists pell-mell before them. The rout, however, was not as complete as they supposed. Cavendish had held a regiment in reserve, and now, setting on the rear of the unsuspecting pursuers, commenced to throw them into confusion. He might have retrieved the fortunes of the day, had there not been one as prudent as himself on the enemy's side. Oliver Cromwell had observed the unbroken regiment, and, wiser than Meldrum, had rallied his men from the chase. He now attacked Cavendish from behind. The Royalists, desperately engaged with four troops of

Lincolnshire horse who had stood their ground, were in a trap. Driven down hill, they were caught in a quagmire and cut to pieces. Cavendish himself was among the slain. Unhorsed by a blow on the head, he was stabbed as he lay, by Berry, Cromwell's captain-lieutenant; after quarter granted, it is said. 'He died magnanimously, refusing quarter, and throwing the blood that ran from his wounds in their faces that shed it.'[1] Carried into Gainsborough, he expired a few hours later. Two days afterwards Newcastle came up with his main force and recaptured the town. But the king had lost a good officer.[2]

Cavendish's body was taken to Newark, where so great was the grief of the populace, that for some days they would not permit him to be buried: and when, thirty years later, he was removed to Derby to lie beside his mother, the town that revered his memory was loath to part with its honourable possession. This young man of twenty-three was, indeed, a hero to his contemporaries. 'The sun beheld not a youth of a more manly figure, and more winning presence,' wrote one, while Waller and Sir Francis Wortley both penned him epitaphs.

[1] Lloyd, *Memoirs of Excellent Personages*, p. 673.

[2] See Gardiner, *History of the Great Civil War*, i. 188 sqq.; Rushworth, *Historical Collections*, pt. III. vol. ii. p. 278. Carlyle has a characteristic note on Charles Cavendish (*Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* (Library Edition), i. 161). '"General Cavendish," whom some confound with the Earl of Newcastle's brother, was his *cousin*, "the Earl of Devonshire's second son," an accomplished young man of three-and-twenty; for whom there was great lamenting;—indeed a general emotion about his death, of which we, in these radical times, very irreverent of human quality itself, and much more justly of the *dresses* of human quality, cannot even with effort form any adequate idea. This was the first action that made Cromwell to be universally talked of: He dared to kill this honourable person, found in arms against him!' According to *Mercurius Aulicus*—a Royalist publication—1st August 1643, Cavendish 'being cut most dangerously on the head, was struck off his horse, and so, unfortunately, shot with a brace of bullets after he was on the ground.'

We are told that the Countess Christian's grief was unbounded, and may well believe it. These were the bad years of her life. In 1638 she had lost her only daughter,[1] and there are hints of another grief. Before the war there had been talk of a marriage between her and the Scots Earl of Rothes. But this 'very free and very amorous' suitor died in consumption in 1641, and the countess remained a widow.[2]

It was the loss of Charles, her favourite son, however, which hit her hardest. Many women would have sickened altogether of a cause which brought them such misfortune. Christian was not of these. Her zeal for the king was redoubled. Perhaps the part she played has been exaggerated. Her biography, by a certain Thomas Pomfret, is a work of most unmeasured adulation in the best seventeenth-century manner.[3] Pomfret was a perfervid worshipper of the titled, and probably a dependant on

[1] Anne, first wife of Robert, Lord Rich, afterwards Earl of Warwick, son of that earl with whom Anne Cavendish's father had once been so anxious to duel. Like her mother, she was a patroness of letters. Lord Falkland, Lord Pembroke, Sidney Godolphin and the faithful Edmund Waller sang her praises. Thomas Pomfret, Christian's biographer, admired her unboundedly. 'Her wit and discretion kept equal measures,' he wrote; 'and her freedom of conversation was bounded with modesty; she had a great mind, without disdain; the sweetest meen but not without majesty: and in sum; every thing she said or did, like her self, fair and transcending, and what became a daughter of the Countess of *Devonshire*.'

[2] *Calendar of State Papers* (Domestic Series), 1641-3, pp. 16, 105, where the lady is erroneously identified with the Countess Elizabeth. Although, according to Clarendon, Rothes 'was very free and very amorous and unrestrained in his discourse by any scruples of religion,' he would scarcely have filched his wife from the living earl. See also Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion*, iii. 251 n.

[3] *The Life of the Right Honourable and Religious Lady Christian, late Countess Dowager of Devonshire*, 1685. For the most part, I have accepted Pomfret's statements, though, as a matter of fact, I have not found corroboration of them all. But he published only eleven years after the countess's death, and very likely knew what he was talking about.

Cavendish munificence. Still, even a less reverent age may remember her for an ardent Royalist and a great lady.

But loyal as she was, she was unwilling to sacrifice her family. In 1645 she summoned her surviving son, the earl, back to England, and induced him to save his sequestered estates from the clutches of Parliament by composition. He made his home at Latimers,[1] a house of his in Buckinghamshire, and it was there that the countess had a last sight of her beloved sovereign. Charles stayed a night there in the course of his journeyings as a prisoner of the New Model. His misfortunes had stirred the fires of loyalty in many breasts. He was probably better loved in these days than ever before. But he can scarcely have found elsewhere a warmer welcome than at Latimers. It is a pleasant if melancholy picture, that Pomfret suggests to us, of the courtly monarch, gravely consulting the devoted lady, and remembering to thank her for her faithful services.

Thanks were indeed her due; for she worked hard, if without much success, in the cause she had at heart. She corresponded in cypher with the Duke of Hamilton and the Earls of Norwich and Holland, entrusting the key only to her nephew, Lord Bruce, and to her chaplain. She did her best to win Essex to her side, and apparently might have succeeded in her 'glorious designs,' but for his untimely death. Her zeal must sometimes have outrun her discretion if it is true that she was one of the moving spirits in that rash attempt for the king's liberation, which brought the triple turncoat, Holland, to the scaffold. Much of this plotting was done from Ampthill, the seat of her brother the Earl of Elgin, whither she had moved soon after her interview with Charles at Latimers. Between Elgin and his sister a warm friendship had ever existed. It was he who had helped and advised her in the legal struggles of the early days of her widowhood, and it was

[1] Now the seat of Lord Chesham.

to him that she now naturally turned for consolation and support in the misfortunes she had made her own. His son, Lord Bruce, afterwards Earl of Ailesbury, was also her special friend and confidant.

Christian stayed at Ampthill for three years, during which she so 'lightened her griefs and her expenses,' that in 1650 she decided to move to Roehampton in Surrey, renting a house there which, a year later, she purchased from its owner, Sir Thomas Dawes. At Roehampton, at Ampthill, or in London, she spent the kingless years, and the letters,[1] historically unimportant, which she wrote to her nephew show that even under the Protectorate Royalists were not without their pleasures. Hope of better days was never dead. The throne was empty, but for the countess Charles II. was king. After Worcester fight she had taken charge of his effects, and found room in her household for some of his servants. Now she was scheming to have him back. Her house became a meeting-place for the Stuart faction to such a degree that she fell under suspicion, and a troop of horse would have been sent to arrest her, but for a timely bribe offered by her goldsmith—her banker, as we should now say—to an influential member of the Council of State. Even Monk, who was not prone to publish his intentions, is said to have sent her special information by a 'considerable officer' of his plans for the restoration of the king.

With Charles II. fairly on the throne the Countess Christian's labours were ended. She did not come often to court, and we can scarcely believe she would have found much to please her there. But when she did come, she was received with the utmost kindness, and all formalities were put aside. With the queen-mother she was specially intimate. The king, the queen and the Duke of York

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 15th rep., app. vii. *passim* (the Marquess of Ailesbury's MSS.).

would often dine with her, and it was sometimes the pleasure of these exalted personages to make unexpected visitations after hunting.[1] Then, as wherever Charles went, was merriment and dancing.

Not only rank was welcome at Roehampton in those days. The wits and the poets also resorted there, and Edmund Waller found an audience for his verses. The countess kept open house. So deftly, indeed, did she manage her estates, that she contrived to combine good husbandry with an apparently boundless generosity. Both before and after the Restoration her purse was always open to those whom the war had ruined. Her almsgiving was as large as her entertainments were splendid.

As the years went on, charity occupied more of the old lady's thoughts than worldly pleasures. She grew less and less careful of the things of this life. While her devoted niece, the Countess of Ailesbury, saw to the management of her household, she gave herself up more and more completely to contemplation. 'Her great age had rendered her own vertues something inactive,' says Pomfret. So while others looked after her affairs, she prepared for the death which 'shewed itself at a distance.' She died 16th January 1675.

[1] One finds accounts of these occasions in the newsletters of the day. The first of the following belongs to the beginning, the second to the end of June 1660:—

> 'The King and the two Dukes dined upon Saturday last at Roehampton, at the Countess of Devonshire's, and General Monk with them, where they were gallantly treated, and after dinner the King and the two Dukes danced with the ladies above an hour, and danced rarely well, as one that saw them dance told me, who hath very good judgment.'—*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 5th rep., app. p. 205.
>
> 'This day they are all [the King and his brothers] gone to Roehampton near Putney to be princely entertained by the Countess Dowager of Devonshire, where it is hoped the sauce will savour of Aurum Potabile or rather Portabile.'—*Ibid.*

Charles II.'s friendship for the countess was not, it seems, entirely disinterested.

Her body was borne in stately progress to Derby, to be buried in the family vault at All Hallows, where, in accordance with her request, her gallant son, Charles, was brought from Newark to join her. Never 'was a woman more honoured through her whole life, and at her death; and by both she hath taught all ladies, that the surest path to honour, is by vertue.' [1]

As for the earl, after his return to England he took little part in public affairs. He had saved his estates by the skin of his teeth, but, during the Commonwealth, was of course debarred from all office, and lived in diplomatic obscurity, first at Latimers, afterwards at Hardwick. A letter written from the latter to his friend, Colonel Cooke, a few months before the Restoration, shows how absolutely indifferent he had grown to politics.

> 'I can entertain you with nothing that is serious, I can only tell you that I am grown a perfect lover of sports, and should have been happy in nothing so much as to have had your company this winter. I hope my cousin Bruce is grown grave and serious, for I am turned more jockey than ever he was.' [2]

From this you might picture him a bluff country squire, fragrant of the stable, one who went ever spurred and followed by his dogs. Such tastes, however, seem to have been the late fruits of idleness and a country life. In early days, before the troubles, he had been a man of fashion, noted for his handsome looks, and considered a desirable match. There was talk of a wedding between him and Lady Dorothy Sidney, Waller's Sacharissa. But the bride of his choice was the Earl of Salisbury's fair daughter,

[1] Pomfret, *Life*, p. 94. William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, a graceful versifier, wrote a volume of poems, said to be chiefly in praise of the countess. At her desire the younger Donne gave it to the world, in 1660, thirty years after Pembroke's death.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 15th rep., app. vii. p. 161.

Elizabeth Cecil, whom one of her contemporaries called the handsomest woman he ever saw;[1] while Lord Conway wrote of 'that blessed sight my Lady of Devonshire,' and 'that gracious looke that makes the divells forgett hell and the angells heaven.'

The earl had his family's interest in science and literature, too; was an intimate friend of John Evelyn, the diarist, and one of the original fellows of the Royal Society. His friendship for his old tutor, Hobbes, never wavered for all the philosopher's heresy.

Hobbes, who confessed himself twin brother of Fear, had fled England in the early days of the Long Parliament. He stayed overseas for eleven years, instructing Charles II. in mathematics. But for this absence he would probably have tutored a third heir of the Devonshires. There is a characteristic letter, written from St. Germains in 1648, which shows that he was consulted about the education of his patron's son, then a lordling of seven years.

> 'It is a great allowance, 50*li.* ayere for a young university scholler, unlesse he hath better learning then is usually taught in the University. That which is requisite for my young Lord is the Latine tongue and the mathematiques, I mean whilst he is yonge; for other knowledge, as the

[1] On 12th February, 1639, Edmund Rossingham wrote to Edward Viscount Conway: 'Lady Salisbury jeers all of us who wished Lady Dorothy to be Countess of Devonshire, for last Thursday, with much adoe, God wots, the Lord of Devonshire declares himself a suitor to Lady Elizabeth. The old Countess, his mother, weeps and takes on, that the world might believe she was against it; but she may weep her eyes out before any reasonable creature will believe so much ill of her son as his undutifulness to his mother in the business of his matrimony, which she has so much laid to heart. I do not hear he has been yet to Salisbury House, his woeing hitherto has been, like himself, a great prince, by proxy. God give them joy.' (*Calendar of State Papers*, Domestic Series, 1638-9, p. 453). The allegation for the marriage licence (Bishop of London) is dated 4th March 1638-9, the bride being nineteen.

know edge of the passions and manners of men, of the nature of Government, and the reading of history or poets otherwise than to exercise his Latine tongue, he is and will be a great while too young. If the young man propounded by Mr. Payne can teach him Latine well, and the beginnings of Mathematics, and be such as will imprint in him piety without superstitious admiration of preachers, he may deserve his allowance. In these partes I find none yet that can do this.'[1]

In 1651, the publication of *Leviathan* drove the philosopher from his post at the exiled court, though Charles himself never lost his regard for him, and on his Restoration granted him a pension. Hobbes returned to England and submitted to Cromwell's rule, but henceforth his name was anathema to the orthodox. Nevertheless, a few years afterwards he was in his old comfortable dependence on the Cavendishes, though his work kept him from becoming a permanent member of their household till later. Good Bishop Kennet shows an amusing anxiety to exculpate the earl from any taint of acquiescence in Hobbes's detestable beliefs, of which Devonshire expressed his abhorrence. 'He was an humorist, and nobody could account for him,' was the explanation the earl and his lady would give of their guest. Such, indeed, in his later years did the old man become. And at one or other of the great Derbyshire houses he found a pleasant home, where his eccentricities were freely indulged. In October 1679, when in his ninety-second year, he fell seriously ill. The family were on the point of moving from Chatsworth to Hardwick. The old philosopher refused to be left behind. Soon after his arrival he was smitten with paralysis of the right side. His speech failed him, and on 4th December he sank to a quiet death. He was given burial in the parish church of Hault Hucknall, which lies beyond the park from Hard-

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 11th rep., app. ii. p. 439 b.

wick Hall. There a slab of black marble with an unpretentious inscription marks his resting-place.

The Restoration made little difference in Earl William's quiet existence. The lord-lieutenancy of Derbyshire, which he had lost on his impeachment, was returned to him, and he was made high steward of Tutbury, and, a year later, of the High Peak. Grove accuses Charles II. of ingratitude in not showing more substantial recognition of his services. Devonshire had certainly supported the Royalist cause liberally. At the outbreak of the war he had provided for a hundred horsemen,[1] and this was by no means the extent of his donations. But he evidently had no craving for publicity. In Charles I.'s day he had held appointments only of local importance; and it may have been his preference for an uneventful life which made him choose exile rather than arms. It seems likely, therefore, that the small part he played in the affairs of the restored monarchy was his own rather than the king's doing. Even when, in 1668, he was appointed a commissioner of trade, his reluctance to leave his rural occupations caused him soon to resign the office. Later on, when Lord Cavendish began to come into prominence as an opponent of the court party, there was little likelihood of his further advancement. But that is another story. The earl did not live to see his son help to uproot the dynasty which he and his kin had striven to preserve. He died at Roehampton, 23rd November 1684, aged sixty-seven, and was interred at Edensor. By the new earl's orders he was buried as a duke should be.[2] This proceeding was perhaps meant as a protest against the king's fancied negligence. Knowing what was afterwards to befall we may see it as a prophecy. The Countess Elizabeth survived her husband just five years, dying 19th November 1689. She was buried in Monmouth's Vault in Westminster Abbey.

[1] Buccleuch MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*), i. 301. Cf. pp. 49, 50.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 7th rep., app. p. 407 b.

## APPENDIX

The following letter (from Additional MS. 4161, fol. 16 sqq.) seemed worth giving at length for the further light it throws both on the marriage of William Cavendish and Christian Bruce, and also on the relations existing among Elizabeth Hardwick's children:—

### HENRY CAVENDISH TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY

'My most honored Lord,—On Sunday last I wish I could have sent your good Lordship a Dove with a Letter under his Wing, to have advertised your Lordship of such news, as came very strange to me about the hour of 9 in the morning: at what time my Lord Cavendish sent to me by his man Smythe, to excuse him, that he had not made me privy of his son's marriage to the Lord of Kinloss's daughter (now after six years I have learnt his name to be Lord of Kinloss). The reason was, he had great Enemies; and if it had been made public, he might have been crossed. And the Chief Cause he so matched him was to strengthen himself against his Adversaries. I wished all might prove to all their comforts. My Lady Arbella was there at Dinner, and my Lady Cavendish the Baroness; and so were they at supper, and both danced in rejoicing and honour of the Wedding. The Bride is meetly handsome, as they say, of a red hair, and about 14 Years of age. Alas! poor Wylkyn! he desired and deserved a Woman already grown, and may evil stay 12 Weeks for a Wife, much less 12 Months. They were bedded together to his great punishment some 2 hours. The next morning I waited of my Lady Arbella at Whitehall, and in talk with her Ladyship I told her honor, I thought it was she, that made the Match; which her Ladyship denied, but not very earnestly, affirming she knew nothing of it till that morning the marriage was; and that she was invited

to the Wedding Dinner. I told her Ladyship much my betters would think so as I did, and ten thousand besides.

'That night, when as I was set at my book very earnestly, one of mine came to me, and told me, there was a Man of my Lord Cavendish desired to speak with me. I said bring him up; who after some ceremony of Excuse, that he was but a Servant, served with [*sic.*] me with a Subpœna into the Chancery at my Lord Cavendish's suit, and I am to appear within 14 Days after. It seemed very strange to me. At the first I thought it was something about my Lady our Mother's Will: but certainly by skilfull men I am assured, it cannot be so; but that it is something about my Intail. I shall greatly lack your honorable Lordship, or my honourable Lady my sister or Sir Charles here in town. My Lord my Brother is too wily politic and too skilfully experienced for me; and that I doubt most is *tropo ponderoso* for me: but I have no remedy but to abide his worst.

'When I had made this full point, I was called to supper, and so left writing to your good Lordship till this morning, in which interim I have learned for certain truth, that my unkind Brother hath exhibited a Bill into the Chancery against me almost as full of Lies as of lines, pretending, that I go about to cut off my Intail, to disinherit my right Heirs, and Divers other things, and desires to be relieved in that Court, that I may not have the Course of the common Law to sue forth a fine and recovery, alledging many false reasons, as false as God is true. I am counselled not to appear as yet, nor to take out a Copy of his Bill, by some your Lordship doth trust. It is verily thought he hath assured my Land upon the Crown. This day Mr. Kynge, Mr. Hersy and Mr. Deane do entertain Counsellers for me. I am so unfit and so unapt for these Law-Matters, as this only Matter drives me into such Agony, Discontentment and perturbation of Mind, as will lessen my time. God revenge my wrong of them, that be causers of it.

'I received your Honor's Letter dated the 10th of April, sent by Mr. Fox, for the which I most humbly thank your good Lordship. I have not as yet talked with Mr. Hamon your Lordship's man touching the money your Lordship so honorably

lends me, which I have now more need of than ever. And I hope in Jesus, my cruel Brother shall not have his Will of me altogether to his liking.

'Thus craving pardon for my long troubling of your Lordship with these long lines, remembering my most humble Duty and Service to my most honorable Lady and Sister, I rest ever

'Most humbly and faithfully at your Lordship's Commandment

'HENRY CAVENDYSSHE.'

[April 1608] The record of William's suit has not been traced. In view of Henry's subsequent, and perhaps consequent, sale of his estates to his brother, it is of little historical importance. The feelings which inspired it are far more interesting.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE LOYAL DUKE

The death of the third Earl of Devonshire marks the end of an epoch in the history of the Cavendishes. His successor won a dukedom by opposing the dynasty to which his ancestors had been so faithful. He was the first exponent of those Whig principles which were henceforth to be the most salient family characteristic. The tale of the Royalist Cavendishes, however, is not yet complete.

Well as the sons of the house of Devonshire served the Stuart cause in the Civil War, it was another of the Cavendish stock who made the name illustrious. The gallant Colonel Charles and the devoted Countess Christian have their honourable corners in the story of the time. William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle, is a central figure. He may not have been a great general. Clarendon is emphatic on the point. But, like the Marquess of Winchester, he earned the fair epithet of 'loyal,' and his memory is invested with the cavalier's indestructible fascination.

His father, Charles Cavendish, was the youngest son of Sir William Cavendish and Bess of Hardwick. Born in 1553, he makes his first appearance in history as a young man of twenty-two, taking advantage of his mother's absence to join some menials of the household in a poaching expedition. 'He is esely ledd to folly,' his stepfather concluded.[1] When Leicester went into the Netherlands, he found a more creditable outlet for his energies.

[1] Hunter, *Hallamshire*, p. 124 n.

WILLIAM, FIRST DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.
*After Vandyck.*

As already mentioned, in the great quarrel between the earl and the countess, Charles Cavendish took his mother's part. He was on the friendliest terms with his brother-in-law, Gilbert Talbot, with whom he had been brought up, and in whose company he had travelled abroad. 'He was always at his elbow, politic, and having great sway with him.'[1] There was a stronger link, however, between the two men than that of early association. With his sister Mary, Gilbert's wife, Charles Cavendish seems to have been in peculiar sympathy. Mary was a Catholic, and Charles also was suspected of Romeward inclinations. His first wife, Margaret Kitson, belonged to the older church, and his second, Catherine Ogle, was 'thought to be no better.'[2] Old Shrewsbury disliked Mary Cavendish as much as her mother. 'I think neither barrel better herring of them both,' he wrote to Leicester.

Cavendish's friendship with his sister and her husband did him little good, either in his private or public life. It lost him the fat legacy he might have had from his mother; for in the split between the old countess and the new earl, which followed Earl George's death, he sided with the younger generation.

As Earl of Shrewsbury, Gilbert Talbot did not succeed in making himself popular, while his countess spent some time in the Tower for evincing undue sympathy towards Arabella Stuart. The earl quarrelled with all and sundry, and Charles Cavendish was prone to take his part. He made a feud between Shrewsbury and their mutual neighbours, the Stanhopes, his own, and in 1593 challenged one, John Stanhope, to a duel, which, though it was never fought,[3] was the prelude of a seven years' war. The

[1] *Calendar of State Papers*, Domestic Series, 1591-4, p. 174.

[2] *Ibid.* Lodge prints some verses from Charles to his sister.

[3] Stanhope appeared on the ground in a padded doublet, and the seconds stopped proceedings.

servants of the disputants fought a pitched battle in Fleet Street. The Privy Council stepped in, and bound Stanhope over to keep the peace. Both he and Cavendish spent some time in confinement. Finally, in 1599, Stanhope and his servants attacked the enemy on his own ground at Kirkby, in Nottinghamshire. In this fight Cavendish, who had a smaller force than Stanhope, was wounded.[1] Besides this private dispute, he also got at loggerheads with the Crown about the right to certain lands. So, though knighted by Elizabeth, and member for Nottinghamshire in two parliaments, he did not prosper as his brother William did.

To his contemporaries he was known for his fine swordsmanship, an art in which he tutored his son, Newcastle, to proficiency. To posterity he is, perhaps, mainly significant as the man to whom a famous ducal house owes its famous seat. He bought Welbeck Abbey, which at the Dissolution had been granted to one Richard Whalley;

[1] Collins (*Historical Collection*, p. 21) prints a *Declaration of the foul Outrage by John Stanhope against the Person of Sir Charles Cavendish, knight.* See also Additional MS. 4161, ff. 7-15. Mary of Shrewsbury's part in the quarrel is rather characteristic of a daughter of Bess. She sent a messenger to Sir Thomas Stanhope, John Stanhope's father, with the words, 'Tell Sir Thomas Stanhope from me that he is a reprobate, and his son John a rascal, and that the child, that is yet to be got, shall rue.' Evidently she did not think this quite met the case, for a few days later she sent another message, 'That though you be more wretched, vile and miserable than any creature living, and for your wickedness become more ugly in shape than the vilest toad in the world, and one to whom none of reputation would vouchsafe to send any message; yet she hath thought good to send thus much unto you, that she can be contented you should live, and doth no way wish your death, but to this end, that all the plagues and miseries that may befall any may light upon such a caitiff as you are; and she doubteth not that the same will light upon you, and that you shall live to have all your friends forsake you, and without your great repentance (which she looketh not for, because your life hath been so bad), you will be damned perpetually in hell fire.'

and his descendants, the Dukes of Portland, are there to this day.

The abbey was not his only purchase. Bolsover Castle, standing high on the limestone rocks of Derbyshire, an ancient mediæval stronghold held under the Crown, was granted by Edward VI. to that Lord Talbot who was afterwards to become Earl of Shrewsbury and the harassed husband of Elizabeth Hardwick. Indirectly, if we accept the legend, it was the cause of the old countess's death. For it was while her workmen were piling the walls of Bolsover that the frost set in which stopped operations and broke the spell.

In 1608 Lord Shrewsbury leased the manor to his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Cavendish, for the term of a thousand years, and five years later sold it him outright. Cavendish at once continued his mother's work and completed the towered house, which now, like Welbeck, belongs to the Duke of Portland. He had but few years left in which to enjoy it. He died at Welbeck in 1617, being then in his sixty-fifth year. For burial he was carried to Bolsover church, where a great monument was set up to his memory.[1] It was said that while he lay dying, his sister,

[1] His epitaph, composed by Ben Jonson, is curious :—

'CHARLES CAVENDISH TO HIS POSTERITY

'Sonnes seeke not me among these polish'd Stones,
These only hide Part of my Flesh and Bones,
Which did they ne'er se neat or proudly dwell,
Will all be Dust and may not make me swell.

Let such as justly have out-liv'd all Praise,
Trust in the Tombes their carefull Frends do raise;
I made my Life my Monument, and yours,
To which there 's no Materiall that endures.

Nor yet Inscription like it. Write but that,
And teach your Nephews it to æmulate,
It will be Matter loud enough to tell,
Not when I died, but how I liv'd. Farewell.

(*continued on next page*)

the Countess Mary, kept her bed, ate little, talked distractedly.[1] So great was her grief for her favourite brother.

Ill-provided for as he was by his mother, Sir Charles Cavendish would scarcely have left so good an estate but for his prudent mating. He was twice wed, and twice to co-heiresses. His first wife, Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Kitson of Hengrave in Suffolk, died childless a year after the wedding. In 1591 Cavendish made a greater match, taking to wife Catherine, the younger daughter and co-heiress of Cuthbert, Lord Ogle, last in the male line of an old Northumbrian barony. On the death of her sister[2] in December 1626, Sir Charles Cavendish's widow became sole heir of her father, who had died in 1597, and *suo jure* Baroness Ogle. Two years later the dignity was confirmed to her and her heirs.

Besides one—firstfruit of their mating—who died in infancy, Catherine Ogle bore her husband two sons, William and Charles, both destined to a measure of celebrity.

'His education was according to his birth; for as he

'His Posteritie of Him to Strangers

'Charles Cavendish was a Man
whome
'Knowledge, Zeale, Sincerity, made Religious.
Experience, Discretion, Courage, made Valiant.
Reading, Conference, Judgment, made Learned.
Religion, Valour, Learning, made Wise.
Birth, Merites, Favour, made Noble.
Respect, Meanes, Charitie, made Bountifull.
Equitie, Conscience, Office, made Just.
Nobilitie, Bountie, Justice, made Honourable.
Counsell, Ayde, Secrecie, made a trusty Friend.
Love, Trust, Constancie, made a kind Husband.
Affection, Advice, Care, made a loving Father.
Friends, Wife, Sonnes, made Content.
Wisdom, Honour, Content, made Happy.'

[1] Buccleuch MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*), i. 191.

[2] Jane Ogle, wife of Edward Talbot, son to Earl George, brother to Earl Gilbert, and in 1616 himself eighth Earl of Shrewsbury.

was born a gentleman, so he was bred like a gentleman,' the Duchess of Newcastle wrote of her husband.[1] Presumably Charles Cavendish had much the same upbringing as his elder brother William. As boys, they naturally saw much of their aunt and uncle of Shrewsbury, and in 1612, when William was about twenty, they both went into France with Sir Henry Wotton, who was on a diplomatic errand. According to the Duchess Margaret, the Duke of Savoy, to whom Wotton was sent as ambassador-extraordinary, took a great fancy to the young Sir William Cavendish—he had been made a knight of the Bath when Prince Henry was created Prince of Wales in 1610—and tried to induce him to stay at his court, offering him titles and 'an honourable command in war.' Wotton, however, would not take the responsibility of leaving his charge, who had to be content with the duke's gift of 'a Spanish horse, a saddle very richly embroidered, and with a rich jewel of diamonds.'[2] This story may or may not be true. We have only the duchess's word for it, and not only the Duke of Savoy's offer, but the journey itself, is unmentioned in Wotton's published correspondence.

Whatever else happened to William Cavendish in his youth, he was admitted to Saint John's College, Cambridge. But his masters 'could not persuade him to read or study

[1] The following letter from William Cavendish to his father, of which the original is in excellent French, shows that in September 1604 the writer, though but twelve years old, was well advanced both in culture and in courtesy. 'I must inform you of the honourable entertainment received by the Duke (Prince Charles) and his company at Worksop. My brother and I received much honour for our good training, which surprised the Scotch gentlemen, and especially our proficiency in the French language, in which the President (Lord Fyvie), the Duke's governor, is perfect, as well as several gentlemen of his suite. I beg that you will kiss the hands of my uncle and aunt, and thank them for the honour they have done me in thinking me capable of entertaining such a prince' (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 118).

[2] *Life of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle* (ed. Firth, 1886), pp. 4, 5.

much,' and his father let him follow his own bent, which was towards sports of all kinds, but especially swordsmanship and horsemanship. In the former art Sir Charles himself instructed his son; in the latter he got him the best procurable master. He was by no means put out by the young man's predilections, says the duchess, and supports the statement by an anecdote.

> 'One time it happened that a young gentleman, one of my Lord's relations, had bought some land, at the same time when my Lord had bought a singing-boy for £50, a horse for £50, and a dog for £2; which humour his father Sir Charles liked so well, that he was pleased to say, that if he should find his son to be so covetous, that he would buy land before he was twenty years of age, he would disinherit him.'

The purchase of the singing-boy shows that William Cavendish, besides his love of outdoor sports, had already that dilettante taste for the arts which characterised his maturer years; for though he dabbled in science, and corresponded with Hobbes, his interests were far too numerous to permit of exact scholarship.

With his younger brother the contrary was the case. Whether or no he was the Charles Cavendish who 'subscribed' at Oxford University, 30th April 1613,[1] he early evinced scholarly inclinations. Comfortably provided for on his father's death, he chose to live a studious life. Three times elected member for the borough of Nottingham—in 1624 and 1628, and finally in the Short Parliament of 1640—he achieved little in the public way, but there is no reason to suppose his achievements fell short of his ambition. Nature had given him a stunted and deformed body, which made him ill-suited for court or camp. The epigram made at

[1] If, as is probable, this Charles was brother to the Thomas Cavendish who 'subscribed' the same day, he certainly was not Newcastle's brother. (See Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses.*)

Pope's expense was, however, by no means applicable to Sir Charles Cavendish. His was no *mens curva in corpore curvo*. According to Clarendon, he 'was a man of the noblest and largest mind, though the least and most inconvenient body that lived.'[1] According to John Aubrey, the antiquary, 'he was a little weake crooked man, and nature having not adapted him for the court nor campe, he betooke himselfe to the study of the mathematiques, wherein he became a great master.'

Though not remembered nowadays as a 'great master,' Sir Charles Cavendish enjoyed in his time an European

[1] Clarendon appears to have had an immense admiration for Charles Cavendish. In his *Life* (vi. 29) he draws a full-length portrait. 'The conversation the Chancellor took most delight in was that of Sir Charles Cavendish, brother to the Marquis, who was one of the most extraordinary persons of that age in all the noble endowments of the mind. He had all the disadvantages imaginable in his person, which was not only of so small a size that it drew the eyes of men upon him, but with such deformity in his little person, and an aspect in his countenance, that was apter to raise contempt than application; but in this unhandsome or homely habitation, there was a mind and a soul lodged, that was very lovely and beautiful; cultivated and polished by all the knowledge and wisdom that arts and sciences could supply it with. He was a great mathematician; whose correspondence was very dear to Gassendus and Descartes, the last of which dedicated some of his works to him. He had very notable courage, and the vigour of his mind so adorned his body, that being with his brother the Marquis in all the war, he usually went out in all parties, and was present and charged the enemy in all battles, with as keen a courage as could dwell in the heart of man. But the gentleness of his disposition, the humility and meekness of his nature, and the vivacity of his wit, was admirable. He was so modest that he could hardly be prevailed with to enlarge himself on subjects he understood better than other men, except he were pressed by his very familiar friends, as if he thought it presumption to know more than handsomer men use to do. Above all, his virtue and piety was such that no temptation could work upon him to consent to anything that swerved in the least degree from the precise rules of honour, or the most severe rules of conscience.' The duchess also has an eulogy of her brother-in-law; the characteristic extravagance of which, though it may discredit its judgment, is no disproof of its sincerity.

reputation, not only for his own accomplishments, but also for the friendship he displayed towards his brothers in science. No less than the rest of his house a patron of the author of *Leviathan*, he seems to have reserved his special admiration for Descartes, whom he endeavoured to induce to come to England to seek the protection of Charles I. Another Frenchman, to whom he made similar overtures, was the mathematician Mydorge, while Pierre Gassendi was also one of his friends. Among his English friends were the physician, John Twysden, and the mathematicians, William Oughtred, John Wallis and John Pell.[1] He himself, according to the last-named, 'writt severall things in mathematiques for his owne pleasure,' and he also made collections in Italy, France and elsewhere—'as many manuscript mathematicall bookes as filled a hoggeshead.' These last, which, it is said, would have advanced the progress of the science by a generation, he fully intended to publish. His design, however, had not been carried out at his death, and the books, falling eventually into the hands of his executor's wife, were sold for waste paper and disappeared from history.

Of the mathematician's brother, the story of the time is full. In marked contrast to Charles's retired and studious existence, William Cavendish was up to his neck in the multitudinous interests which might appeal to a man of his rank. Of his character conflicting accounts exist. His second wife and biographer falls into ecstasies of admiration. His wit and wisdom, his gentleness and humility, his courage, charity, and fifty other virtues earn her eulogies. The only vice she can find in him is that 'he has been a great lover and admirer of the female sex; which,' she goes on loyally, 'whether it be so great a crime as to condemn

[1] A number of Cavendish's letters to Pell and others have been printed (Vaughan, *Protectorate of Cromwell*, ii.; Halliwell, *Collection of Letters Illustrative of the Progress of Science in England*).

him for it, I 'll leave to the judgment of young gallants and beautiful ladies.' 'He was a very fine gentleman, active and full of courage,' wrote Clarendon, who, for the rest, was far from finding William so much to his taste as he found Charles. Another contemporary, Sir Philip Warwick, has left a neat thumb-nail sketch :—

> 'He was a gentleman of grandeur, generosity, loyalty, and steady and forward courage; but his edge had too much of the razor in it: for he had a tincture of a romantic spirit, and had the misfortune to have somewhat of the poet in him; so as he chose Sir William Davenant, an eminent good poet, and loyal gentleman, to be lieutenant-general of his ordnance. This inclination of his own and such kind of witty society (to be modest in the expression of it) diverted many counsels, and lost many opportunities, which the nature of that affair this great man had now entered into required.'

The 'somewhat of the poet,' which Warwick deplores, did not, apparently, show itself till comparatively late in Cavendish's life. The revival of the drama at the Restoration found a disciple in him, but before the war, though he was ever the friend of poets, his genius does not seem to have been creative. As a cultured amateur, he had some of his brother's interest in science, patronised Hobbes, corresponded with him on learned topics, and, according to Duchess Margaret, occasionally supplied him with ideas. He would discourse with sapience on witches, and the possibility of human flight, while the philosopher drank in his words. Closeted with one Doctor Payn and his chaplain, in a chamber at Bolsover, he would make experiments as to the nature of the sun, which was found to be 'nothing else but a very solid body of salt and sulphur, inflamed by his own motion upon his own axis.' [1]

[1] *Life*, p. 199 n. That he did not take his own investigations too seriously is suggested by his conclusion to the report of this experi-

Science and philosophy did not monopolise Cavendish's attention. Painting as well as poetry came within the ken of his active mind. There is a characteristic letter of his to Vandyck, in which he appears as both admirer and friend of the great painter.

> 'The favours of my friends (he writes) you have so transmitted unto me, as the longer I looke on them the more I think them nature and not art. It is not my error alone. If it be a disease, it is epidemical, for such power hath your hand on the eyes of mankind. Next the blessing of your company and sweetness of conversation, the greatest blessing were to be an Argus or all over but one eye, so it or they were ever fixed upon that which we must call yours. What wants in judgment I can supply with admiration, and scape the title of ignorante, since I have the luck to be astonished in the right place, and the happiness to be passionately your humble servant.'[1]

Vandyck painted a fine portrait of the writer himself.

On returning from his travels in Sir Henry Wotton's company, William Cavendish married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of William Basset of Blore, in Staffordshire, and widow of Henry Howard, son of the Earl of Suffolk—'a very kind, loving, and virtuous lady,' according to her successor. Soon afterwards, in 1619, he was honoured by a visit from the king at Welbeck, on which occasion his brother Charles was knighted. On 3rd November 1620 he was created Viscount Mansfield in the county of Nottingham,[2] and 7th March 1628 Baron Cavendish of

ment. 'This is my opinion, which I think can as hardly be disproved as proved; since any opinion may be right or wrong, for anything that anybody knows, for certainly there is none can make a mathematical demonstration of natural philosophy.'

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 131.

[2] Possibly also Baron Ogle of Bothal, in the county of Northumberland. 'The creation of this barony is given in "Courthope," and almost all other peerage writers, but the Viscounty of Mansfield is given (as

Bolsover and Earl of Newcastle-on-Tyne. In the following year, on the death of his mother, he succeeded to the barony of Ogle.

In 1633 Charles I. went into Scotland to be crowned. On his way he stayed at Worksop, a Cavendish manor, two miles from Welbeck, whose lord, like the loyal subject he was, invited him to dine. The entertainment provided was on a royal scale. A special masque was enacted, composed for the occasion by no less a poet than Ben Jonson, whose latter years were made the easier by Newcastle's bounty. The whole cost the earl between four and five thousand pounds.

But this feast, though for the moment it caused much talk, was soon to be eclipsed by one of three times its magnificence. So pleased was the king with his generous reception that in the following year he took the queen to visit the lavish earl. The scene of the entertainment was this time at Bolsover, Welbeck being assigned as their majesties' lodging. Ben's services were again demanded, and *Love's Welcome at Welbeck* had a sequel in *Love's Welcome at Bolsover*. These two masques were the last that he wrote.

Devoted as he was to King Charles and his line, Newcastle naturally looked for some repayment for all this expenditure. Though titles had been given him, he had passed his fortieth birthday without being appointed to

the sole creation) in the *Creations*, 1483-1646, in the app. 47th Rep. D. K. Pub. Records. Neither is this barony mentioned in his M.I., where all his titles seem fully set out, *e.g.* " Baron Ogle, jure materno," etc.' (G. E. C., *Complete Peerage*, vi. 22 n. a).

The following extract from a contemporary letter shows what was at least the rumoured reason of Cavendish's elevation: ' In order to settle the disputes between the heirs of the late Earl of Shrewsbury and Sir William Cavendish, nephew of the Earl of Devonshire, to whom the Countess of Shrewsbury, prisoner in the Tower, gave some of the lands, it is determined to create Cavendish, Viscount Mansfield ' (*State Papers*, Domestic Series, 1619-23, p. 190).

any office, except the lord-lieutenancy of Nottinghamshire and that of Derbyshire, which he held while his cousin, the Earl of Devonshire, was too young for it. His mode of life entailed an expenditure which his estates could not support unaided. Shortly after Charles's first visit to Welbeck he wrote to Wentworth (the great, ill-fated Earl of Strafford) complaining of disappointed hopes and financial distress. His tone is one of rather embittered resignation.

> 'It is better to give over in time with some loss than lose all, and mend what is to come, seeing what is past is not in my power to help. Besides, my Lord, if I obtained what I desire, it would be a more painful life, and since I am so much plunged in debt, it would help very well to undo me; for I know not how to get, neither know I any reason why the King should give me anything. Children come on apace, my Lord, and with this weight of debt that lies upon me, I know no diet better than a strict diet in the country, which, in time, may recover me of the prodigal disease. By your favour, my Lord, I cannot say I have recovered myself at Welbeck this summer, but run more in debt than ever I did, but hope hereafter I may. The truth is, my Lord, for my court business, your Lordship with your noble friends and mine have spoken so often to the King, and myself refreshed his memory in that particular, so that I mean not to move my friends any more to their so great trouble; but whatsoever pleases his Majesty, be fully contented, and look after some other little contentments within myself, which shall well serve me during my life, and if the King command me, I am at all times ready to serve him; if no commands, pray for him heartily. For, by my troth, my Lord, I know no man in the whole world more bound unto his Majesty than myself.'[1]

If Newcastle was so heavily in debt after the entertainment at Welbeck, the 'Welcome at Bolsover' must indeed have

[1] Strafford Papers, quoted in *Life* (ed. Firth, 1886), p. 323.

landed him in straits from which even a retired country life could not rescue him. At any rate he did not adhere to his plan of seeking no further advance. He had enemies at court, however, who did their best to thwart him.

On 8th April 1636 he was in London. 'There is nothing I either say or do or hear but it is a crime,' he wrote thence to his wife, 'and I find a great deal of venom against me, but both the king and the queen have used me very graciously. Now they cry me down more than ever they cried me up, and so now think me a lost man. They say absolutely another shall be for the prince, and that the king wondered at the report, and said he knew no such thing and told the queen so; but I must tell you I think most of these are lies, and nobody knows except the king.'[1] A week later, on Good Friday, he was more hopeful. Lord Danby, the Earl of Leicester and Lord Goring had been his rivals for the governorship of the young Prince of Wales. The Scots were anxious to fill the post. Now Danby had gone to govern Guernsey. Leicester was talked of as the new ambassador to France. The claims of Goring and the Scots were not dangerous. Everything pointed to the nomination of Newcastle, and it was rumoured that he was to be made a Knight of the Garter with the prince.[2] All this was very well; but later in the summer Hobbes could write, 'I am sorry your Lordship finds not so good dealing in the world as you deserve. But, my Lord,' the philosopher characteristically adds, 'he that will venture to sea must resolve to endure all weather, but for my part I love to keepe a'land.'[3] It was not until 1638 that the earl was at last appointed to the coveted office, and for his Garter he had to wait many a year. Soon after his appointment he was sworn of the Privy Council.

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 127.
[2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.* 129.

Two letters belonging to this time throw some light on the duties belonging to the governorship of young Prince Charles, at this date a spirited child of eight. One is from his mother to the prince himself, and runs:

> 'Charles j am sore that I most begin my first Letter with chiding you because j heere that you will not take phisike. I hope it was onlei for this day and that to morrowe you will doe it, for yf you will not j most come to you, and make you take it, for it is for your healthe. I have given order to mylord Newcastell to send mi worde to night whether you will or not, therefore j hope you will not give mi the paines to goe and so j rest.—Your affectionate mother, HENRIETTE MARIE, R.'[1]

Whatever the nature of the complaint which Charles so wantonly neglected, it did not depress his spirits, if, that is to say, the well-known letter to Newcastle refers to the same occasion.

> 'MY LORD,—I would not have you take too much Phisick: for it doth allwaies make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make hast to returne to him that loves you. CHARLES P.'[2]

Another boyish letter from the prince to his governor is extant—testimony, like the former, to the excellent relations early established between them.

> 'MY LORD,—I thank you for your New Years guift; I am very well pleasd with it, especially with the brass Statues. On Munday by three of the clock I shall be glad to meete you at Lambeth. CHARLES.'[3]

Though not the prince's tutor, Newcastle drew up a paper of instructions for the boy's guidance. There is a

[1] Ellis, *Original Letters*, Ser. I., iii. 286.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 287. [3] *Ibid.*

touch of Machiavelli about the ethics of this document. Charles was to acquire some languages, though things were more profitable to study than words; his reading was to be in history, though he must not in anything be too studious; nor too devout, for a good man might make a bad king. He was, however, to be reverent and obedient to God; else his subjects would not revere and obey himself. The arts he was to study in so far as they would be of use to him, paying special attention to the art of war. He was to be courteous and civil to all men, moderate in language; yet, for all his affability, he was to stand on the ceremonies of his position. To women, especially great ones, he could not be too civil. Finally, he was to remember his mortality, though not to grow melancholy in the contemplation thereof.[1]

When, after adventures then unforeseen, Charles II. at last succeeded to his father's throne, he had forgotten many of these politic instructions. One thing, however, he learned from Newcastle, which the earl was perhaps more competent to teach than kingship. Himself a brilliant horseman, Newcastle had a passion for horses and all that pertained to them. He kept the best beasts in town, and his letters are full of references to equine matters. Later on the hobby was to be the solace of his exile. In his second book on the subject, published when his former pupil was safely on the throne, he wrote: 'Our gracious and most excellent king is not only the handsomest and most comely horseman in the world, but as knowing and understanding in the art as any man.' This was a compliment to Charles, but it was also a perfectly pardonable testimonial to Newcastle's own teaching.

Not long after his appointment, the earl was given and took a signal opportunity of showing his gratitude. The king, determined that his northern subjects should worship

[1] Printed in full, Ellis, *Original Letters*, Ser. I., iii. 288.

according to his will rather than their own consciences, was preparing his expedition against Scotland. But money was scarce and men were hard to come by, and while Englishmen were murmuring against their sovereign's ways, the Scots had massed a fine army and set a fine general at its head. Newcastle, ever prodigal in the king's service,[1] not only lent Charles £10,000 but raised a troop of one hundred and twenty knights and gentlemen.

That he could, at short notice, raise such a body is proof that, in spite of enemies, the earl enjoyed no little popularity, a fact to which a witness no less hostile than Lucy Hutchinson is fain to testify. In the north especially, where through the Ogles [2] he was connected with many of the great families, he could count numerous friends; and liberality and hospitality are popular virtues. He had no difficulty, therefore, in getting men to follow him.

No less characteristic than the generosity and loyalty of this undertaking was an incident that marred it. If his 'tincture of a romantic spirit' prevented Newcastle from becoming a great general, it is because of his exaggerated regard for his personal dignity that he can never be numbered among the haloed in the Stuart cause. He was ready to sacrifice his fortune or his life for principles to which none was more devoted, but, confounding honour with its trappings, at any diminution of his outward pomp, he would raise the sulky child's cry of 'Shan't play!'

Having led his men to Berwick, he sent to the general of horse, the Earl of Holland, to know in what position, in relation to the other troops, his was to march. Immediately after those of the general officers, was the reply. Newcastle was up in arms at once. He had named his troop after the Prince of Wales, and expected it to be

[1] During his governorship of the prince, he is stated to have contracted debts of £40,000.

[2] With the barony he had inherited large estates in Northumberland.

given appropriate precedence. A second message to Holland producing no result, he commanded his cornet to strip the prince's colours from the staff. His troop marched, therefore, in the prescribed position, but with no colours flying. Holland complained to the king, who took Newcastle's part, commended his action, and, to prevent further disputes of the kind, decreed that henceforth no one but himself should command the troop.

The matter, however, did not end here. The expedition over, Newcastle sent Holland a challenge. Time and place were named for the meeting. But when Newcastle arrived on the ground, he found no one to fight. The intention of the quarrelsome earls had been discovered. Charles had intervened and prevented Holland from keeping his appointment. A superficial reconciliation ensued.

According to Clarendon, it was the animosity of this same Earl of Holland and of the Earl of Essex which, in May 1641, caused Newcastle to resign his post as Prince Charles's governor, and to retire into the country.[1] Certainly those leaders of the parliamentary party in the Upper House bore him little love.

Deeper causes than a merely personal quarrel were, however, at work to urge one who valued his good name to surrender an office, the occupation of which might lay him open to the charge of endeavouring to pervert the principles of the heir to the throne. In the very month of his resignation it transpired that he had played by no means an unimportant part in the Army Plot, which had recently been betrayed by one of the chief actors.

The plot had its origin in the brain of Sir John Suckling, lightest of court poets, who in conjunction with Henry Jermyn, the queen's friend, conceived the idea of bringing the army to London, in order to coerce Parliament into submission. To carry out this scheme a new general was

[1] He was succeeded by the Marquess of Hertford.

needed. The Earl of Northumberland, then actually in command of the army, was in ill health and not, in any case, the man for the part. It was proposed that Newcastle [1] should supersede him, and should prepare to march to the king's assistance in the event of any breach with the Parliament. Charles himself, torn between his disinclination to grant the demands of the Commons and his anxiety for Strafford's safety, was inclined to countenance the design. But he was destined to gain little by it.

While Suckling and Jermyn had been discussing their ill-considered plan, Northumberland's brother, Henry Percy, had been endeavouring in a more moderate manner to secure the army for the king, by inducing the officers in the north to promise Charles their support in the event of Parliament pressing their demands for the exclusion of the bishops and the disbandment of the Irish army, or withholding from him the revenue which he and his supporters considered due. The union of the two parties proved the ruin of their schemes. Suckling and Jermyn had proposed making George Goring, eldest son of Lord Goring, lieutenant-general under Newcastle. Percy would have none of such an appointment. Goring, an utterly unscrupulous man, who had joined the conspiracy in the hope of personal gain, decided that what one side refused him he would get from the other. He disclosed the whole plot to the leader of the opposition. The statement in Parliament which Pym based on Goring's evidence sealed Strafford's doom.

Newcastle's part in the Army Plot was an entirely passive one. He never took up the command for which he was proposed. Nevertheless, his name was sufficiently prominent in connection with it to render spontaneous

[1] That Suckling was a personal friend of Newcastle's is shown by an entertaining letter from the poet to the earl, preserved at Welbeck (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 133).

retirement from his office advisable, if not necessary, to avoid a forcible removal; and when, 11th January 1642, he was appointed governor of Hull, there were signs of disapproval. Realisation of the actual reason of this appointment did not enhance its popularity.

On the previous day the king's failure to coerce the Commons in the matter of the five members had driven him to take refuge at Hampton Court; and Charles's mandate to Newcastle was to all intents and purposes a declaration of hostilities. If there was to be war, the possession of Hull was an important asset. In the first place, it was stored with the munitions for the intended war against Scotland. In the second, it would be the most convenient port for the landing of the Danish soldiers, whom Charles proposed to bring into England. Naturally the king wanted to see the town in the hands of one whom he could trust. Equally naturally he turned to Newcastle with his proven loyalty and great local influence.[1]

The earl lost no time. On 14th January Captain William Legge, who had been sent forward to prepare the inhabitants, announced his arrival. He entered the town in the guise of plain Sir John Savage, but a nobleman of his celebrity could not easily hide his identity thus, and soon all Hull knew of the arrival of the Earl of Newcastle. Going at once to the mayor, he disclosed his errand. His reception was disappointing, and his letter to the king shows signs of depression.

> 'May it please your Most Sacred Majesty,—I am here at Hull according to your Majesty's commands, but the town will not admit of me by no means, so I am very flat and out of countenance here, but will stay until I know your Majesty's further pleasure, which I hope I shall soon

[1] Charles seems to have regarded the earl with considerable personal affection. According to the duchess, he even created peers at his request (*Life*, p. 187).

do. God preserve your Majesty,—Your Majesty's most faithful creature, W. NEWCASTLE.'[1]

'HULL, *the 15th of January* 1642.'

Evidently the mayor was waiting to see which way the wind blew. For, on learning of Newcastle's appointment, the Parliament had at once despatched the younger Hotham to his father, Sir John, who was to secure Hull with the Yorkshire trained bands, and to hold it until further instructed by the Lords and Commons. So two armies sat outside the town, while the prudent magistrate refused to admit either. There were those within, indeed, who would have let in the king's man, but before any definite step had been taken, the new governor had been recalled. On 20th January he received a summons from the Lords to attend the House. Writing to know the king's pleasure, he was ordered to obey. On the very day of his departure, Hotham entered Hull and received the keys. Early in February the earl took his seat in the upper chamber. On the feast of St. Valentine he surrendered his commission as governor, and obtained leave to seek health in the peace of his country home.[2]

This, however, was but the lull before the stormiest days of Newcastle's career. On the outbreak of the war Charles summoned the earl to York, and thence despatched him to Newcastle-on-Tyne, as governor of the four northern counties. The occupation of the Northumbrian capital, the coastline from Bristol to Hull being in the hands of Parliament, was a move of great importance, supplying as it did a port of entry for the soldiers who were hurrying over from Holland and Germany, and facilitating communication with Henrietta Maria, who was in Holland to collect funds.

Catherine Ogle's son at the town from which he took his title was undoubtedly, for one reason at any rate, the

[1] *Life*, p. 330.

[2] See *Life*, pp. 17 n., 330 sqq.

right man in the right place. Once more his local influence stood him in good stead, and very soon he was able to put a force of eight thousand men in the field; a service which Charles rewarded by making him general of all forces raised or to be raised north of Trent, and in the counties of Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby, Lancashire, Cheshire, Leicester, Rutland, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex. Power of creating knights and coining money was also conferred on him, though he used these privileges but sparingly.

After garrisoning Newcastle with the active assistance of the mayor, Sir John Marlay, and quelling a mutiny among the trained bands of Durham, he marched south into Yorkshire, on the invitation of the inhabitants, who were sorely harassed by the younger Hotham. Before taking this step, however, he published a 'declaration' of his intention, which was also a vindication of his own conduct in receiving Popish recusants into his service.[1]

This invitation from the gentlemen of Yorkshire was dated 26th September; but Newcastle not only waited for assurances that proper provision would be made for his men, but wisely delayed his march until his army was as strong as possible. It was not until 1st December, therefore, that he crossed the Tees.

Routing a small force under Colonel Hotham at Piercebridge, he raised the blockade of York which, but for his arrival, must have fallen. Taking over the command from the Earl of Cumberland, the king's general in Yorkshire, he proceeded to march against Lord Fairfax, who was at Tadcaster, some eight miles from York, with the main body of the Parliamentary forces.

Although considerably outnumbered, Fairfax made a stout resistance. He destroyed the stone bridge, the only means whereby the town could be reached from the York

[1] Rushworth, *Historical Collections*, III. ii. 78.

side, and threw up breastworks to command the approaches. Newcastle was thus forced to make a detour. His plan was to attack Tadcaster in person on the east, while his lieutenant-general, Newport, marched by way of Wetherby against the town on its west side. A trick of the younger Hotham's spoilt the design. He wrote a letter and signed it 'Will. Newcastle'; in which he directed Newport not to obey his first instructions, but to wait for further advice. So when the general arrived in the early morning and commenced to batter at the walls of the town, his lieutenant was not there to help him. The consequence was that his artillery blazed away all day, until the garrison, having exhausted its ammunition, retreated to Cawood and Selby, whither Newcastle, by reason of the difficulty of the ground, was unable to follow.

After resting a few days at Tadcaster, the earl took possession of Pontefract, thus cutting the Parliamentary forces into two and putting the West Riding apparently at his mercy.

News of these successes filled Charles with a premature joy. On 15th December he wrote his northern general a letter full of gratitude:—

> 'The services I have receaved from you hath beene so eminent, and is lykely to have so great an influence upon all my Affaires, that I need not tell you that I shall never forgett it, but alwais looke upon you as a principall instrument in keeping the Crowne upon my heade. The business of Yorkshire I account almost done, only I put you in mynde to make your self maister (according as formerly but breefly I have written to you) of all the Armes there, to aske them from the Trained bands by severall divisions, to desyre them from the rest of my well affected subjects, and to take them from the ill affected, espetially Leedes and Halifax. . . .'[1]

[1] Ellis, *Original Letters*, Ser. I., iii. 293.

So confident was the king that the 'business of Yorkshire' was done, that he went on to ask Newcastle to send arms and men southward, and to extend his own operations into Derbyshire, Cheshire and Lancashire, and occupy Nottingham and Newark. But the earl was in no position to comply with these requests. He succeeded in throwing a garrison into Newark, but in Yorkshire itself he met with a serious check.

Secure of his mastery of the West Riding, he sent Sir William Savile to take command of the manufacturing towns there, strongholds of Puritanism. Leeds and Wakefield made no resistance. Bradford was pluckier, and with the help of the men of Halifax succeeded in repulsing the Royalists. At this juncture Sir Thomas Fairfax arrived to take command of the situation. On 23rd January 1643 he retook Leeds, and captured five hundred prisoners. This reverse made it necessary for Newcastle to return to York for the rest of the winter.

The Duchess of Newcastle, while giving her husband full credit for his victories, is very fond of laying his defeats to the blame of his officers. To those less blinded by affection, however, it was clear that, as a general, William Cavendish had many faults. His personal courage was unimpeachable. He was ever in the front of the battle, and more than once changed the fortunes of a field by the example of his daring. But of campaigning he had no experience, and little patience with its drudgery. 'He liked the pomp and absolute authority of a general well, and preserved the dignity of it to the full; and for the discharge of the outward state and circumstances of it, in acts of courtesy, affability, bounty, and generosity, he abounded; which in the infancy of a war became him, and made him for some time very acceptable to men of all conditions. But the substantial part and fatigue of a general he did not in any degree understand (being utterly

unacquainted with war), nor could submit to; but referred all matters of that nature to his lieutenant-general, King.' Such was the opinion which Clarendon saw fit to publish. In a private letter to Sir Edward Nicholas, Charles II.'s secretary, he expressed himself more tersely. 'A very lamentable man, and as fit to be a general as a bishop,' he called Newcastle,[1] while John Hotham, the younger, about the time he was veering from Parliament to king, was kind enough to inform the earl that Lady Cornwallis said, 'that you were a sweet general, lay in bed until eleven o'clock and combed till twelve, then came to the Queen, and so the work was done, and that General King did all the business.'[2] Such, apparently, was the encouraging gossip at the court. The King mentioned by Clarendon and Hotham was James King, Lord Eythin, who in the first winter of the war succeeded Newport as Newcastle's lieutenant-general. He had need to be a sound and resourceful soldier, if the reports concerning his superior officer's conduct were true. Newcastle seems to have been blessed with what would nowadays be condoned as the artistic temperament. He would sometimes shut himself up in his tent for two days together, and see no one, amusing himself with music and sympathetic companions, and 'softer pleasures.' Such procedure makes rather for variety of character than for good generalship.

Newcastle passed the month of February in an academic controversy with Lord Fairfax. In a warrant issued to the men of the three Ridings requiring their help against the Royalists, the parliamentary general had accused the earl of raising, contrary to the laws, 'a great army of papists and other malignants,' of invading Yorkshire, of killing Protestants, of banishing and imprisoning zealous ministers,

[1] *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 20.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. p. 701. Henrietta Maria was at that time at York.

and of despoiling good subjects. Newcastle replied in a lengthy 'declaration,' which was printed at York by special command. It is a spirited document. Not only did the Royalist answer in detail the charges levied against him, but with many a citation from Scripture and many a fine phrase carried the war of words into the enemy's camp. Fairfax retorted; but an argument wherein the disputants differ in the meaning they attach to the terms of which they make use can hardly be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The perorations of the two documents are worth quoting, characteristic as they are, not only of the men who penned them, but also, in a measure, of the parties which they represented. Newcastle's 'declaration' concludes as follows:—

> 'Withal, his Lordship talks of driving me and mine army out of the county; he knows this cannot be done without a meeting. If it be not a flourish, but a true spark of undissembling gallantry, he may do well to express himself more particularly for time and place: This is more conformable to the examples of our heroick ancestors, who used not to spend their time in scratching one another out of holes, but in pitched fields determined their doubts; this would quickly set a period to the sufferings of the people, unless he desire rather to prolong those miserable distractions, which were begun with breach of promise. It were pity if his desires lead him this way, but he should be satisfied: and let the God of Battels determine the right of our English laws and liberties.'

To which Fairfax:—

> 'And therefore without following the rules of Amadis de Gaule, or the Knight of the Sun, which the language of the declaration seems to affect in appointing pitch'd battels, I should most willingly design both time and place to decide the controversie in a fair field, if the sufferings of the country could be determined in one day, or if the

> adversaries could be constrained to observe my appointments. But both these being either impossible or improbable, all I can say in answer of the conclusion is, that wheresoever I find an opportunity to offer battel to his Lordship, I shall take it for a great honour that I may do him that service; and I hope that all men that have observed the resolution of my army at Tadcaster and Leeds, will easily believe me.'[1]

At the end of February the queen landed at Bridlington, and Newcastle met her and conducted her to York. There she stayed until early in May when, having accepted from the earl a gift of £3000, she went south to join the king at Oxford. Newcastle, meanwhile, had recommenced active operations.

For a time his efforts met with no small success. Although sadly in need of funds, the forces at his command were superior in number to those of his opponents, and he was aided also by desertions and dissensions among the Parliamentarians. The treachery or (if you will) the renascent loyalty of Sir Hugh Cholmley, who, having held Scarborough for the Parliament, about this time decided to hold it for the king, and the rivalry between the Hothams and the Fairfaxes, which eventually led to betrayal of the parliamentary cause by the former, were, of course, of great advantage to Newcastle.

At the end of March a part of his forces under Lord Goring came up with Sir Thomas Fairfax on Seacroft Moor, and completely defeated him. A further success on Tankersley Moor emboldened the Royalist general to undertake the siege of Leeds. More experienced soldiers, however, General King among them, deemed the place impregnable, and after a few days Newcastle was persuaded to take their advice and to raise the siege. To

[1] For the documents of this controversy, see Rushworth, *Historical Collections*, III. ii. 133 sqq.

preserve his dignity, he arranged a truce of four days with the enemy, nominally for the purpose of treating, actually in order that his retreat might be less marked.

During the next few months the fortunes of war changed swiftly. Falling back on Wakefield, Newcastle first directed his attention to Rotherham, which he took after a brisk siege of two days. Although Duchess Margaret, in describing this incident, admiringly notes her husband's clemency to the vanquished, there is unfortunately better evidence to show that his conduct in this respect was not unblemished. Probably, or rather certainly, the occurrence was due to negligence of the drudgery of his office, and not to any treacherous intent, but the discreditable fact remains that Newcastle agreed not to plunder the town, nor to make any prisoners other than six specially designated, and that he hindered his men from doing neither of these things.

At Sheffield the Royalists met with no such resistance as at Rotherham. The garrison, indeed, fled at their approach, and the town was taken without a blow struck. The capture of these two places was of considerable importance. The possession of Rotherham facilitated an advance into Nottinghamshire. The possession of Sheffield made Derbyshire easier of access. At Rotherham were found fourteen hundred arms and £5000 in cash. The cutlers of Sheffield were set to work forging cannon and weapons.

But fortune did not long favour the royal cause. In May Sir Thomas Fairfax made a night attack on Wakefield, and with a force of eleven hundred men, as against three thousand who formed the garrison, took the place and fourteen hundred prisoners, eighty officers, twenty-eight colours, and 'great store of ammunition.' 'This was more a miracle than a victory,' he wrote.

Miracle or not, the loss of Wakefield was a misfortune for Newcastle. It rendered almost useless a month's

campaigning, and sent him hurrying back to York. The departure of the queen further crippled his strength. For to keep her Majesty safe on the perilous road to Oxford a considerable army was deemed necessary. The duchess puts the number of men forming Henrietta's escort at seven thousand. This is one of Margaret's exaggerations: four thousand five hundred or five thousand is probably nearer the mark.[1] But, even so, the difference in the strength of the earl's army was not only palpable but permanent. Its task performed, the escort was kept in the south for the king's use.

Nevertheless, after a month in York, Newcastle was ready for his third campaign. The prisoners taken at Wakefield had been exchanged, and the Royalist forces still greatly outnumbered the Roundheads. Advancing into the West Riding, the earl laid siege to Howley House, which he took by storm 22nd June. 'The governor,[2] having quarter given him, contrary to my Lord's orders, was brought before my Lord by a person of quality, for which the officer that brought him received a check; and though he resolved then to kill him, yet my Lord would not suffer him to do it, saying, it was inhuman to kill any man in cold blood. Hereupon the governor kissed the key of the house door, and presented it to my Lord; to which my Lord returned this answer: "I need it not," said he, "for I brought a key along with me, which yet I was unwilling to use, until you forced me to it."'[3]

Newcastle's next move was to Bradford. The Fairfaxes, knowing the town to be too ill provisioned to resist a siege for more than a few days, determined to risk a battle in the open. With four thousand regular soldiers and a

[1] According to the greatest living authority, Professor Firth (*Life*, p. 44 n.).

[2] Sir John Savile of Lupset, cousin of Lord Savile, owner of the house.

[3] *Life*, p. 45.

horde of countrymen armed with scythes and pitchforks, they met Newcastle's ten thousand on Adwalton Moor. Despite this discrepancy in numbers the fortunes of the day were at first with the Roundheads. The fighting was on ground broken by hedges, which rendered Newcastle's cavalry, wherein lay his chief strength, practically useless. Led by the gallant Sir Thomas Fairfax, the Parliament men beat back the enemy, until a charge of the Royalist pikes broke their left wing. Then numerical superiority told, and aided by the slackness of the Roundheads' reserve, Newcastle was soon master of the field. The elder Fairfax fled to Bradford, the younger to Halifax, though before nightfall he had joined his father. Thence the old lord retreated to Hull, invited thither by the citizens, who, rising against their treacherous governor Sir John Hotham, had declared themselves staunch for Parliament. When further resistance was useless Sir Thomas followed him. He left his wife a prisoner in the victor's hands.

It was in the rare graces of warfare that Newcastle most excelled. If he was not a great general, he knew how to act on such an occasion as this. He sent Lady Fairfax back to her husband in his own coach and with a guard of horse; 'which generous act of his,' comments Fairfax, 'gained him more reputation than he could have got by detaining a lady prisoner upon such terms.' [1]

The victory of Adwalton Moor gave the earl the mastery of the whole of Yorkshire with the exception of Hull. Leeds, Halifax and Wakefield were surrendered to him. The time seemed ripe for him to extend his operations outside the county.

In August Charles I., who at one time had wanted Newcastle to join him, ordered him to attack the Eastern Association, and to press on towards London. The earl got as far as Gainsborough, arriving at the moment when

[1] *Short Memorial*, p. 431.

it had fallen to the enemy after the fight in which young Colonel Cavendish had lost his life.[1] Two days later the town was again held for the king.

This, however, beyond occupying Lincoln, was for the time the extent of Newcastle's operations outside Yorkshire. Various reasons have been given to explain why he did not comply with the king's orders. Jealousy of Rupert, and fear that he would be placed under the dashing prince's command was one of them. The refusal of the Yorkshiremen to move far from their homes while the Fairfaxes were harrying them from Hull was another and more honourable excuse. The queen, too, did not desire the move. As early as 18th June she had written to the earl that the king 'had sent me a letter to command you absolutely to march to him, but I do not send it you, since I have taken a resolution with you that you remain.'[2] In August she wrote: 'He had written me to send you word to go into Suffolk, Norfolk or Huntingdonshire. I answered him that you were a better judge than he of that, and that I should not do it. The truth is, that they envy your army.'[3]

Whatever his motive, before the end of August Newcastle was besieging Hull, having taken Beverley, a place of small importance, by the way. The siege lasted six weeks. Sir Philip Warwick, who visited the camp in September, found the trenches full of mud, 'so as I conceived those without were likelier to rot than those within to starve.' He hinted his opinion to the general, who had a ready answer: 'You often hear us called the Popish army,' said Newcastle. 'But you see we trust not in our good works.'

Hull was not to be won by wit. On 11th October the garrison sallied out, routed the Royalists and compelled

[1] See Chapter III.
[2] *Letters of Henrietta Maria*, p. 219.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 225.

them to abandon the siege. On the same day at Winceby Cromwell thrashed the troops which Newcastle had left in Lincolnshire, an event followed by the loss of Gainsborough and Lincoln and the blockade of Newark.

After taking breath at York, the general, who, 27th October, was created Marquess of Newcastle,[1] went into Derbyshire, where he met with some success against Sir Thomas Fairfax, and found an opportunity of visiting Bolsover and Welbeck.

But more significant events were soon to claim his attention. Throughout the summer the Parliamentarians had been negotiating for aid from Scotland, and had obtained it at the price of accepting the Covenant.

Although advised in the autumn to occupy Berwick and Carlisle, Newcastle waited for orders from Oxford, and it was not until February, when the Scots were already over the border that he marched northward. Before he went he appointed the Lord Bellasis governor of York and commander-in-chief of the forces left for the defence of the shire.

Throwing himself into Newcastle, he resisted an attempt to storm the town, and in a night sortie inflicted some loss on the Scots. He could not, however, prevent their crossing the Tyne, and 4th March they entered Sunderland. Although outnumbered by the invaders, Newcastle was superior in cavalry, and he greatly harassed the advancing

[1] ' As also, according to Doyle's *Official Baronage*, Baron Bertram and Bolsover, and according to Beatson's *Political Index*, Baron of Bothal and Hepple. Heylin asserts that he was *cr.* Baron of Bertram, together with the Marquessate of Newcastle. No mention, however, is made of any of these baronies in the *Creations*, 1483-1646, . . . though in his Garter plate his baronial titles are given as ' Ogle, Bertrum, and Bolesover,' which last doubtless refers to the Barony of *Cavendish of Bolesover, cr.* 1627-8 ' (G. E. C., *Complete Peerage*, vi. 22, note b). In a letter addressed to Newcastle as early as 12th October, he is already styled marquess. The creation was a reward for Adwalton Moor (Gardiner, *History of the Great Civil War*, i. 239 and n.).

army by raiding its supplies, leaving it at times totally without meat and drink. But he was unable to give any serious check. The Scots refused a pitched battle, and his own troops were decimated by bad weather. Soon, too, he found it necessary again to turn his attention to Yorkshire.

The departure of the Royalist army for the north gave Sir Thomas Fairfax a chance of which he was the man to make full use. No sooner was Newcastle's back turned than he entered the West Riding. On the landing of the Irish troops at Chester he hurried westwards, and at Nantwich defeated and disabled the men from whom the marquess had been hoping for aid against the Scots. Back again in Yorkshire, he beat the king's men at Selby, took the town, made Bellasis a prisoner with sixteen hundred soldiers, and possessed himself of their baggage and artillery.

It was news of this disaster which sent Newcastle hurrying southward in the hope that he might save York, at least, from the Roundheads. He had already asked for help, and Rupert was on his way. Meanwhile he thought it best to wait behind walls. He arrived at York 19th April. Finding the place badly provisioned, he sent his cavalry away under Sir Charles Lucas, his future brother-in-law, keeping the infantry and artillery with himself.

On the day after Newcastle's arrival at York, the Scots met Fairfax at Tadcaster, and the united forces at once commenced the siege. Early in June they were joined by Manchester and Cromwell and the army of the Associated Counties, consisting of fourteen thousand men. Meanwhile the siege was carried on with great vigour. The enemy's lines were close to the walls of the city, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to storm it. Having blown up Saint Mary's Tower, General Crawford endeavoured to rush the breach. But, too anxious for personal glory, he had not

acquainted his colleagues with his intention, and, having an insufficient force, was repulsed with considerable loss. The Duchess Margaret says that fifteen hundred were killed or taken, but Colonel Slingsby, who was present, puts the total strength of the storming party at only five hundred, of whom two hundred were made prisoners.

On 8th June Newcastle proposed a treaty. The terms he suggested, however, were hardly likely to be accepted by an enemy whose position was as advantageous as that of Fairfax and his colleagues. He asked no less than that the garrison should be allowed to depart with flying colours, and join Rupert or the king, taking with them their arms, ammunition and baggage intact. The propositions made by Leven, Fairfax and Manchester proved as unpalatable to the haughty Newcastle as his to them, and after a week of correspondence the negotiations were discontinued.

Three weeks later the siege was raised. Since the middle of May Rupert had been literally cutting his way through England; by a devious route, certainly, and with many a subsidiary venture on the road, but always with York as his ultimate goal. Both within and without the city his progress was eagerly watched. Early in June Newcastle had despatched a messenger to tell the prince that he could hold out but six days more. It was the capture of this messenger which had led to Crawford's unsuccessful attempt. Meanwhile Vane had been sent from headquarters to urge the Parliamentary generals to march into Lancashire against Rupert. They refused, however, to abandon the siege, arguing that if they defeated the prince, even under the wall of York, Yorkshire and Lancashire would be theirs. So they waited until the enemy was at Knaresborough, but twelve miles off, before they gave up their prey.

On the first evening of July Rupert arrived at York,

having slipped past the Roundheads, who had marched towards Knaresborough to bar his way. Camping outside the city for the night, he summoned Newcastle to a conference on the following morning.

The meeting was a momentous one. Rupert was hot for instant battle, and had already, without waiting for Newcastle, set his army marching. The marquess, on the other hand, counselled delay. There was disagreement, he said, among the Parliamentary generals, which would soon lead to disruption in their ranks. Moreover, he was expecting reinforcements from the north, under Clavering. His men were mutinous, wanting pay. But his cautious reasoning was thrown away on the impatient Rupert, whose commands from the king to fight the enemy were 'positive and absolute.' He had indeed had a letter from Oxford on which such an interpretation might, by so ardent an imagination as his, be put. For a Royalist like Newcastle that was enough. Rupert had his way. Jealous friends urged the marquess not to submit to the young prince. But Newcastle, after all, was too great to take such advice. 'Happen what will,' he retorted, 'I will not shun to fight, for I have no other ambition than to live and die a loyal subject to his Majesty.' [1]

Meanwhile the Roundheads, who had retreated to Tadcaster, turned back on learning of Rupert's decision, and took up their position on Marston Moor. Occupying the summit of the slope, they had the advantage of position as well as that of numbers.[2] Manchester's army occupied the left wing, Leven's the centre, Fairfax's the right. On the extreme left Cromwell commanded the cavalry of the Eastern Association. On the extreme right was Sir Thomas Fairfax with his own horse.

[1] *Life*, p. 76.

[2] The numbers of the Parliamentarians were 26,000 or 27,000; those of the Royalists, 17,000 or 18,000 (Gardiner, *Civil War*, i. 375 n.).

The centre of the Royalist line was commanded by Eythin; Goring opposed the Fairfaxes; while Rupert, who loved fighting for its own sake, set himself against the man whom he knew would give him the most of it—Oliver Cromwell. As for Newcastle, he would hold no command, but, at the outset of the battle, put himself at the head of a company of gentlemen volunteers.

For the whole afternoon the armies faced one another in a drizzling rain. Rupert was anxious for an immediate attack. Eythin, more prudent, insisted on waiting till the morning. He blamed the prince for placing his men so near the enemy's lines. The prince, reckless of danger, went off to his supper. Many others followed his example. Newcastle retired to his coach and called for a pipe of tobacco. Before it was alight, Cromwell had charged, and the battle was begun.

From this first charge the Royalist right never recovered. Rupert rallied splendidly, and for a time checked Cromwell's advance. But he had lost the advantage, and in the end his cavalry, which had never before known defeat, was scattered 'like a little dust.' In the centre, also, success was for the Parliament. Manchester's foot under Crawford and the Scots under Baillie drove back the Royalist troops. Only on the left did the king's cause prosper. The Fairfaxes, caught in difficult ground, were thrown into confusion. Their ranks broke before Goring's charge; and so complete was the rout, that the news of a victory winged its way to Oxford. Among those who contributed to this success were the White Coats, Newcastle's chosen and beloved north countrymen, who, when he had lacked red cloth for their uniforms, had begged that he would give them white, promising to dye it in the blood of their adversaries. On Marston Moor they kept their promise.

Those hot-foot messengers gave Oxford but a delusive

joy. The success of the Royalists was only for an hour. As Cromwell had dealt with Rupert's horsemen, so now, called by Sir Thomas Fairfax, he dealt with Goring's. As they returned from their long pursuit of the flying Roundheads he met them, taking them just at that advantage whereat they had taken Fairfax's men, and driving them into as wild a confusion. David Leslie, meanwhile, had turned on the White Coats, who, in defeat, did not tarnish the reputation they had won in victory. Retreating into a small enclosure, they stood at bay, fighting till not thirty of them were left alive. This was the end of a regiment which had once numbered three thousand chosen men. The Duchess Margaret says that some of the remnant took to piracy, and were ready to spare their victims at the mention of Newcastle's name.[1]

Newcastle's own part in the battle was, we are assured, a brave one, and though he came out unscathed, we may well believe it. The duchess describes him fighting with his page's half-leaden sword, for want of a better, and refusing the weapons proffered by those around him. Another who fought well for the king was Sir Charles Cavendish, who, for all his crooked body, had left his mathematical books at the outbreak of the war and followed his brother through the northern campaign.

At Marston Moor the king's cause in the north was lost. Beaten as they were by superior numbers and superior generalship, the Royalist leaders tried to throw the responsibility on one another. Newcastle blamed Rupert's rashness. Rupert accused Newcastle of tardiness. The marquess followed his valour in the fight by no corresponding magnanimity. 'What will you do?' Eythin asked the prince, when the defeat was beyond a doubt. 'I will rally my men,' replied Rupert. 'Now what will you do, Lord Newcastle?' 'I will go to Holland,' said the

[1] *Life*, p. 159.

marquess. Rupert begged him to make an effort to recruit his forces. 'No,' he answered, 'I will not endure the laughter of the court.' Eythin agreed to go with him.[1]

The night of the battle Newcastle slept in York. On the next morning he went to Rupert, and asked him to tell the king that 'he had behaved himself like an honest man, a gentleman, and a loyal subject.'[2] He then proceeded to Scarborough, taking ship there for Hamburg. With him went his brother, his two sons, Lord Eythin, and many friends.[3]

[1] Warburton, *Prince Rupert*, ii. 468. According to Sir Hugh Cholmley, it was Eythin who persuaded the marquess to leave the country.

[2] *Life*, p. 81.

[3] His first wife, Elizabeth Howard, had died in April 1643, about the time of the abortive siege of Leeds, and Newcastle had made a secret journey to Welbeck, to bury her. (*Life*, p. 39 n.) She had borne him four sons and four daughters. The two eldest sons had died in infancy; and the boys who went abroad with their father were the third and fourth sons, Charles, Viscount Mansfield, and Henry, afterwards Duke of Newcastle. On the voyage, Mansfield had smallpox, and Henry Cavendish, measles (*Life*, pp. 85, 86).

## CHAPTER V

### THE LEARNED DUCHESS

'ALL that can be said for the marquis is, that he was utterly tired with a condition and employment so contrary to his humour, nature, and education; that he did not at all consider the means or the way that would let him out of it, and free him for ever from having more to do with it. . . . The strange manner of the prince's coming, and undeliberated throwing himself and all the king's hopes into that sudden and unnecessary engagement, by which all the force the marquis had raised, and with so many difficulties preserved, was in a moment cast away and destroyed, so transported him with passion and despair that he could not compose himself to think of beginning the work again, and involving himself in the same undelightful condition of life, from which he might now be free.' [1]

Such is Clarendon's half-hearted apology for Newcastle's flight; and, indeed, it is difficult to say more in its excuse. It is certain that of the task, which loyalty had undertaken, nature had long been weary; already in April, sickened by adverse criticism, the marquess had talked of resigning his command, but had been deterred, presumably, by an anxious letter from Charles.[2] Still it must not be forgotten that for two years he conducted the war in the north, and if he lost opportunities of which better generals would have made use, that was through lack of

[1] Clarendon, *Rebellion*, viii. 82-87.

[2] See Ellis, *Original Letters*, Ser. I., iii. 298.

talent, and not of goodwill. Moreover, even if the duchess exaggerates in putting his losses at £941,303, he was financially one of the greatest sufferers for the cause. When he left England he possessed £90. The king, at least, bore him no grudge; unless the letter he wrote a few months after Marston Moor be a mere expression of conventional politeness:—

> 'CHARLES R.,—Right trusty and entirely beloved Cousin and Councellor Wee greete you well. The misfortune of our Forces in the North wee know is ressented as sadly by you as the present hazard of the losse of soe considerable a porcion of our Kingdom deserves: which also affects us more, because in that losse so great a proporcion fals upon your self; whose loyalty and eminent merit we have ever held, and shall still, in a very high degree of our royall esteeme. And albeit the distracted condition of our Affaires and Kingdom will not afford us meanes at this present to comfort you in your sufferings, yet we shall ever reteyne soe gracious a memory of your merit, as when it shall please God in mercy to restore us to peace, it shalbe one of our principall endeavours to consider how to recompense those that have with soe great affection and courage as yourself assisted us in the time of our greatest necessity and troubles. And in the meane time if there be any thing wherein we may expresse the reality of our good intentions to you, or the value we have of your person, we shall most readily doe it upon any occasion that shalbe ministred. And soe we bid you very heartily farewell. Given at our Court at Oxford the 28th day of November 1644.'[1]

Henrietta Maria also sent Newcastle expressions of her continued trust and regard.[2]

The marquess stayed at Hamburg until February 1645, when he set out for Paris. His journey was leisurely. He

[1] Ellis, *Original Letters*, Ser. I., iii. 303.
[2] *Letters*, p. 261.

called at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Mechlin, Brussels, Valenciennes, Cambray and Peronne, being welcomed everywhere with the greatest respect. It was April before he arrived in the French capital.

At Paris he found congenial company. The English queen and her sister had been settled there since the preceding November. Newcastle had always been on excellent terms with Henrietta, and no place of exile would in any case, perhaps, have been more to his liking than the neighbourhood of her little court. As it turned out, he had not been many months in Paris before he found special reason for thinking it pleasant.

Among the queen's maids of honour was a certain Margaret Lucas, sister of Newcastle's comrade in arms, Sir Charles Lucas. She herself has told her story with animation and detail.[1] Born about 1624, she was youngest of the eight children of Sir Thomas Lucas, a wealthy knight and lord of a fine estate in Essex. Her mother had been Elizabeth Leighton, and was, by Margaret's account, a woman of singular beauty. She evidently had very definite ideas about the education of the young. Left a widow when Margaret was an infant, she brought up her daughters 'virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles.' Her methods, however, were not those of severity.

Margaret tells us that she and her sisters were reared not only in plenty, but in superfluity, dressed richly in accordance with their estate, each having her separate servants to wait on her. No coercion nor 'slavish whips' were used with these young ladies; 'but instead of threats,

[1] The autobiographical sketch formed the eleventh book of *Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the Life. Written by the thrice noble, illustrious, and excellent Princess, the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle.* 1656. It was soon suppressed, but is included with Professor Firth's edition of the life of her husband.

reason was used to persuade us, and instead of lashes, the deformities of vice was discovered, and the graces and virtues were presented unto us.' From the rudeness and vulgarity of those of the baser sort they were rigorously screened, though taught to behave civilly to their underlings. Tutors they had to instruct them in various ladylike accomplishments, but 'rather for formality than benefit,' their mother caring more for the abstract virtues than for 'dancing and fiddling, singing and prating of several languages.'

So while their brothers went out into the world, the five girls grew up under their mother's care, passing their time in reading and working, walking and conversation, until one by one they came to womanhood. Yet, even when they became wives and set up housekeeping for themselves, they clung close together, forgathering at Saint John's, the old Essex home, or meeting daily at their various London houses, 'feasting each other like Job's children.' Then came the war, bringing ruin to the Lucases, as to so many others, and breaking up these pleasant family parties.

Early as late, loyalty to the imperilled dynasty moved the heart of Margaret Lucas. Hearing that the queen had fewer maids of honour about her than in the days of peace, she at once expressed a desire to offer her her services. Her mother consented, and in spite of opposition from her brothers and sisters, who feared for her inexperience, she had her way. At first she repented her venture. This girl of eighteen, who had lived none but a cloistered life among her sisters, apprehensive of the wickedness of the world, shy and self-conscious beyond ordinary, fell pitifully homesick at the Oxford court. But her mother kept her to her resolve, telling her it would be disgraceful to break it, and when Henrietta Maria went to Paris, Margaret Lucas went in her train.

The innocent and bashful demeanour, which made some

at the court think the maid of honour 'a natural fool,' commended itself to the exiled marquess, who had heard of her charms from her brother. Margaret Lucas was twenty years old, and heir to some, at least, of her mother's beauty.[1] Newcastle, who had been two years a widower, was anxious to be married again. Already well advanced in life, however, he was not looking for the adventures of love. He required 'such a wife as he might bring to his own humours.' The pretty, meek maid of honour took his fancy.[2] As for her, she fell over head and ears in love with the great nobleman, sumptuous even in adversity, and glamorous with fighting for the king.

By November letters were passing to and fro; too frequently, said the gossips of Saint Germains. From the lady's side of the correspondence, which is in the archives at Welbeck,[3] the course of the courtship may be traced. The marquess sends a portrait of himself and verses, which

[1] She has given a generic description of the physical characteristics of herself, her brothers and sisters: 'There was not any one crooked, or any ways deformed, neither were they dwarfish, or of a giantlike stature, but every ways proportionable; likewise well-featured, clear complexions, brown hairs (but some lighter than others), sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tunable voices (I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, nor wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely, unless they had a cold, or squeakingly, which impediments many have): neither were their voices of too low a strain, or too high, but their notes and words were tunable and timely' (*Life*, p. 292).

[2] The childless duchess's frank avowal of Newcastle's reason for marrying her is not without pathos: 'For he, having but two sons, purposed to marry me, a young woman that might prove fruitful to him and increase his posterity by a masculine offspring. Nay, he was so desirous of male issue that I have heard him say he cared not (so God would be pleased to give him many sons) although they came to be persons of the meanest fortunes; but God (it seems) had ordered it otherwise, and frustrated his designs by making me barren, which yet did never lessen his love and affection for me' (*Life*, p. 87). *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. pp. 134 sqq.

[3] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 134 sqq. These letters have lately been printed for the Roxburghe Club.

Margaret thinks more like than the picture. The lady protests her love, insisting, in the same line, on her modesty. The betrothal was secret, it seems, at first, but rumour of what was afoot soon got abroad. Friends warn Margaret against the marquess, hinting that he has been easy and manifold in his loves. She defends him stoutly. It is said that they have been clandestinely married, and that Newcastle himself has told Jermyn so. The gossip annoys them. Then there is the queen, a lady who needs tactful management. Having betrothed themselves without consulting her, the lovers seem to have lacked the courage to tell her afterwards. There is much talk of her probable displeasure, and the marquess sends a sop in the shape of a pair of gloves, which Margaret has doubts about delivering: such gifts are unusual. Their fears were not ungrounded. Henrietta learned the story from some third person, and for a time the maid of honour was out of favour. But being powerless to stop the match, the queen soon thawed. Before the end of the year Margaret Lucas was Marchioness of Newcastle. The marriage took place in the chapel which Sir Richard Browne, the diplomatist, had erected in his house at Paris for the use of the English exiles. On 20th December Lady Lucas wrote to her new son-in-law expressing her satisfaction, and lamenting that, owing to the bad times, her daughter could not have the portion due to her.

A dowry would, indeed, have been very welcome, for Newcastle had little of his own on which to support a bride. Both at Hamburg and at Paris he had been living entirely on credit, a course which he was fain to pursue during all the years of his exile. On occasion, however, credit would fail. Once there was not wherewith to buy a dinner, and the marchioness had to pawn some ' toys ' she had given her maid, her clothes not being worth the price of a meal. Such *contretemps* must have been rare, however. New-

castle's great name and grand manner were sufficient surety, and he could usually lay hands on as much money as he needed. He borrowed £1000 from his cousin, the Earl of Devonshire, with whom he was on the friendliest terms, and a like sum from the Marquess of Hertford. Henrietta Maria made him a present of £2000. With such assistance and the leniency of the Parisian tradesmen, he was able to keep up the state he loved. Later on, when entertaining Charles II. at Antwerp, the king jestingly said that Newcastle's credit could procure better meat than his own.

Newcastle's stay at Paris lasted about three years. In the spring of 1648, when the Prince of Wales was in Holland to take command of the ships which had deserted the Parliament, the queen requested the marquess to join him. In order to facilitate his leaving the French capital, she herself, in the person of her controller, Sir Henry Wood, and her treasurer, Sir Richard Foster, undertook the responsibility of his debts.

So after an affectionate parting from his creditors, Newcastle set out, with his wife, his brother, Lord Widdrington and a few others, only to find, on his arrival at Rotterdam, that the prince was already on the sea. The marquess wished to follow him, but as no one knew precisely in what direction Charles had sailed, he allowed himself to be dissuaded by the prudent counsels of his wife. Lord Widdrington and Sir William Throckmorton undertook the errand, and were nearly lost in a storm.

Newcastle remained at Rotterdam about six months 'at a great charge, keeping an open and noble table for all comers,' paying special court to military men whom he thought might be of service to the cause. But finding his debts increase, and his chances of helping the king grow more remote, he determined on a simpler mode of life. He went to Antwerp, where for a time he put up at

an inn, until his friend Endymion Porter, who happened to be in the town, insisted that he should become his guest. Afterwards Newcastle took a house belonging to 'the widow of a famous picture-drawer, Van Ruben.'[1] He stayed in Antwerp for the rest of his exile.

There as elsewhere he managed to obtain from admiring tradesmen almost unlimited credit, and to his determination for a quiet life he hardly adhered. Antwerp became a centre for the exiled English. When Newcastle first came there were only four coaches, including his own, that 'went the tour'—drove round the town, that is to say—'to see and be seen.' Before he left, upwards of a hundred regularly took part in the fashionable pastime.

Newcastle indulged his passion for horses in a manner scarcely to be styled economical. Even in Hamburg he had bought a coach and nine horses, seven of which he had subsequently presented to Henrietta Maria. In Paris he had purchased two Barbary steeds. The *manège* or training of these last was his modest pastime during the early days at Antwerp. Dying shortly, they were replaced by two more, and the number was soon increased to eight. Nor, whatever his straits for money, could he ever be induced to part with one of his horses. To a merchant who wished to buy a fine Spanish beast, he replied that the price was £1000 to-day, £2000 to-morrow, £3000 next day and so on. The Duke of Guise had no better luck. According to Duchess Margaret, Newcastle's love for his horses was reciprocated. 'Certainly I have observed,' she says, 'and do verily believe, that some of them had also a particular love to my Lord; for they seemed to rejoice whensoever he came into the stables, by their trampling action, and the noise they made; nay, they would go much better in the manage when my lord was by,

[1] Rubens, whose museum Newcastle afterwards purchased for £1000 (*Life*, p. 97 n.).

than when he was absent; and when he rid them himself, they seemed to take much pleasure and pride in it.'

The riding school became the attraction of Antwerp. Visitors of all nationalities flocked to see the marquess and his squire, Captain Mazin, perform feats of horsemanship which, though not to-day to be seen outside circuses, were then considered a most gentle accomplishment. Spaniards 'crossed themselves and cried *Miraculo*'; Frenchmen, who boasted their pre-eminence in the art, acknowledged Newcastle unrivalled. When Don John of Austria was in the city all his court came to the spectacle, and the prince himself, not being able to do the same, made a point of excusing himself to the marquess. Another distinguished visitor was the Marquess of Caracena, who succeeded Don John in the government. So urgent was he to see Newcastle ride, that the latter must needs mount his horses at a time when sickness had made him barely fit for it. Charles II., the master's old pupil, also came to admire.

In 1657, by the bounty of two friends, Sir Hugh Cartwright and Mr. Loving, Newcastle was enabled to bring out, at a cost of more than £1300, his great book, *La Méthode et Invention Nouvelle de dresser les Chevaux*, a magnificent folio volume adorned with a series of splendid engravings from designs by Diepenbeeck. These plates are remarkable for the fact that the majority of them contain portraits of the noble marquess, either performing or superintending the tricks of the *manège*. Two of them are allegorical. In one he is seated in a triumphal car drawn by centaurs, while horses kneel in adoration. The other represents him mounting heavenwards on Pegasus, Olympian gods awaiting him above, horses, again, below on their knees. Then there are pictures of favourite steeds, while his houses, Welbeck and Bolsover, Ogle and Bothal recur as backgrounds. One very interesting plate shows

his two sons on horseback, watched by their father and step-mother, their wives, sisters, and brothers-in-law.

Newcastle's interests at Antwerp were not, be it said, exclusively equestrian. On 12th January 1650 he was given a Garter, though it was long before he could be invested.[1] He visited Charles II. at Breda and was sworn of the Privy Council there in April 1650. Negotiations with Scotland were afoot, and Newcastle was of those who advised the king to accept any terms, and to go in person into his northern kingdom as the only means of raising an army. When, to Hyde's disgust, Charles set out on his hypocritical errand, the marquess would have gone with him. But the Scots would not have one so suspect of Catholic sympathies within their borders; and he had to be content with a final word of advice to his sovereign, which was, to reconcile the parties of Hamilton and Argyll. Next he was busy negotiating for troops with the Elector of Brandenburg, who in August 1651 was all goodwill, but needed his men to settle a quarrel of his own with the Duke of Neuburg. A month later this difficulty had been removed, and the elector promised to furnish six thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry. The King of Denmark was also to be approached on the subject of supplying ships.[2] Then came the bad news of Worcester fight and the wreck of the Royalist hopes.

Newcastle's subsequent abstention from politics is attributed, by one most likely to be right in such a matter,[3] to the growing power of Hyde, who ranked the marquess no higher as politician than as general. In any case, there was plenty at home to occupy his attention. Credit is, at the best, a precarious means of living, and the Antwerp tradesfolk began to look for payment. Most of Newcastle's

[1] The investiture took place 15th April 1661.
[2] *Calendar of Clarendon State Papers*, ii. 105-7.
[3] Professor Firth in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

compatriots abroad were in as evil plight as himself. Apart from the loans of Hertford and Devonshire, already mentioned, and a smaller sum from his friend, William Aylesbury, he could expect no help from them. He sent his wife and his brother into England.

So poverty-stricken was the Cavendish household, that sufficient funds for this journey could scarcely be provided. The marchioness and Sir Charles contrived to get as far as Southwark, but Sir Charles had to pawn his watch that they might pay for their lodging and proceed to London. Taking a new lodging in Covent Garden, they set about their thankless task of trying to obtain money.

First of all, through the medium of Lord Lucas, they applied to the Parliament. As the wife of a delinquent, Margaret naturally thought herself entitled to such proportion of her husband's forfeited estate as it was the custom to allow to women in her position. She was doomed to disappointment. Newcastle, it seemed, was the greatest traitor in England, and he and his were to be treated with exceptional severity. Another reason alleged for refusing the marchioness's claim was that she had been married since the sequestration of the estate. She went herself on one occasion to the Goldsmiths' Hall, where the committee for compounding with delinquents used to sit. The experience seemed to have given her a distaste for committees. She whispered to her brother to take her out of the 'ungentlemanly place,' and henceforth left the conduct of her affairs in the hands of masculine relatives.

Meanwhile Sir Charles Cavendish was busy about his own affairs and his brother's. In May 1649 he had petitioned to be allowed to compound for his delinquency in the first war, and on payment of fines amounting to £2048, 6s. 8d. his estate had been discharged. An annuity from Newcastle's estate and certain rent-charges were also allowed him. Then, in January 1651, the county com-

mittee for Stafford informed the committee for compounding that at the time of his composition Sir Charles had been beyond the seas, and that he was a very dangerous person. In consequence of this information his lands in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire and Northumberland were sequestered.

Proudly Royalist, Cavendish was determined not to truckle to the enemy. When his brother suggested that he should go into England to arrange his composition, he at first indignantly refused. Newcastle enlisted the services of the chancellor to persuade him; and Hyde, pointing out the benefits which would accrue from the journey, and the little chance of danger or dishonour it entailed, at length induced his friend to accompany Lady Newcastle.[1] To the committee for compounding, Cavendish urged that he had been abroad for his health, and had not acted against the Parliament since his composition. He begged, therefore, that his estate might be discharged. This was 10th December 1651. On 15th January 1652 he was allowed to receive his rents in the tenants' hands on security, pending inquiry. Henceforth he had the practical benefit of his estates, though he did not live to see the absolute conclusion of the weary proceedings.[2]

Having thus practically settled his own business, Sir Charles turned his attention to that of his brother. Finding that Newcastle's estates had been put up for sale, he promptly determined to save Welbeck and Bolsover—if nothing else—even at the expense of some of his own newly rescued property. Before he could acquire the necessary money, however, Bolsover had been sold, and sold to a purchaser who proposed to pull the house down and to resell the material. At the eleventh hour, by a

[1] Clarendon's *Life* (3rd ed.), i. 250 sqq.

[2] *Calendar of the Proceedings of the Committee for Compounding*, pp. 2021, 2022.

great effort and at an enhanced price, Cavendish managed to prevent this calamity, though not before the demolition had actually commenced. It was years before money could be found to repair the damage.

While these matters were being brought to their tardy conclusion, Newcastle was in desperate straits. At one time he wrote urgently to his brother that he was on the brink of starvation. Sir Charles, who was not then in possession of his property, with difficulty scraped together £200 and despatched it. But the marquess's position had meanwhile improved. While waiting for the remittance, he had called together his creditors, who, seduced by his fair words, not only ceased pressing for payment, but protested perfect confidence in their noble client. By such shifts as these did the cavaliers contrive to exist in the hard years of exile.

News of her husband's ill-health carried Lady Newcastle back to Antwerp, after an absence of eighteen months. Sir Charles was prevented by an ague from accompanying her. He never again left his native land. Early in 1654 he died. His later years cannot have been very happy. Desiring nothing better than a quiet and studious life and intercourse with learned men, he had been called to play a part for which he was little suited by nature. He had played it bravely. His reward had been penury and exile, followed by days spent in market-work, which was probably more distasteful than either. It may have been some consolation to know that he was a man whom many would regret. At his death he was in his sixty-third year. He was buried at Bolsover.

Grieved as Newcastle was at the loss of his brother, his pocket profited thereby. He succeeded in obtaining the remainder of Sir Charles's estate. Other circumstances contributed to his greater prosperity in the latter years of his banishment. About 1647 he had sent his sons to

England, having been offered good marriages there for both of them. But the young men preferred poverty to wedding against their inclinations. For several years they remained bachelors, and in the most reduced circumstances. Subsequently, however, they both married profitably; Viscount Mansfield to Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Richard Rogers of Bryanston in Dorset, Lord Henry Cavendish to Frances, daughter of the Honourable William Pierrepont, second son of Robert, first Earl of Kingston-upon-Hull. Thus established, they were able to assist their needy father; in which they were seconded by his eldest daughter, Jane, who had become the wife of Charles Cheney of Chesham Bois.

Filial piety and the excellent relations he had established with his creditors thus enabled Newcastle, for the rest of his stay in Antwerp, to live free from financial stress, and in something of his accustomed splendour. His horses were his chief luxury, but one so noted for his hospitality was doubtless no niggard entertainer of the many distinguished persons who visited the city. There is historical record of an entertainment given when Charles II. was at Antwerp in 1658, which called from the king the remark, already cited, that Newcastle's credit was better than his own.

Not only Charles, but the Princess Royal and the Dukes of York and Gloucester, were present on this occasion, which was described by Sir Charles Cotterell, Gloucester's secretary, in a letter to Nicholas: 'At the ball at Lord Newcastle's was the Duchess of Lorraine and her son and daughter, with the King and his brothers and sister, several French people, and some of the town. The King was brought in with music, and all being placed, Major Mohun, the player, in a black satin robe and garland of bays, made a speech in verse, of his lordship's own poetry, complimenting the King in his highest hyperbole. Then there was

dancing for two hours, and then my Lady's Moor, dressed in feathers, came in and sang a song of the same author's, set and taught him by Nich. Lanier. Then was the banquet brought in in eight great chargers, each borne by two gentlemen of the court, and others bringing wines, drinks, etc. Then they danced again two hours more, and Major Mohun ended all with another speech, prophesying his Majesty's re-establishment.' [1]

If the giver of the feast was the inspirer of that prophecy, the wish was father to the thought. Loyalty chimed with personal inclination to make Newcastle ardent for the restoration of the Stuart. Had he but known it, at the time of that entertainment, the happy day was not so very far. Only two more were to be added to the tale of years spent in foreign lands. Before his return home, however, he was to suffer a loss grievous as any he had yet known. In June 1659 his eldest son, Charles, Viscount Mansfield, died at Bolsover, leaving him who had desired to have many sons with one son only.

Early as young men of influential birth were elected to Parliament in those days, Mansfield is an extreme example. He was only thirteen when he became member for East Retford, in October 1640. On the outbreak of the war he and his brother had, under the charge of a tutor, accompanied their father to the scene of action. Mansfield wore a sword; but his tutor had strict injunctions to keep him out of danger. Constitutionally and physically weak, he found none of the pleasure which a healthy boy of fifteen would have extracted from the situation. Backed by his mother, he begged Newcastle to let him either return to Parliament or travel beyond the sea. Neither was allowed him; and he had to wait till Marston Moor for a release from the discomforts of war. All this came out when, after his return to England, he petitioned the Council of State that the

[1] *Life*, p. 121 n.

estates which he had inherited from his mother might be freed from sequestration. He made no claim with regard to his father's lands, from which he was debarred by Act of Parliament. The Council reported on the case to the House, and recommended that 'he should be discharged from being liable to any further question of delinquency.' But a bill introduced in his favour was thrown out on the second reading, and that, apparently, was the end of the matter.[1] After the repurchase of Bolsover he had spent the remainder of his life there. He was, of course, no longer a member of Parliament, having with many other Royalists been disabled to sit in January 1644. His widow, mother by him of a daughter who did not live, was subsequently married to Charles Stuart, third Duke of Richmond.

A letter to Secretary Nicholas shows that, a year before the event, Newcastle was looking forward to the Restoration with some hopefulness. 'Great confusions and alterations is daily looked for,' he wrote, 'and I hope in God it will produce excellent things for the King, for certainly Fleetwood and Lambert can never make their advantage and settlement so well as to serve the King. My service to my Lord Chancellor, and tell him that now I hope to wait on him to Westminster, to see him take possession of the Chancery, and upon one of my horses of manage, which will be the quietest, safest, and surest he or any man can have. You see how my hopes transport me with the passion I have for my gracious Master. God send us a good meeting at Whitehall.'[2]

When Charles was at the Hague, preparing to return to the kingdom which was tired of being kingless, Newcastle sped thither to wait on him, and was most cordially received. The Duke of York offered him a ship of the royal squadron, but the marquess insisted on hiring a vessel at

[1] *Notes and Queries*, 7th ser., xi. 501. [2] *Life*, p. 361.

his own expense, for himself and his company. The craft he obtained was so unseaworthy that many of his friends refused to trust themselves to it. Indeed it was lost on the very next voyage it took.

The manner of Newcastle's homecoming has been so graphically described by his wife that one can but quote her words: 'My Lord (who was so transported with the joy of returning into his native country, that he regarded not the vessel) having set sail from Rotterdam, was so becalmed, that he was six days and six nights upon the water, during which time he pleased himself with mirth, and passed his time away as well as he could; provisions he wanted not, having them in great store and plenty. At last, being come so far that he was able to discern the smoke of London, which he had not seen in a long time, he merrily was pleased to desire one that was near him, to jog and awake him out of his dream, for surely, said he, I have been sixteen years asleep, and am not thoroughly awake yet. My Lord lay that night at Greenwich, where his supper seemed more savoury to him, than any meat he had hitherto tasted; and the noise of some scraping fiddlers he thought the pleasantest harmony that ever he had heard.'

Margaret was not an eye-witness of her husband's joy. She had been left at Antwerp in pawn for his debts, and in order that she might take formal leave on his behalf of the magnates of the city which had been so hospitable. But it was not long before the marquess had raised sufficient money to satisfy the Antwerp tradesmen and release his wife. She crossed the sea in a Dutch man-of-war, placed at her service by the government.

The marchioness fond her husband in London, living in lodgings which were too poor, she thought, for his station. She was disappointed also, she says, in his condition; having expected, presumably, to find him busy in some

high office. Soon after her arrival they took part of Dorset House, where they dwelt during the rest of their stay in town.

This was not long. Newcastle was getting an old man, and probably did not crave for political activity. His past services were held in high esteem, and an eulogy of them by the Earl of Bristol in the House of Lords would, had the king not intervened, have lead to a duel between that nobleman and the Duke of Buckingham, who was incensed at the tone of comparison between his deeds and sufferings and those of Newcastle.[1] The marquess was restored to all his old offices, installed as a Knight of the Garter, and made chief justice in eyre, Trent North. But his property occupied most of his attention and kept him in the country.

His confiscated estates were restored to him by a private Act of Parliament. Those purchased by the regicides had been presented by Charles to the Duke of York, who surrendered them to their original owner. Only those which had been alienated by his sons or by feoffees in trust were gone beyond redemption. He lost lands to the value of £50,000 in this way; and had to sell others, to the value of £60,000, in order to pay his debts.

Before leaving town Newcastle waited on the king. It had got abroad that he was discontented at not receiving greater rewards for his services, and he was anxious to assure Charles that this was not the case. 'Sir,' he said, 'I am not ignorant, that many believe I am discontented; and 'tis probable they 'll say, I retire through discontent: but I take God to witness, that I am in no kind or ways displeased; for I am so joyed at your Majesty's happy restoration, that I cannot be sad or troubled for any concern to my own particular; but whatsoever your Majesty is pleased to command me, were it to sacrifice my life, I

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 5th rep., app. p. 177.

shall most obediently perform it; for I have no other will, but your Majesty's pleasure.' [1]

Newcastle found his property in a sad way. After the death of his elder brother, Henry Cavendish, who succeeded to the style of Viscount Mansfield, had, by his father's wish, taken charge of Welbeck and Bolsover. But he had lacked the means of doing much to repair them.[2] Both houses had suffered during the war. At Bolsover the damages were especially extensive. Part of the place had been

[1] *Life*, p. 131.

[2] In the autumn before the Restoration Newcastle, under the pseudonym, 'Robert Deane,' wrote several letters to his son on this matter. The following abstracts are given in the report on the Welbeck MSS.

'1659, *Oct.* 11.—Your sister [in-law] not being with child makes us know we can pretend but little interest in her. What her jointure is I know not. Now, for what is in our power, I pray you live at your own houses, We[lbeck] and Bo[lsover], which will much conduce to your health. The next is for the goods, which troubles me much, that so long gathering by your ancestors should be destroyed in a moment. This is my earnest advice to you. First they are appraised, and goods are never appraised at a third part of their value; and then you may buy them, and no ill bargain if you took the money at interest or your father-in-law laid out the money and had all the goods in his hands for his security. My intention is but to save the goods for you, that is all the design my wife and I have in the business, for she is as kind to you as she was to your brother, and so good a wife as that she is all for my family, which she expresses is only you.'

'1659, *Oct.* 25.—I can write no more about the goods, except that I and my wife give all our interest therein to you wholly and totally. There are many good pictures besides Vandykes and "Stennickes" [Steenwijcks]. Pray leave your dovecot where you are now and live at Wel[beck], which will conduce much to your health and your Lady's and the little Ladies'.'

'1659, *Nov.* 15.—I give you hearty thanks for preserving the remnants of those goods. I believe your sister [in-law's] servants have made great spoil of the goods, for the painter told me the cases of crimson velvet for the chairs in the parlour at Bolsover were there a little before your brother Charles died. But we must part fair with her, and repair it as well as we can. The gold lace and embroidery of the purple velvet bed was worth £300 at least, and five chambers at Bolsover

pulled down by the purchaser, as already mentioned; but before that the Parliament, to save the expense of a garrison, had destroyed the turrets and stouter walls, replaced heavy doors by light ones, and removed iron bars. Of eight parks belonging to Newcastle, Welbeck was the only one not utterly destroyed, while a few deer remained in Blore Park. Of all this wrecking work, none grieved Newcastle more than the destruction of Clipston Park, where in happier days he had taken his pleasure, hunting and hawking there, coursing and fishing.

In making good these losses, then, Newcastle's later years were largely spent, and though his expenses were enormous he contrived not only considerably to repair his recovered property, but actually to add to it. He purchased Nottingham Castle, and a few years before his death, he began to rebuild it.

Although, in view of these occupations, there is no reason to follow rumour in attributing his retirement to discontent, it cannot be doubted that there was one recognition of his loyalty which Newcastle desired. After waiting a few years, he evidently asked Charles for the ultimate advance in the peerage, for 7th June 1664 the king wrote to him :—

> 'I have received yours by your son, and am resolved to grant your request. Send me therefore word what title you desire to have, or whether you will choose to keepe your old and leave the rest to me. I do not tell you I will

were furnished with very fine hangings at £4 a stick. The pictures there are most rare, and if you think they are a little spoiled, I will send over the painter to you again.

'If ever I see you I will make W[elbeck] a very fine place for you. I am not in despair of it, though I believe you and I are not such good architects as your worthy grandfather. If I am blessed with the happiness of seeing you, it will be many thousand pounds a year better for you than if I should die before' (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 143).

despatch it to-morrow; you must leave the time to me, to accomodate it to some other ends of my myne; but the differing it shall not be long, nor with any circumstance that shall trouble you. I am glad you enjoy your health, for I love you very well.'[1]

The accommodation of Charles's other ends took several months; but 16th March 1665 the old nobleman was created Earl of Ogle and Duke of Newcastle-on-Tyne by a patent which set forth his virtues and good deeds from the time when he instilled into the grantor the principles of kingship and horsemanship down to that very year of grace when 'his merits were still producing new effects.'

With a garter, a dukedom, a marquessate, two earldoms, a viscounty, and an uncertain number of baronies, Newcastle might well be content to rest on his laurels. He was getting too old for the hard work of office, and the new court at Whitehall had little to attract one who remembered more dignified days. So he gave himself up to the joys of seeing his shattered estate gradually resume the shape and order appropriate to a great nobleman's appurtenances. A letter written to Colonel Legge from Welbeck in August 1666, referring presumably to Monk's successes against De Witt, shows how completely he had become a spectator of public events. He is at least as interested in his roebuck as in the victory.

'Noble Sir,—I ame borne to trouble you—and this nowe is to desier you to presente my most humble dewtye and service to his Majestie, and tell him I congratulate with my sole his Majesties late and moste glorius victory over his enemies, which will make all his neyghbor Kinges stoope to him—and I praye, Sir, aquainte his Majestie that I have a fine roebuck, and to knowe wether I shall sende him upp or no; he was taken att my litle farme in Nor-

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 145.

thumberlande, theye are melencollye neshe pevishe thinges, —beleve me, Sir, I ame pationatlye Your olde and moste faythfull servante, W. NEWCASTLE.'[1]

Though no longer able to ride as in old days, the duke's interest in equestrianism was keen as ever. He still kept horses of manage, and in 1667 appeared his second book on the subject, entitled *A New Method and Extraordinary Invention to Dress Horses, and Work them according to Nature; as also to Perfect Nature by the Subtlety of Art; which was never found out but by the thrice noble, high, and puissant Prince, William Cavendish,* and so on. This book, in the words of the preface, is 'neither a translation of the first, nor an absolutely necessary addition to it,' but 'may be of use by itself without the other, as the other without this; but both together will questionless do best.' The duke had a racecourse constructed near Welbeck, and himself drew up rules for races to be run monthly during six months of the year.

Writing that was more absolutely literature also occupied his time. Friend as he had always been of poets, patron of Jonson and Shirley and Davenant, he does not, in early youth, seem to have been their emulator. With his return to prosperity, he was again Maecenas. The great Dryden knew his favour, and fulsomely dedicated to him *The Mock Astrologer.* Shadwell and Flecknoe, whom Dryden scourged, were patronised by the liberal duke. Dedication and eulogy prove their gratitude. But now he was not patron only; he was fellow craftsman.

If Pepys' estimate be accurate, who seeing it in 1661 called the occasion 'the first time it hath been acted this twenty-five years,' Newcastle's play, *The Country Captain,* must have been put on the stage about 1636. Internal evidence, however, suggests a rather later date,

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.,* 11th rep., app. v. p. 18.

though it may be taken that it was played before the closing of the theatres.[1] It was printed in 1649 at the Hague and in London, together with another comedy entitled *The Variety*. In the writing of one or both of these plays, James Shirley, who served under Newcastle in the war, is supposed to have had a hand, and a drinking song from *The Country Captain* appears in his collected works. Nevertheless, to Pepys it was 'so silly a play as in all my life I never saw, and the first that ever I was weary of in my life.' A third comedy, *The Humorous Lovers*, struck the same indefatigable playgoer, who attributes it to the duchess, as 'the most silly thing that ever came upon a stage.' This and *The Triumphant Widow, or the Medley of Humours*, which was also played after the Restoration, were both published, though separately, in 1677. Notwithstanding the comments of the critical diarist, these later comedies of Newcastle's are not without humour; and Shadwell thought a considerable portion of *The Triumphant Widow* worth transferring to his own *Bury Fair*. Besides these original efforts, the duke made the translation of Molière's *L'Etourdi* which Dryden converted into *Sir Martin Mar-All*. He also wrote a few poems, songs in his own plays and the duchess's, and verses in flattery of his wife, who, with conjugal admiration in excess of critical acumen, dubs him 'the best lyric and dramatic poet of his age.'

Margaret herself, indeed, is usually held to have been the better poet, as she was certainly the more voluminous writer. There is scarcely a literary form which she did not attempt. She is responsible for thirteen volumes, mostly folios, and she took her art very seriously. 'A mighty pretender to learning, poetry, and philosophy,' Evelyn called her. Her two earliest books, *Philosophical Fancies* and *Poems and Fancies* were both printed in London

[1] Cf. Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, iii. p. 333.

in 1653, when she was there with her brother-in-law, and were written, she says, to solace the weary and anxious days. Thereafter followed as motley an assortment of volumes as were ever the work of a single hand. Two collections of plays, twenty-one in the first, five in the second, discursive, undramatic productions, in which the authoress herself appears in sundry allegorical guises; stories in prose and verse; essays and aphorisms; two queer books of orations, one for men on all occasions (provision made even for a quarter-drunk and a half-drunk gentleman at a convivial meeting), the other recording speeches made at a 'women's rights' meeting, victory being with the advocates of passive femininity: these are some of Duchess Margaret's efforts. The rôle, however, in which she most esteemed herself was that of philosopher. *Philosophical and Physical Opinions, Philosophical Letters, Observations upon Experimental Philosophy, Grounds of Natural Philosophy,* such are the titles of the books in which a mind, more remarkable for fertility than for clarity, poured out its conceptions. The noble authoress presented copies of her books to the universities and was, it seems, a little surprised that they were not adopted as textbooks. To tell the truth, she does not rank high in the sparse company of English philosophers. The experimental method she eschewed, spinning her theories from her own fantastic brain. Of what others had written she was utterly and confessedly ignorant. Having begun to philosophise at twelve, at forty she began to read. Independence of others was her pride. In the preface to a volume of stories, she asserts that she has never achieved the reading of a romance. As a dramatist she differs from (and transcends) Jonson, Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher in the following particular:—

> 'All my Plays and Plots, my own poor Brain did make;
> From Plutarch's story I nere took a Plot,

Nor from Romances, nor from Don Quixot,
As others have, for to assist their Wit;
But I upon mine own Foundation writ.'

She wrote, she says in her first book, because she was childless and homeless, and thought it a better occupation than brooding over misfortune. 'Since all times must be spent either ill, or well, or indifferently,' she says elsewhere, 'I thought this was the most harmless pastime: for sure this work is better than to sit still and censure my neighbour's actions, which nothing concern me; or to condemn their humours, because they do not sympathise with mine; or their lawful recreations, because they are not agreeable to my delight; or ridiculously to laugh at my neighbour's clothes, if they are not of the mode, colour, or cut, or the ribbons tied with a mode-knot; or to busy myself out of the sphere of our sex, in politics of state, or to preach false doctrine in a tub; or to entertain myself in hearkening to vain flatteries, or to the incitements of evil persuasions; whereas all these follies, and many more, may be cut off by such innocent work as this.'

Fame, however, was also, she confesses, a motive; and in her own day she achieved some measure, at least, of her desire. Flattery she had in plenty. Learned persons wrote to her and of her with more courtesy than candour. A folio volume of *Letters and Poems in Honour of the Incomparable Princess, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle* was printed in 1676, and another edition (including the duke in its flattering title) in 1678. Adulatory verses were prefixed to her books, which she, in turn, loaded with complimentary dedications. Courtly phrases were bandied between husband and wife, and malice (one hopes) lies at the root of the story that the duke once replied to one who congratulated him on his lady's wisdom: 'Sir, a very wise woman is a very foolish thing.'

At any rate, Margaret's admiration for her lord was

unbounded. On it is reared her monument. While her philosophy is forgotten, and her poetry goes unread by all but the curious,[1] her life of the duke has taken rank among the minor classics. It appeared in 1667, and the interest it created led to a Latin version in the following year and a second English edition in 1675. 'Hereafter, if generous and highborn men; if men of war search our library for a model of a most accomplished general, they shall find it expressed to the life, not in Xenophon's Cyrus, but in the Duchess of Newcastle's William.' So in stately hyperbole wrote the senate of Cambridge University, to whom 'that incomparable and most desired book' had been presented. Carping Pepys was less appreciative. 'Thence home,' he records for 18th March 1668; 'and there in favour to my eyes staid at home, reading the ridiculous history of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife; which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him.' On the other hand, Charles Lamb, a more generous and more imaginative critic than the diarist, was enthusiastic in his admiration of the book and its authoress, whom he loved to call, in the quaint old style, the thrice noble Margaret of Newcastle. 'No casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel,' he wrote. Sober historians going to the book for information will perhaps not echo this sentiment. Margaret's knowledge of the war was all obtained at second hand, nor was she precisely qualified to write military history Let it suffice that she thought her husband rather greater than Julius Caesar. It is for its more intimate touches that the book is precious, telling us

[1] In 1872 Mr. Edward Jenkins made a little book out of her writings and the duke's, which he called *The Cavalier and his Lady*. It shows that the duchess could now and again turn a graceful verse and strike out a pithy aphorism.

of Newcastle's neat, well-made figure and sanguine complexion; his free and witty conversation and love of a good story; his care of his person, which made him long at his toilet; what he ate and drank; his recreations.

No less readable is the short autobiographical sketch which formed the last book of the early copies of *Nature's Pictures*. The duchess had some of the eccentricities of genius. She was excessively vain, as well she might be with an university at her feet. She loved to attract attention. In this her success was great. Her comings and goings are recorded in the language of amazement. Dress was her foible. Sir Charles Lyttelton, at York in the train of the Duke and Duchess of York, wrote :—

> 'Hard by his house mett us on the way my Lord of Newcastle and my Lady, whose behavior was very pleasant, but rather to be seene then told. She was dressd in a vest, and, instead of courtesies, made leggs and bows to the ground with her hand at head.' [1]

A newsletter of 23rd April 1667 records :

> 'Last night is memorable for the Duchess of Newcastle's first appearance at Court. She came in the evening attended with three coaches, the first of her gentlemen, of two horses, the second her own, of six, and the third that of her women, of four. Her train was carried by a young lady in white satin. Her first visit was to the King, who sent the Lord Chamberlain to conduct her to the Queen, where his Majesty came to her. This visit is thought extraordinary.' [2]

A week later she visited the Duke of York in the same manner.

Evidently in the spring of 1667 the duchess made her first visit to town since her return from Antwerp. During

[1] *Hatton Correspondence* (Camden Soc.), i. 47.
[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 12th rep., app. vii. p. 47.

April and May Secretary Pepys is very busy with the theme. On 11th April he went to court in the hope of seeing her :—

> 'The whole story of this lady is a romance [he wrote], and all she do is romantick. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in antique dress, as they say. . . . There is as much expectation of her coming to Court, that so people may come to see her, as if it were the Queen of Sheba; but I lost my labour, for she did not come this night.'

A fortnight later he was more fortunate.

> 'This done, Sir W. Batten and I back again to London, and in the way met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet: herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town-talk is now-a-days of her extravagancies, with her velvet-cap, her hair about her ears; many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth; naked-necked, without any thing about it, and a black *just-au-corps*. She seemed to me a very comely woman: but I hope to see more of her on May-day.'

May Day, however, brought disappointment to the curious secretary. The crowd of vehicles in the park was so great that all he could see was ' a large black coach, adorned with silver instead of gold, and so white curtains, and every thing black and white, and herself in a cap, but other parts I could not make out.' On another occasion, when he pursued her carriage on its way to Clerkenwell,[1] he failed to catch it, and only saw the hundred boys and girls who ran to look on its fantastic occupant. ' But I will get a time to see her,' the undaunted busybody confides to his diary. The opportunity occurred at a reception given 30th May by the Royal Society, especially in honour of the noble philosopher. The duchess had asked for the

[1] When in town, the duke and duchess lived at Newcastle House in Clerkenwell Close.

invitation, but there had been some dispute as to whether it should be sent. Possibly some members of the Council shared Pepys's apprehension that the town would make ballads of the event. On this occasion, when he saw Margaret at closer quarters than before, the diarist's comments are not complimentary :—

> 'The Duchesse hath been a good, comely woman; but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all, nor did I hear her say any thing that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colours, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors; among others, of one that did, while she was there, turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare. . . . After they had shown her many experiments, and she cried still she was full of admiration, she departed, being led out and in by several Lords that were there.'

The sight of Margaret gushing over the dissolute mutton was the last, apparently, vouchsafed the unappreciative Pepys. The duchess preferred a country life, though it was in London that she died, 7th January 1674. Her octogenarian husband survived her by nearly three years. When he died, 25th December 1676, he was buried by her side in Westminster Abbey.[1] On the stately tomb erected over them is inscribed an epitaph written by Newcastle himself, which won the approval of Addison :—

> 'Here lyes the Loyall Duke of Newcastle, and his Dutches, his second wife, by whom he had noe issue: Her name was Margarett Lucas, yongest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble familie; for all the Brothers

[1] His second daughter Elizabeth, who married John, Earl of Bridgewater, and died in 1663, aged thirty-six, also had some literary inclination. She earns a place in Park's edition of Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, as the composer of certain *Meditations and Prayers*.

were Valiant, and all the Sisters virtuous. This Dutches was a wise, wittie, and Learned Lady, which her many Bookes do well testifie; she was a most Virtuous and a Loveing and carefull wife, and was with her Lord all the time of his banishment and miseries, and when he came home, never parted from him in his solitary retirements.'

'I should be most sorry for the death of my old friend but that so very honest and worthy a man is the better for it,' said the king on learning of Newcastle's decease.[1]

The new duke, for whom Charles thus expressed his esteem, was Newcastle's only living son, Henry Cavendish, Viscount Mansfield after his brother's death, Earl of Ogle since his father had had that title and the dukedom. We have seen him as a boy of fourteen or so taking ship at Scarborough on the black morrow of Marston Moor, returning to England with his brother, marrying Frances Pierrepont, looking after Welbeck and Bolsover during his father's absence. He was elected member for Derbyshire in 1660, and thus had a voice in the recall of the king. In Charles II.'s Long Parliament he sat for Northumberland.

At the Restoration Mansfield was made master of the robes, and two years later gentleman of the bedchamber, holding his office till the king's death. In 1670 he became lord-lieutenant of Northumberland in conjunction with his father, and was sworn of the Privy Council. He was governor in turn of Newcastle and of Berwick. On succeeding to the peerage he was given his father's garter, and his office of chief justice in eyre, Trent North.

Once only did the second Duke of Newcastle play a part in any critical moment of his country's history. That was in the autumn of 1688, when William of Orange was threatening invasion. Staunch to the traditions of his house, Newcastle offered his services to James, who appointed him lord-lieutenant of the three Ridings in place of a Papist

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 152.

whom the people would not obey,[1] giving him a commission to raise a regiment of foot. On William's landing at Torbay, Newcastle requested that he might be employed nearer the scene of action. The king replied through Lord Preston that his presence was necessary in the north.[2] This was quite true. The Yorkshire militiamen had for some time been restive, and needed to be kept in order with a strong hand. But it cannot be said that the duke was the man for the situation.

When the news came from the south-west, Sir John Reresby, the governor of York, at once wrote to him. The duke, who was at Welbeck, replied that as the invasion was so far distant, there was no need of his presence in the city. Reresby thought otherwise. All the deputy lieutenants were already at York, and it was proposed to draw up a declaration of loyalty to James. They naturally desired the concurrence of their chief. A meeting was to be held 22nd November, and a letter asking Newcastle to be present was despatched.

Meanwhile Sir Henry Goodrick, the proposer of the scheme, offended at being left out of a new commission of the peace, announced his intention of demanding a free parliament. The duke got wind of this sudden change of temper, and on his arrival at York on the 19th saw Reresby and told him what he had heard, adding that he did not think so many of the militia, as were then in the city, ought to be together. The next day he assembled his deputy-lieutenants and asked them point-blank if anything was intended by the coming meeting, beyond its avowed purpose of the declaration of loyalty.

Goodrick replied that he intended to petition for a free parliament, and hoped that others would support him. Newcastle angrily 'declared he would not stay to be

[1] Luttrell, *Brief Historical Relation*, i. 465.
[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 7th rep., app. p. 348.

affronted or overruled by his deputies; and that he would be gone the next day.' And in spite of Reresby's protests, he went.[1] He appeared no more on the public stage. His opportunity of distinguishing himself was lost for ever.

The events of these days are graphically and tersely described by one Jeremy Mahony, in a letter to a friend written at York:—

> 'His Grace went out of Yorck two hours before wee arrived heare. The reason of the sudden departure of his Grace was that all the militia of the contrey came to towne without orders, and theire confounded ringleaders had the impudence to speake to his Grace for joyning with them for a free Parliament; and thereupon his Grace went away in the greatest pet and discontentment of the world; he was extreamly disatisfied that wee came through this confounded city. . . . There is nothing to be expected from this diabolicall rabell but confusion, rebellion, disorder and disloyalty.'[2]

These words were written 22nd November, the day of the meeting, at which Goodrick carried his point; the day also on which the militia, excited by a false alarm of a Popish rising, declared for William and put themselves at the command of Lord Danby, who had come to York in the Dutch prince's interest. Danby told Reresby that what principally furthered his design was Newcastle's absence.[3]

These two noblemen, now ranged on opposite sides, had once been very good friends. On the death of the old duke, Danby, then Charles II.'s chief minister, had added a kindly word of his own in the letter by which he conveyed the king's sentiments to Newcastle. The most

[1] See *Memoirs of Sir John Reresby* ('Dryden House' ed.), pp. 314 sqq.
[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 11th rep., app. vii. p. 26.
[3] *Memoirs of Sir John Reresby*, p. 320.

intimate family matters had been discussed between them, and at one time there was talk of a match between the earl's son and one of the duke's daughters. When Danby was in trouble, it was to Newcastle he looked for support. A long letter, dated 28th March 1679, retails the charges made against him, and concludes :—

> 'My humble request now to your Grace is that you would please to be so generous and charitable as to come up and assist mee against such a cruelty, if your Grace shall find true what I say, and if you do not, I will not only loose all my honour and reputation with your Grace, but will consent to your joyning against mee when you are here. I hope your Grace will forgive this tedious trouble when it is of so great concerne.' [1]

What reads like a tardy and unsatisfactory answer to this appeal is a letter dated at Welbeck, 6th October of the same year, when Danby had already been six months in the Tower. Newcastle would do all in his power to help his friend, but—

> 'I most earnestly desire to stay in the country, for I am so crazy, I am fit for no place but what is very private and retired.' [2]

Shortly afterwards, however, when the Duke of York was at Welbeck, Newcastle did put in a word for the earl,[3] though James himself was at that time hardly in a position to influence Danby's fate.

'Crazy,' in the parlance of the age, meant gouty; and his subjection to the scourge was, perhaps, one of the causes of the gloomy outlook on life which many indications make us attribute to the second Duke of Newcastle. Laurence Hyde, the Chancellor's second son (afterwards Earl of

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 154.
[2] *Ibid.* 14th rep., app. ix. p. 417. [3] *Ibid.*

Rochester), sending him New Year's greetings in 1666, concluded with wishes for his increased happiness—

> 'and for an addition to your prosperity that you may have the satisfaction of being sensible yourselfe how great and how happy you are, and that noething can make you lesse soe but your melancholy, spleenaticke apprehensions, from which your Lordship ought to fly as far as from the plague.'[1]

Probably it was not in Newcastle's nature to follow Hyde's easily given advice. There must have been many of his generation who were permanently embittered by their early experiences; men who, too young to play a part in the war, were old enough to feel its tribulations, the pinch of want and the sorrows of exile. Henry Cavendish's youth cannot have been a happy one, nor did the Restoration bring him much relief. In 1663 his debts stood at £8000; and that £500 were owing for his wife's linen and his own, and £700 for two coaches and eight Flanders mares,[2] suggests that poverty had not taught him economy, and that he was heir to his father's love of horses. It seems, also, that, during the first duke's latter years, father and son were not on the best of terms; for shortly before the old cavalier's death, Lady Ogle wrote to Lady Danby complaining of poverty and of her father-in-law's indifference to his son's want.[3]

Then, in his children Duke Henry was not very happy. Of the four sons, the day and hour of whose birth were recorded in the great family Bible by their mother's careful hand, three died in infancy. In the life of the child born at three o'clock on a winter's morning of 1663, to his father's 'great joy, God be ever praysed for it,' centred the sole hope of the continuance of his grandfather's splendid

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 146.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 145. [3] *Ibid.* 11th rep., app. xii. p. 12.

titles. Young Henry Cavendish, styled (during his grandfather's life) Viscount Mansfield, was indeed an important personage. It was necessary to find, as soon as possible, an appropriate mate for one of such high destinies.

At the psychological moment an heiress, worthy even to be mistress of Welbeck, appeared on the horizon. In 1670 Jocelyn Percy, eleventh to bear the proud title of Earl of Northumberland, died, leaving an only daughter as heir to his estates and to the barony of Percy. Although Mansfield was but eight, and the little Lady Percy a couple of years younger, Newcastle lost no time in proposing a match. The Dowager Countess of Northumberland (a Suffolk Howard) liked the suggestion well enough, but preferred to wait till her granddaughter was of an age to choose among eligible suitors.[1] So there for some years the matter stood, until in February 1678 Lady Chaworth, sending her brother, Lord Roos, the latest gossip, wrote :—

> 'The now great nieuse is Lady Betty Percies marying Lord Ogle, and some says they were maried privately and that the weding shall be published as soone as the cloathes are made.'[2]

This secret ceremony was mere groundless gossip, but a year later, 27th March 1679, although Charles II. wanted the heiress for his son, the Duke of Richmond, the young Earl of Ogle was married at Isleworth, presumably with due publicity, to the fourteen-year-old baroness. In the register the bridegroom appears as Henry Percy, formerly called Cavendish. The older name was evidently considered to have the prior claim to perpetuation. Perhaps, too, it was thought that the Devonshire branch might be trusted to continue and illustrate the name of Cavendish.

In any case, hopes centred in the Earl of Ogle were

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 149.
[2] *Ibid.*, Belvoir MSS., ii. 46.

doomed to frustration. On 1st November 1680, not two years a husband, he died; 'a marvellous brisk forwardly young man,' whose death was lamentable for many reasons. He was cut off in his eighteenth year by a complaint variously described as 'this new disease,' and 'this new feaver.' He was buried at Petworth, the Sussex seat which his marriage had brought him.

The subsequent matrimonial adventures of the young widow were the talk of the day. After Ogle's death she returned to her grandmother, who lost no time in finding her another husband. The dowager's second choice, in striking contrast to her first, fell on a man of over thirty, a notorious roué, Thomas Thynne of Longleat, known for his wealth as 'Tom of Ten Thousand,' the Issachar of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel.* Lady Northumberland appears to have lost her former tenderness for her granddaughter's prejudices. Thynne had nothing but his money to render him attractive. To Lady Betty he proved absolutely repulsive; though whether his personality or (as was said) his lack of a title offended her, is hard to say.

Be that as it may, in the summer of 1681 the marriage was performed, but that the promoters were aware that they were not playing the game, is proven by two circumstances. The ceremony at Syon House took place in secret, and the union was never consummated. Lord Powerscourt, the dowager's nephew, gave the bride away, and a certain Captain Brett and his wife were implicated.[1] But the world at large knew nothing of the affair until November,[2] when it was electrified by the news that the

[1] 'The grandmother was not in the same room with them, that she might jesuitically or fanatically deny several things that would be asked her' (Belvoir MSS., ii. p. 59).

[2] There were some, however, who had an inkling of what was forward. ''Tis believed all things are agreed betwixt my Lady Ogle and Mr. Thynne,' Charles Bertie wrote to his niece, the Countess of Rutland, 8th September (*Ibid.* p. 57).

Percy heiress had fled to the Hague to seek protection with Lady Temple, wife of the English minister there, from her grandmother and the man who was now discovered to be her husband.

At nine o'clock one morning Lady Ogle left Northumberland House in her coach. Her alleged destination was Lombard Street; her errand to buy some plate. Instead, however, she drove to the Exchange, where she alighted, telling her coachman and footman to await her orders. Her page she sent away on some feigned errand. The obedient servants waited until eleven in the evening, when, coming to the conclusion that something was wrong, they returned home. A search was at once instituted by the old countess. Captain Brett went to the king, from whom he got little comfort. On being told of the marriage, Charles replied that the girl had been betrayed by those who pretended and ought to have been her best friends.

On the day following these events Lady Northumberland received a note from her daughter, who had given it to a maid with instructions to delay its delivery. The fugitive acknowledged her marriage with Thynne, but said she could not endure to live with him, and had therefore gone away. She returned a ring he had sent her. It was supposed that she had met Lady Temple in the Exchange, and that they had taken ship immediately.[1]

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Buccleuch MSS., i. p. 334, 335. A slightly different story is told by Sir Charles Lyttelton in a letter to Lord Hatton, 10th November 1651 :—

'My Lady Ogle went up yesterday w$^{th}$ her grandmother to y$^{e}$ old Change, and there slipt from her, and 'tis not yet known who is gone w$^{th}$ her, nor whither she is gone. But, last night, Dick Bret came to y$^{e}$ King and told him hee had waited on him before to acquaint his Ma$^{ty}$ that she was not married to Mr. Thin, but now he was come to tell him she is married to him. The King sayd she had bine unworthily and basely betrayd by her friends. They say she raild much at them of late to some she durst trust, in that they have abused her in making her beleeve he had 20,000 a yeare, was of a better family, and but 23

Tom Thynne was furious. 'The nine days' wonder of my Lady Ogle's amazing retreat is now over, and I believe shee has left in her lover no other passion but that of indignation against the sexe,' wrote Charles Bertie to Lady Rutland.[1] His position was certainly ignominious, nor were matters mended when Lady Trevor, on behalf of her daughter, urged a prior marriage contract, which, if genuine, would render void his unsatisfactory union with Lady Ogle. But this was not the only complication of the scandal. There was a certain Swedish nobleman, Count Königsmark, who had sued for Betty Percy's hand. He now, with somewhat compromising chivalry, took up her cause. He sent Captain Vratz, a friend of his, with a challenge to Thynne. Getting no reply, he repeated the move.

But Thynne was not for punctilios. He despatched six men to murder both the count and the captain, who were at the time in France. The errand miscarried, and in January Königsmark and his friend came to England.

The sequel was dramatic. On the evening of 12th February 1682, as Thynne was driving near Charing Cross, he was met by three men on horseback, armed with blunderbusses, who fired into his coach and mortally wounded him. He died the next day.

yeares old. He has never layn w$^{th}$ her since he was married, not so much as spoken to her, nay, scarce seen her, and says she never will. Besides, I heere my Lady Trevor will prossecute him as married to her daughter, and says she can prove it. If it be a contract, they say 'twill breake y$^{e}$ marriage w$^{th}$ Lady Ogle. They say y$^{t}$ Thinne has given bonds for vast summes of mony to her friends upon this account. Dick Bret and Harry Howard, they say, are deepe in, and they talk of others, who I dare not name for feare of y$^{e}$ statute; but I beleeve that 's a scandall' (*Hatton Correspondence*, Camden Soc., ii. p. 8). In a gossipy letter to the Countess of Rutland, Chaloner Chute hints that the lady was not at the time of the marriage so unfavourably disposed to Thynne as she afterwards became; her chief objection being his lack of a title (Belvoir MSS., ii. p. 58).

[1] Belvoir MSS., ii. p. 59.

The outrage naturally caused a tremendous sensation. Political motives were at first suspected, for Thynne had been a partisan of Monmouth's. But within twenty-four hours of the deed the assassins had been arrested, and had confessed themselves hirelings of Königsmark's. The count himself was taken at Gravesend, on the point of embarking for the continent. He was superficially examined before the king and Council, and was committed to Newgate. He was tried as accessory to the murder at the Old Bailey, 27th February. The three assassins, who were Germans, were condemned to death, but Königsmark was acquitted. Court influence and a packed jury probably accounted for a verdict as unlooked for as unpopular.

It was not long before that indefatigable matchmaker, Lady Northumberland, was at work again, and rumour was rife as to who would be the next to attempt the perilous quest of the Percy heiress. Several had been talked of before Thynne's time, and some of these were again in the running. Another son of the king's, the Earl of Northumberland, was mentioned, and his mother, the celebrated though superseded Cleveland, was said to be coming to England to arrange preliminaries.[1] But Lady Ogle had an invincible prejudice against marrying a bastard.[2] Then there were idle rumours about Königsmark. But he was wisely beyond the sea. The Earl of Kingston's name was heard; but nothing came of that. He died abroad in June. Finally, 30th May 1682, Lady Ogle, still a girl in her teens, and sick, one would imagine, of matrimony and everything connected with it, became the wife of Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset, a rising young nobleman, in whose company she was destined to play a part in the politics of following reigns. With him we leave her.

After Lord Ogle's death, Newcastle's chief concern was to find husbands for the daughters who were now his

[1] Belvoir MSS., ii. p. 67. [2] *Ibid.* 58.

co-heirs; a task in the performance of which the £20,000 which his daughter-in-law had to give him in recompense for her jointure was of use. Elizabeth, indeed, the eldest of the five, had been Duchess of Albemarle for several years, having in 1669 married the son of the man who played so large a part in the restoration of the Stuart.[1] Though not, one gathers, in these days displaying fully the characteristics which later earned her the sobriquet of the Mad Duchess, she was certainly eccentric. In 1675 her mother wrote censuring her behaviour, and animadverting on 'one of the unkindest, undutyfullest leters that ever was writ to a mother.' Eight years later Newcastle wrote to Danby:—

> 'I saw when my daughter Albemarle was here she was not madd, but there was a great consternation upon her, I sopose caused by her own folley and pride, and mallis of others, who noe doubt has indevored her ruen a long time; and sure never woman has been so deafe to good councell as she has been, nor did ever parents doe soe much for a daughter as we have don for her, considdering our condition; nor did ever any father doe soe much for a sonn as I did for mine, and now waunt a great part of my esstate by it; our fondness to our childeren brought us into this messery.'[2]

Later on, in her first widowhood, the duchess's eccentricity apparently developed into a kind of megalomania. She vowed she would marry none but a crowned head, and her second husband, the Duke of Montagu, had to woo her in the guise of the Emperor of China. Having obtained

[1] Christopher Monck, second Duke of Albemarle, died in Jamaica (of which island he was governor) in 1688. His widow married in 1692, as his second wife, Ralph Montagu, first Duke of Montagu, who died in 1709. She died 28th August 1734, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, aged 80.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 11th rep., app. vii. p. 22.

her and her wealth, Montagu eventually kept her in such close confinement that it was generally thought she was dead, though she actually survived the duke many years. But that is another story.

It is with Newcastle and the marrying of his younger daughters that we are here concerned. The youngest of them all, Arabella,[1] was a mere child at the time of her brother's death, and did not become Countess of Sunderland until her father also was in the grave; but her three sisters were all mateable. The efforts, successful or otherwise, to provide them with husbands may not be of much intrinsic interest; but they seem worthy of brief record in view of the important results of Newcastle's relations with his daughters.

Before the first duke's death there had been some negotiations for a match between Lord Lexington of Aram, a boy of fourteen, and the then Lord Ogle's second daughter, Frances, who was a year older. These came to nothing, owing, perhaps, to the temporary inability of the girl's father to provide much by way of a portion.

But after the heir's death, when this objection no longer held good, there still seems to have been a reluctance among the youthful nobility to undertake matrimony with the daughters of Welbeck. The truth is that they were not attractive young ladies. 'I have been with my sister

[1] She apparently had something of her eldest sister's disease. In a letter, belonging probably to 1693, it is written: 'I heard last night that Lady Bell Cavendish, Lord Newcastle's daughter, a Munday last fell stark mad and contuniese (continues) so, and that a great many mistook and said 'twas Lady Betty, but she is better imployed and prepareing for the Ball, for the Queen is positive she must dance' (Belvoir MSS., ii. p. 152). But this may have been mere gossip; for Evelyn, referring to her marriage with Charles Spencer, third Earl of Sunderland, which took place 12th January 1695, speaks of a 'happy marriage, to a great Lady, of as great fortune, great prudence, and great beauty.' She died of smallpox in 1698.

Cavendish,'[1] wrote Richard Butler, the Irish Earl of Arran, to his father, the Duke of Ormonde, 'and she tells me that the Duke of Newcastle has four daughters unmarried, and none of them tolerably handsome but one.'[2] 'You may be sure of the Duke of Newcastle's daughter when you please,' he added.[3] Ormonde presumably had thoughts, which never materialised, of a Cavendish match for one of his grandsons, the future Duke of Ormonde and the future Earl of Arran.

A little later, again, when, as already mentioned, Danby and Newcastle thought of allying their houses, the earl's son wrote that the duke's daughter (he does not specify which) was, he had heard, 'sickly and peevish.' The letter to Newcastle, in which the young man expresses sorrow at finding that two of his daughters were engaged, and the third resolved not to marry,[4] reads very like an excuse. If there were any engagements at the time, one, at least, was certainly broken subsequently; while eventually none of the five sisters remained unwed.

The date at which the second daughter, Frances, became the wife of John Campbell, Lord Glenorchy, afterwards second Earl of Breadalbane, is not stated; but in 1684 Catharine, the fourth of them, was married to Thomas Tufton, sixth Earl of Thanet. A letter written by Newcastle to his prospective son-in-law, a few weeks before the wedding, throws a significant light on his methods with his daughters and a possible cause of trouble in his household.

> 'I humbly thank your Lordship for yours of the 8th by your page whoe delivered alsoe your Lordship's to my daughter Katherine whoe received it with the respect due

[1] Mary, wife of Lord Cavendish, afterwards Duke of Devonshire.
[2] That must have been Arabella.
[3] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Ormonde MSS., v. p. 554.
[4] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 11th rep., app. vii. p. 22.

to [you], but I hope you will please to excuse her not writeing an answere. *Her father bred all his in that way that those liberties others think very reasonable are not thought soe by us*, tho we have all the respect to your Lordship that can be imagined. I assure you that if I had not from all hands had soe good a caracter of you, I should not be so ready as I am to give you my part in a child I love so dearly.'[1]

In a preliminary letter of business to a certain Mr. Sandys, while expressing his esteem for Thanet, and his love for Kate, Newcastle had confessed that he would rather have seen Margaret married before her younger sister, and that he hoped the earl would, on seeing the two ladies, alter his choice. The earl, however, did nothing of the sort. On 28th August 1684 he brought his bride to his northern home in a manner worthy of a feudal baron, being met by fifteen hundred horse, scattering largess among his tenants, and feasting his barony men for two nights at Appleby Castle.[2]

In spite of gossip about Northampton and Northumberland and Mr. FitzJames (the king's bastard), it was not until 1690 that Newcastle saw Margaret a wife. In February of that year she was married to John Holles, Earl of Clare, who was her first cousin, being a son of Grace Pierrepont, the Duchess of Newcastle's sister. In the same month Frances, Lady Glenorchy, died.

Newcastle himself had not much longer to live. After the Revolution, which carried his old friend Danby and his cousin Devonshire to fortune, he had resigned all his offices, and ceased to play even the smallest part in public affairs. Sickness, too, had made him a constant absentee from the House of Lords. 'Too weak to travel' is his reiterated excuse. 'A dying body' he declares

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 157.
[2] *Ibid.* 12th rep., app. vii. p. 402.

himself towards the end of 1689. Death came in the summer of 1691, not long after the duke had completed his sixtieth year. With him died all his honours, except the barony of Ogle which fell into abeyance among his daughters. Though undoubtedly shocking to several persons, the tenor of Newcastle's will cannot have been absolutely unexpected. That he was not on the best of terms with some of his children was well known. His alienation from the Duchess of Albemarle is easily explained. His complaint against Lady Thanet is not so obviously accountable, but towards the end of his life he undoubtedly turned against her.[1] It will be remembered that he had wanted Thanet to marry Margaret. In his letter to Sandys he had said: 'They [his daughters] are equally dear to me, but if I make any difference the advantage will be Margaret's. I will give her more at present and much more hereafter.' What he actually gave her was the whole of his real estate.[2]

One can only imagine the feelings of the men who had married Margaret Cavendish's sisters. Lady Glenorchy had died childless before her father, and her husband consequently had small interest in the matter. Lady Arabella Cavendish was still a maiden. But the Earl of Thanet was hot to dispute the will, and after the 'mad duchess's' second marriage in September 1692 he had the support of the Duke of Montagu. Their attempt to

[1] See a letter to the countess from her mother a few days before the duke's death; in which his unreasonableness and injustice are commented on (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 165).

[2] There is said to have been some agreement between the heads of the two branches of the house of Cavendish that, if either failed in heirs male, its estates should go to the other. It was reported that the Earl of Devonshire had actually made a settlement of his property to that effect. But Newcastle evidently changed his mind. Had the arrangement persisted, the broad lands of the Dukes of Devonshire would to-day have been the broader (see Ormonde MSS., v. p. 554).

prove Newcastle insane met with no success, however, and Lord and Lady Clare were left in undisturbed possession of the estates. A side issue of the proceedings was a duel in Lincoln's Inn Fields between Clare and Thanet. Clare had been wounded in the hand, Thanet in the arm, when the combatants were interrupted.

In 1694 William III. created several dukes, the Earls of Clare and Devonshire being amongst those advanced. The original suggestion was that Clare should have the title of Clarence, Devonshire that of Newcastle. Actually Clare became Duke of Newcastle, while Devonshire's dukedom was called, like his earldom, from the shire in which he owned not an inch of land.

Newcastle died in 1711, leaving an only daughter, the Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, to whom he bequeathed the Cavendish estates. Marrying Edward, Lord Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, she also left an only daughter and heir, Margaret Cavendish Harley, wife of William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland. It is thus that the present Duke of Portland is lord of the lands which once, by purchase or marriage, were acquired by Bess of Hardwick's youngest son. The name of Cavendish was added to that of Bentinck by royal licence in 1801.

Newcastle left the Holles estates and name to his nephew Thomas Pelham, who was in 1715 created Duke of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was afterwards so intimately connected with the elder Pitt. In 1756 he was created Duke of Newcastle-under-Lyne, with special remainder to Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, and the heirs male of his body by Catharine, his then wife, niece of the grantee. At his death without issue in 1768 the dukedom of Newcastle-upon-Tyne became for the third time extinct, while that of Newcastle-under-Lyne passed to the said Earl of Lincoln, ancestor of the present duke.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE FIRST DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

Although the lives of the third Earl of Devonshire and his elder son overlapped by little less than half a century, the division between them is sharper than ordinarily separates one generation from another. They were born, as it were, not only into different generations, but into different eras. The father had given unquestioning loyalty to Charles I.; had suffered for him; and when Charles's son had been restored to the throne, had been ready to hail him king by right divine. The son, though brought up in an atmosphere of intense zeal for the Stuart cause, had no remembrance of personal service or suffering to make thick-and-thin loyalty too sacred a thing to be called in question. His political convictions were not formed until the first heat of enthusiasm for the Restoration had waned, and the fear of a Catholic succession was showing that the great revolt had, after all, made some permanent change in the temper of England, and in the lengths of servility to monarchy to which even professed royalists were willing to go. Whiggery was not improbably the nightmare of the old age of Devonshire and his cousin of Newcastle, a horrid portent that the country had not been saved so completely from the dogs as, in their first joy for royalty restored, they had believed and hoped. To Lord Cavendish, in the prime of life, unhampered by sentimental memories, it was a creed.

Born 25th January 1641, William Cavendish, by courtesy Lord Cavendish of Hardwick, was but a babe when Charles I. raised his standard at Nottingham. His father's flight from England, his uncle's brave death at Gainsborough, were things beyond his sphere of interest. Under the care of his grandmother, the wise Countess Christian, he passed his early years in blissful ignorance or incomprehension of the tragedies which were being enacted around him. When of an age to travel, he left his country and its troubles in the company of Doctor Henry Killigrew, afterwards Master of the Savoy. The doctor, who was father of Anne Killigrew, the poetess, and uncle of Tom Killigrew, Charles II.'s boon companion, was a playwright as well as a divine, and may have helped to form the literary tastes for which his charge was distinguished. Of the duration or the extent of their travels together there seems to be no record. In 1658, however, a rumour reached England that while going by sea from France into Italy Cavendish had been captured by Turks; but as another young man, who was supposed to be with him, had been heard from at Florence, the story was hoped to be untrue.[1]

Whatever his adventures, Cavendish was back in England in time for Charles II.'s coronation, being one of the four young noblemen who bore the king's train. In the same year he was returned to Parliament for Derbyshire, the county which he was to represent for the next twenty years without intermission.

Before, however, he turned seriously to politics another and most important matter occupied his attention. Some six weeks before the coronation, at a gathering of the Butlers and the Cavendishes, the king had joined the hands of the Earl of Devonshire's son and the Duke of Ormonde's second daughter, Lady Mary Butler. Out of deference to the youth of the bride, who was only about fourteen, the

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 5th rep., app. p. 146.

WILLIAM, FIRST DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
*After Riley.*

date of the marriage had been fixed for a year and a half later.[1]

In the autumn of 1662, therefore, Cavendish went into Ireland to fulfil the contract. Joining his future relatives at Dublin, he travelled with the Duchess of Ormonde and Lady Mary to Kilkenny Castle, the duke and some of the guests going by another route. It had been decided to have the wedding in the country for the sake of privacy; a vain decision as it proved, for the marriage of the lord-lieutenant's daughter was a great affair, and all Dublin followed the bridal party.

On Monday, 26th October, the ceremony took place, accompanied by mighty feasting and merry dancing. Only one thing occurred which could possibly be called a hitch. The bridegroom's new clothes did not arrive in time. But even that mattered little; for Cavendish's extraordinary personage and behaviour did so set off his but ordinary apparel, that he made a complete bridegroom for the occasion.' 'And then for the incomparable creature, my Lady Mary,' proceeds the same enthusiastic witness, 'she is a mere little bundle of great goodness, sweetness, and modesty, and really that your Ladyship may partake with me in my abundant satisfaction in my Lord Cavendish this day's behaviour was not only his masterpiece, but might be a pattern to all great bridegrooms in the world.' Ormonde was cordial, his duchess anxious but happy, the guests danced all day and diced or played cards all night, and, in short, the whole proceedings were marked by the greatest possible success.[2]

Cavendish stayed in Ireland until the following summer.

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 5th rep., app. p. 159.

[2] See *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 15th rep., app. vii. pp. 166 sqq. Letters from Colonel Edward Cooke to the Dowager Countess of Devonshire and to Lord Bruce. Cooke was at the wedding as representative of the bridegroom's family.

On his return to England he accompanied the king and queen on their visit to Oxford, and was there, 28th September, together with the Earls of Suffolk and Bath, created M.A. by special command of the chancellor of the university. When war with Holland broke out in 1665 he served as a volunteer under the Duke of York, fought in the battle of Lowestoft, and had his share in the victory so hardly won from the great De Ruyter. Next year he was back at Westminster, hinting at the direction of his future policy by joining in a petition for the enforcement of the laws against Popery; which resulted in the issue of an entirely fruitless proclamation. When the House of Lords sent the bill for Clarendon's banishment back to the Commons, Cavendish seconded a motion to name a day on which the chancellor should speak in his own defence. The motion was defeated, and the old minister condemned unheard; but it was characteristic of Cavendish that he wished to give fair play to a political opponent.

In 1669 when Ralph Montagu went to France as ambassador-extraordinary, William Cavendish accompanied him. He had no official appointment, and, according to the gossip of the day, his reason for leaving England was a desire to put the Channel between himself and his creditors. It is certain that, though married to a charming wife, the young nobleman was at this time sowing his wild oats with a lavish hand.

While in Paris Cavendish met with an adventure which was very nearly his last. Seated, as was the custom, on the stage at the opera, he was insulted by three swaggering, probably drunken, French officers. Never the man to take insults tamely, he struck one of them in the face. In an instant swords were out of sheaths, and he found himself with his back against the side scenes, desperately parrying the attack of three opponents at once. Cavendish as he was with his sword, he could not long have held out against

such odds. He had already several wounds before assistance came. The manner of his salvation was violent. He was seized round the waist by a Swiss servant of Montagu's and hurled into the pit. Falling, he tore his arm so badly that he had the scar till the end of his life. His assailants were arrested, but he pleaded and won their freedom.

This affair was the talk of Europe. That it was given a sort of political significance is shown by a letter which Sir William Temple, then ambassador at the Hague, wrote to Cavendish :—

> 'Though I had much rather make your Lordship my compliments upon some better fortunes, and upon your health rather than your dangers; yet I could not omit doing it at this time, upon so honourable a part as all men allow you to have had in your late adventure at Paris; which I do not only as a private person and servant of your Lordship's, who wishes you all increase of honour that may not be bought too dear; but withal as a public Minister, who ought ever to consider above all things the honour of our nation, and knows the complexion of it in time of peace is very much either mended or spoiled in the eyes of strangers, by the actions and carriage of particular persons abroad. I can assure your Lordship, all that can be said to your advantage upon this occasion is the common discourse here; and not disputed by the French themselves; who say, you have been as generous in excusing your enemies as brave in defending yourself: the Dutch will have it, that you have been the first in excess; and say that such a thing, as seven or eight falling upon one, would never have been done in any other place but France, nor suffered neither by the rest of the company. However, I am of opinion, if excess may be allowed in any part, it is in that; and therefore rejoice with you in the honour of both, and with myself in that of being, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant.'[1]

[1] Temple, *Works*, ii. 45.

Cavendish was a born fighter. In Parliament or the law courts, on the racecourse or the duelling-ground, he was ever somebody's opponent. Fearless, uncompromising and loyal, he was as quickly in arms for a friend's honour as for his own. We read of him as second to Lord Plymouth, wounding Lord Mordaunt in the shoulder. Tom Thynne, whose murder has been related in the last chapter, was his friend, and when Königsmark was acquitted, Cavendish did not hesitate to say what every one thought, and, what is more, to act on his opinion. His challenge, however, did not reach the count before he had left England, and though it was accepted, a writ of *ne exeat regno* kept the sea between the antagonists. Later, when the fiery lord was still thirsting for the Swede's blood, and ready to meet him wherever and under what conditions he pleased, Königsmark excused himself on the ground of his official employment in France, a country where the laws against duelling were very severe.

Some years before this—towards the end of 1676, to be precise—Cavendish was principal in an encounter which, resulting in the death of a peer of the realm, made rather more noise than was intended.[1] If the report of Lady Chaworth, an inveterate gossip, be true, there was for this tragedy no such excuse as the desire to avenge a murdered friend. Its cause was far less heroic. There was a ball at Whitehall, and Cavendish, standing by a door to watch, obstructed the view of some women. An Irish soldier, one Power or Pore, remarked, in his lordship's hearing, that had it been Mrs. Heneage he would have given her place. Now this Mrs. Heneage was notoriously on very intimate terms with Cavendish. Some who were near cried 'Shame!' but nothing further happened at the time. Next day, however, there was a challenge. It

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 7th rep., app. p. 494a; Belvoir MSS., ii. 32 sqq. *Hatton Correspondence*, i. 142.

was the Irishman, it seems, who sent it. He had for his second a compatriot named Brummigham, while Cavendish was accompanied by Lord Mohun. Although fighting at a disadvantage — rapiers, apparently, against military swords—the noblemen proved the better fencers, disarming both their opponents, and gaining a bloodless victory. But as they left the field some hot words passed between Mohun and one of the Irishmen. Once more they drew their swords, and in the brief fray that followed Mohun received a dangerous wound.

Almost from the first it was believed that recovery was impossible. The town was full of the misadventure, and it was predicted that if Mohun died Cavendish would be rigorously brought to book ; for though he had had no hand in the killing, he was the most prominent and responsible person involved, besides being by no means a favourite in high places. Mohun, however, signed a declaration that he had got no hurt in Cavendish's quarrel, which was literally true. Cavendish, meanwhile, seems to have behaved with some lack of tact. He gave offence to the world by frequenting the theatre, and more reasonable offence to the dying man by offering him £100. In the end Mohun lingered on for nearly a year, and though he died as the result of his wound, by that time its occasion was nearly forgotten. His son Charles, who succeeded as fifth and last Lord Mohun of Okehampton, developed into a notorious duellist. His last and most famous encounter was with the Duke of Hamilton in 1714, when both the principals were killed.

Cavendish was as vehement in his political as in his personal life. A report came to him, as he walked in St. James's Park, that a certain Colonel John Howard had been killed while fighting under Turenne. Cavendish, who had recently seconded a motion for the withdrawal of the English troops from the service of France, remarked that he wished ' all others were equally well served who acted against a vote of

Parliament.' It was not long before Thomas Howard, the dead colonel's brother, learnt of this speech, and he at once issued a virulent broadside against Cavendish, and also Sir Thomas Meres, who had expressed similar sentiments.

The person principally attacked in this paper was first made aware of its existence in the Commons, where attention was called to it by a member, and, with his usual impetuosity, he at once prepared to leave the House, presumably to inflict summary punishment on the offender. He was, however, stopped by William Russell (the patriot Lord Russell of a few years later), who moved that he should be enjoined to stay, and that both he and Meres should be forbidden to offer or accept a challenge from Howard. The motion was carried, and the broadside was voted a breach of privilege.

Merely pacific measures, however, did not satisfy Lord Cavendish. He might wish the death of those who acted against a vote of Parliament, but he was quite prepared to do the same when he thought his own honour required it. It is not perfectly clear whether he challenged Howard or not, but, at any rate, when the latter boasted that Cavendish had not dared to notice the broadside until it was forced on his attention, his retort was to post a paper on the gate of Whitehall, to the effect that Howard was a rogue, a rascal and a coward. This 'mad carriage' was taken as an offence against the dignity of the House, and the headstrong member was arrested and sent to the Tower. His imprisonment only lasted for one day; Howard's, who had also been committed, for a week or so. When they were both at liberty they were ordered to be reconciled by the Speaker. It had already been voted a breach of privilege to carry the affair further, and the king himself had forbidden Cavendish to settle the question as he would have liked. Indeed, a bill against duelling was actually introduced in the Commons, but was dropped.

The intrigues of Charles and the Cabal had already alienated Cavendish from the court party. In an age of chicanery he was remarkable for his political honesty. By nature he was absolutely incapable of compromise or sophistry, but, unlike many honest men, he was open-eyed to the dishonesty of others. He gave the Test Act his zealous support, but when the Commons, grateful for its passing, voted the large supply Charles wanted for carrying on the Dutch war, he remarked 'that when money was given to buy a law against Popery, the force of the money would be stronger in order to bring it in, than the law could be for keeping it out.'[1] He knew that when the king had money in his pocket he was apt to laugh at laws and parliaments. The whole of his energies and abilities were directed to prevent the re-establishment of the Catholic Church and the succession of a Catholic king. He was not on good terms with Charles, but his animosity against the Duke of York was intense and personal. A commission to 'our trusty and well-beloved son James' was cited in Parliament. 'Which son? Have we a Prince of Wales?' snapped his lordship.[2]

Though not all so outspoken, there were others in the House of Commons who thought with Cavendish, and about 1673 a body of men who, as Macaulay put it, were 'driven into opposition by dread of Popery, by dread of France, and by disgust at the extravagance, dissoluteness, and faithlessness of the court,' began to come into prominence. The Country Party, as it was called, numbered some of the most able politicians of the time in its ranks. William Russell was its acknowledged leader. Cavendish and Sir William Coventry were his devoted lieutenants. Their aim was to check the revival of tyranny. Although Charles's dealings with France were not then known in

[1] Burnet, *History of his own Times*, i. 351.
[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 7th rep., app. p. 495.

all their iniquity, suspicion was ever growing. He had already, at Louis XIV.'s bidding, plunged into a war with Holland, which few Englishmen wanted; which was a violation of the spirit if not of the letter of the Triple Alliance. Against this policy and all that it implied the Country Party resolutely set its face. It was unyielding in its fight for liberty. Although both Russell and Cavendish were in sympathy with the Nonconformists, they voted for the recall of the Declaration of Indulgence, seeing in that measure of toleration a step towards a removal of political disabilities from Catholics. However narrow such an attitude may seem, it was, at the time, the only possible one for those who wished to save their country from despotism. Charles who, though he had little personal concern with religion, was entirely Papist in his sympathies, was perfectly willing to sell his kingdom to Louis, provided that arrogant monarch would give a sufficiently handsome price. James, more conscientious than his brother, was a bigot who would drive the doctrine of divine right to its logical conclusion.

Such considerations as these led the Country Party to oppose the Declaration of Indulgence and to support the Test Act, which forced the Duke of York to declare himself a Catholic, and to throw up his office of Lord High Admiral. Clifford also confessed his faith, and retired from the Treasury. It was the signal for a shifting of the political scene.

In the Upper Chamber none supported the Act more zealously than Shaftesbury, the chancellor, who had once been the most execrated member of the detested Cabal. His change of front was due, it is thought, to his discovery of the truth about the Treaty of Dover. Justly proud of his perspicacity, he was hurt to find that he had been duped. Moreover, he was no friend to Popery, and to find that Charles had betrayed both his country and its Church was

more than he could stomach. His support of the Test Act marks his divorce from the court and its ways. He declared himself adverse to the Dutch war, which at the outset he had favoured. He protested against the marriage of James and the Catholic Mary of Modena. On the prorogation of Parliament in November 1673 he was asked to surrender the seals.

Turned out of office, Shaftesbury set himself openly at the head of the opposition. Inspired by him, the Country Party, on the reassembly of Parliament in January, got to work with renewed vigour. A bill to secure the Protestant succession came to nothing, but the king was forced to dismiss Buckingham and Arlington and to make peace with Holland. He was, however, by no means beaten. His attempt to buy the support of the Nonconformists by the Declaration of Indulgence had failed. The Nonconformists had shown themselves ready to sacrifice their particular cause to the common good. He now bid boldly for the cavalier churchmen, who still formed the majority in the House of Commons. Their representative, Sir Thomas Osborne, he created Earl of Danby, made him treasurer in place of Clifford, and submitted to his policy. A union between the Crown and the Church was effected, and the danger of James's exclusion from the succession was for the moment averted.

It was during Danby's ministry that Cavendish's voice began to be loudly heard. Soon after the Howard incident of October 1675 Parliament was prorogued for fifteen months. On its reassembly it was the member for Derbyshire who moved that this had been an automatic dissolution, since by an act of Edward III. Parliament was required to meet annually. As, however, apart from differences as to its precise interpretation, Edward's statute had been put out of date by the Triennial Act, the motion had to be dropped. In the Upper Chamber, where the

subject was discussed at length, it was turned into a weapon by the enemy. On Danby's representation the motion was voted a contempt of the House, and Shaftesbury, Buckingham, Wharton and Salisbury were committed to the Tower, leaving the minister master of the field.

In the Commons, however, Danby's supporters were not in the ascendent. The news from abroad was disquieting. Louis's successes against the Dutch alarmed churchmen as well as Nonconformists. Cavendish proposed that the king should be asked to remove Lauderdale, as a pensioner of France. His motion was not carried; but he subsequently got a bill passed for recalling English subjects out of the French king's service. It was his favourite theme, and will be remembered as the cause of his quarrel with Thomas Howard.

Meanwhile the country was clamouring for war against Louis. Charles, by no means anxious to fight his patron, talked vaguely and with his usual amiability about the good of his people. He asked for supplies, however, on a scale which only a war could justify. The ministerial party were all compliance. The opposition was less obliging, and demanded a definite programme. Neither side would yield. Charles, in a speech at Whitehall, complained that he was working for the public welfare, but could do little without a further supply. The speech was discussed in a grand committee of the Commons. The case of the opposition was put bluntly by Cavendish. The speech was called the king's speech, but he thought it to be rather the product of ill council. Money was demanded, but no alliances had been entered into. Would it not be an evil precedent further to charge the people before war was declared or any alliance made? He moved that the Commons should present an address to Charles, stating its reasons for refusing his demands, and asking for an

alliance with Spain and Holland.[1] On 27th May the address was presented. The king's reply was to adjourn the House until 16th July.

When the Speaker moved the adjournment Cavendish and others prepared to dispute its legitimacy, but he refused to hear them, and literally fled out of the House, pursued by a volley of questions. The scene was repeated in July when the uncompromising Cavendish demanded to see the entry in the journal concerning the last adjournment. Pleading the royal mandate, the Speaker again adjourned the House, which did no more business that year.

When Parliament reassembled it seemed that some definite European policy was at last to be adopted. During the adjournment there had been active negotiations with both France and Holland, and the marriage of James's daughter with William of Orange suggested that in the future a closer and more constant alliance with the Dutch was intended. The speech from the throne was sufficiently martial to wring £1,000,000 from the Commons, and three thousand soldiers were transported to Ostend. But that was the extent of England's operations. While Charles was haggling with his Parliament for the price of war, he was also bargaining with Louis for the price of peace. When in July the treaty of Nimeguen made the French king dictator of Europe, England had stirred not a finger to prevent the catastrophe.

As in the preceding year, Cavendish had been expressing his opinions with frequency and vigour. It was none of his doing that Charles had got his subsidy. One may imagine his indignation when the news came from Nimeguen. And when, a month later, Titus Oates set the country alight with his tales, it is little to be wondered at if Cavendish caught fire. He was too sincere deliberately

[1] Grove, *Life*, p. 55.

to use the panic, as Shaftesbury did, for a party weapon. But, for the moment at least, he was prepared to believe that where Catholics were concerned all iniquities were possible. He helped to draw up an address requesting that all Papists should be removed ten miles from London, and he was on the committees for inquiring into the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey and for examining Coleman. He refused to vote in favour of Shaftesbury's bill for excluding Catholics from either House of Parliament, because a proviso had been added which exempted the Duke of York from being affected by it. He was active in the impeachment of Danby, though in later years, when the men were working together, he admitted that the minister had been unfairly treated.

The Popish Plot, and the events which led to the fall of Danby, produced a storm of anti-Catholic feeling before which the king could but bend. In January 1679 the Parliament of 1661 terminated its long life. Its successor contained but few representatives of the views of the court. Acting on the advice of Sir William Temple, who returned from the Hague to become secretary of state, Charles determined to elect a Privy Council, consisting of thirty members, all men of substance and responsibility, which should serve as a balance and a check to the House of Commons on the one hand, and, on the other, be a guarantee against a despotic personal government. It was a scheme that can hardly have commended itself to the Stuart temperament; nor can the actual composition of the new body have been particularly pleasing to Charles. He was not, however, in a position to be fastidious. Shaftesbury, master of the situation, was elected president of the Council. Cavendish and Russell, among others of the opposition, were sworn members.

The new order of things was, however, of short duration. Dissentient voices were soon heard in the Council. The

less extreme members were ready to follow a suggestion of the king's, by which James was secured in the succession, though shorn of certain privileges. Shaftesbury and his followers, on the other hand, would hear of no such compromise. They would have no Catholic for a king; while, in the Commons, the Exclusion Bill was passed by a majority of 79 and referred to a committee of the whole House. But before the committee had had time to deliberate Parliament was prorogued, and eventually, in July, without again meeting, it was dissolved.

Lord Cavendish's duties as a privy councillor did not prevent him from showing his usual attention to parliamentary business. At the commencement of the session he had been placed on a committee to draw up a bill for securing the king and kingdom against the growth and danger of Popery. He presented an address from the Commons declaring their resolution to avenge any violence offered to the king's person. On the introduction of the Exclusion Bill he doubted its wisdom, but was afterwards, it seems, won round to give it his whole-hearted approval. The Habeas Corpus Bill, which became law during the short-lived Parliament of 1679, also had his entire support.

A new Parliament was summoned to meet 22nd October, but a few days before that date the Duke of York, who had been in Flanders since the panic of the Popish Plot, arrived in England. Fearing that his brother's return might be the signal for the passing of the Exclusion Bill, Charles prorogued Parliament until the following January, when James's presence once more prevented the Houses from assembling. Early in 1680 Charles fell ill and called his brother, who had retired into Scotland, to his side. A series of prorogations followed, and Parliament did not meet until October.

It was perfectly clear that Temple's scheme had failed. There could be no coalition between the court and the

opposition. Charles was determined to go his own way. On the Duke of York's recall, Russell, Cavendish and others begged leave to resign their positions on the Council. 'With all my heart,' was the king's sincere reply.

A few weeks later Charles and James were at Newmarket. Cavendish also was there. Horse-racing was one of the few tastes shared by the king and the member for Derbyshire. It is characteristic of English politicians that, outside the arena, they can forget their animosities. In this Cavendish was not typical of his race. Others, his colleagues in Parliament, paid their respects to the king's brother as a matter of course. Cavendish ignored his existence.[1]

Charles, furious, ordered the irreverent subject to quit his presence. Nevertheless, at the end of June, Cavendish was one of those who went to Windsor to petition for a session of Parliament. But the king had not forgotten. What took place has been described by a contemporary: 'Seeing Lord Cavendish, His Majesty asked him how he that had been banished his sight dare come there. My Lord told His Majesty that he had been pleased to dismiss him from His Majesty's service, but he could not dismiss his loyalty and from being a good subject, and then spoke about the sitting of the Parliament; but His Majesty in great anger turned away and went from him.'[2]

Cavendish bore no grudge. When the Commons did at last meet, he is reported to have said: 'When I look a year and a half backward, I think this a happy day. The king has taken the last and only remedy, which is to call a Parliament. I therefore look on the late prorogations as the acts of evil counsellors, and our sitting as the king's own act. If it be true that the king is still beset by those that inform him that this Parliament strikes at the govern-

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Ormonde MSS., v. p. 291.
[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 7th rep., app. p. 479.

ment, and would remove him, next to his brother, we should do well to confirm the king in his good resolutions, by some address, "That the interest of this House is his, and the sitting of the Parliament will make him a great king." '[1]

The chief business of the session was the discussion on the Exclusion Bill, which was successfully passed through the Commons. Even in the Lower Chamber, however, it met with considerable opposition; and among the Lords the friends of Charles proved too strong for it. The bill was rejected by a large majority. In the debate which followed Cavendish made a long speech, which shows that his former doubts on the advisability of the measure were by this time quite dispersed.

Incensed by their failure, the Commons refused to grant supplies until the bill became law. But their position was not so strong as it had been. The violence against the Catholics which had followed the revelations of Oates and Coleman was waning. The judicial murders had produced an inevitable reaction among humane people. Shaftesbury had gone too far in his exploitation of the plot.

Charles was quick to appreciate the change of feeling. A fresh treaty with France, moreover, rendered him independent of the Commons. In January 1681 he once more dissolved Parliament. He summoned the new one to meet at Oxford, craftily appealing to men's memories of the disasters of civil war. Thus, while the House still consisted largely of the old members, irritated out of prudence by repeated prorogation and dissolution, the country at large was fast regaining that devotion to the person of the king with which it had hailed the Restoration. The Oxford Parliament only sat for one month. When, after rejecting a bill which Lord Halifax introduced as a com-

[1] Grove, *Life*, p. 89.

promise on the burning question, it revived the Exclusion Bill, Charles appealed to the nation. His appeal was received with shouts of loyalty, and for the rest of his reign he ruled without a Parliament.

Although his secret commerce with Louis XIV. gave Charles an advantage which repeatedly baffled and nonplussed his enemies, the opposition could scarcely have been so signally defeated but for internal dissension. Whether from motives of policy or conscience, the brilliant and unscrupulous methods of Shaftesbury did not commend themselves to the majority of those who were as eager as himself to bar the throne to a Catholic king. One might have expected to find the uncompromising and intrepid Cavendish following his leader to the end. But Cavendish was clear sighted as well as determined, and he saw that Shaftesbury's violence was doing little good to his cause. After the rejection of the Exclusion Bill he had, indeed, been persuaded by the earl to join an attempt to get James indicted as a Popish recusant; but during the session at Oxford he showed a moderating disposition. One Fitzharris, an Irish Papist, had been arrested for a libel on the king. The statements he made to his examiners decided the Commons to impeach him for high treason. Sir Leoline Jenkins, the secretary of state, was ordered to carry the articles to the bar of the House of Lords; but he refused. There was a great outcry 'To the bar! To the bar!' and Jenkins would have been hurried to the bar willy-nilly had not Cavendish intervened. The secretary's refusal was a great fault, he said, but too little to occasion a breach. Both sides were pacified, and Jenkins agreed to do the House's bidding. On another occasion the member for Derbyshire stood out from the ruck of partisans by protesting against an official designation of Monmouth as 'the king's dear and entirely beloved son.'

It was, in fact, on the question of Monmouth that the

Country Party was divided. Cavendish and those who thought with him looked to William of Orange as their future king. Not only did William, by right of marriage, stand next in the Protestant succession. He had proven himself fitted to rule. Monmouth, on the other hand, had nothing but his good looks to recommend him. He was utterly devoid of kinglike qualities, while his unsanctioned birth left him without any shadow of claim to the throne. Nevertheless, it was he whom Shaftesbury chose to put up as a rival to James, exploiting his popularity with the crowd, circulating rumours of a secret marriage of his parents, setting in motion the train of events which ended in Sedgemoor and the Bloody Circuit. But Shaftesbury, with all his brilliant ability and tireless activity, could not control the destinies he had set working. In January 1683, threatened by the flood-tide of reaction, he fled from the country he had so long troubled and wrought for. Two months later he died in Holland.

Differing from Shaftesbury in his aims, disapproving of his methods, Cavendish's attitude towards the Stuarts seems almost friendly in comparison with the earl's. His efforts at moderation had not been unnoticed by Charles, and a reconciliation had taken place at Newmarket, where eighteen months before he had given such offence. But, for all that, Cavendish was true both to his old cause and his old friends. With none of his political colleagues had he been on terms of deeper intimacy than with Lord Russell. Men of very different character, they bore for one another the sincerest affection. For years they fought shoulder to shoulder in the Commons. Latterly their paths diverged. Russell espoused the cause of Monmouth and followed far as any on Shaftesbury's road. For him as for others it proved the road to ruin.

When the 'patriot' stood his trial on a charge of complicity in the Rye House Plot, Cavendish gave evidence on his

old colleague's behalf. His words were profitless, but he was, as ever, ready with more than words. When the prisoner lay waiting his execution, his friend offered to change clothes with him and take his place. He also proposed to rescue him with a party of horse as he was being conveyed from Newgate to Lincoln's Inn Fields, the place of execution. But Russell was resolute to accept his fate. Cavendish was one of the last persons to whom he spoke on the day of his death. As he bade him farewell, he exhorted him to a better way of life, speaking of the comforts of religion. Cavendish, who was no saint, was moved to tears. He was ever devoted to his friend's memory. In due course he married his eldest son to Russell's daughter, and when the Revolution brought him into power, one of his first cares was to obtain the reversal of the attainder.

In November 1684, just two months before the accession of James II., the old Earl of Devonshire died, and Lord Cavendish succeeded to the title. During the reign of the man whom he had so strenuously endeavoured to keep from the throne, he was inconspicuous in public affairs, spending the greater part of his time at Chatsworth. Before his retirement, however, there befell a characteristic incident of which the consequences spread over several years.

There was a certain Colonel Thomas Colepeper, who, many years before, had made a runaway match with the coheiress of a Derbyshire neighbour of the Cavendishes, Lord Frescheville of Staveley. Frescheville, being both unforgiving and impecunious, refused to make a settlement on his erring daughter, left her, by his will, but £300 a year, and sold Staveley to the Earl of Devonshire. This transaction it was Colepeper's ambition to set aside, and obtaining no success in his endeavours, he lost his temper. Meeting Devonshire at Whitehall, a few days after Monmouth's defeat at Sedgemoor, he looked insolently in his

face, and asked whether he thought it the time or place for excluders to appear. As the earl paid no attention, Colepeper repeated his question. Devonshire asked if the words were intended for him and, being told that they were, answered that he was no excluder. The colonel insisted. The earl called him a liar; whereupon Colepeper boxed his ears and was knocked down for his pains. At this point the altercation, which had taken place outside the door of the king's bedchamber, was interrupted by the arrival of officers, and the unfortunate colonel was haled to the Marshalsea.[1]

Colepeper remained in prison until March 1686. During his captivity he wrote Devonshire several letters of submission, to which he got no answer. On regaining his liberty, however, he received a message that the earl wished to speak with him. He sent word that he was not at home. Thereupon Devonshire's servants broke all the windows of his house. When, a few nights afterwards, they repeated the performance, those within answered with shots, and it needed musketeers as well as constables to end the disturbance.[2]

The next act in the little drama took place a year later. Once more the scene was at Whitehall. Coming upon the colonel in the withdrawing-room, Devonshire challenged him and, being refused, struck him with his cane. This time it was the earl's turn to pay the penalty. He was summoned to appear before the King's Bench, where, his plea of privilege of Parliament being overruled, he was fined £30,000, ordered to provide sureties for his good behaviour for a year, and taken into custody until his fine should be paid.[3] When she heard the news, the old countess, his mother, went to the king with bonds for £60,000, which

[1] *Evelyn Diary* (ed. Bray), ii. p. 227; Belvoir MSS., ii. p. 93.
[2] Belvoir MSS., ii. p. 106.
[3] Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, i. p. 406.

represented money lent by the Cavendishes to Charles I. during the war, and offered them as the price of 'her son Billy's' release. The offer was not sufficiently tempting to melt the royal heart, but the earl was capable of looking after himself. He broke prison, fled to Chatsworth and, when the sheriff with a posse of the county came to arrest him, made them all prisoners until he had arranged the terms of his own liberty, which was to give the king a bond for the payment of his fine.[1] After the Revolution this bond was found among James's papers and cancelled; and on 22nd April 1689 a committee of the lords reported that the 'court of King's Bench, in overruling the Earl of Devonshire's plea of privilege of Parliament, and forcing him to plead over in chief, it being the usual time of privilege, did thereby commit a manifest breach of the privileges of Parliament.' The records of the trial were examined, the judges who had committed Devonshire apologised at the bar of the House, and, after a discussion, it was decided that the committal of a peer for non-payment of a fine to the king was illegal. The finale was eight years later, when an irascible peer of fifty-seven, meeting a somewhat broken-down colonel of sixty at the Auction House in Saint Alban's Street, caned him for the trouble he had given him in the late reign.[2]

As already mentioned, Devonshire took little part, on the surface at any rate, in the politics of James II.'s reign.

[1] Such is the story as told by Joseph Grove (*Life*, p. 188). Luttrell, however, has the following entry, dated 24th October 1687: 'Processe was ordered against the earl of Devon for his fine, that it should be estreated into the exchequer; and a tipstaffe was ordered to goe into Darbyshire and fetch sir Paul Jenkinson, the high sherif, up in custody, for refusing to raise the posse for apprehending his lordship when he was in that county this summer.' A little later he says: 'The earl of Devon hath made his peace at court, and hath kist the kings hand; he hath given his own bond for the fine, and satisfaction is ordered to be acknowledged on the same.'

[2] Luttrell, iv. p. 246.

He was in the House of Lords, in November 1685, at the beginning of the second session of Parliament, when it was proposed to discuss the speech from the throne. The earl 'made a sharp speech about standing to the Test,' attacking the new chancellor, Jeffreys of the Bloody Circuit. But though he remained in town for some time after that, he was not often to be seen at court.

When in London he lived at Montagu House (on the site of the present British Museum), which he rented of Lord Montagu for 500 guineas a year. His tenancy, however, came to an abrupt close. On the night of 20th January 1686, just a week after the Venetian ambassador had been entertained there with a magnificent ballet, the house was burnt to the ground. The cause of the fire was the carelessness of a servant, who had forgotten that some hangings were being aired against Lord Montagu's homecoming; from which it appears that Devonshire's occupancy was on the point of coming to a natural close. The earl was asleep when the fire broke out, and had not a footman dragged him from his bed he must have been burnt in it. The countess and her children were also in the building. Wrapped in blankets, they were taken to Southampton House, where they passed the rest of the night.[1]

Although he lost heavily by this disaster, Devonshire was prepared, a year later, to set about rebuilding Chatsworth, and with William Talman for architect he commenced the great house which guidebooks love to describe as the Palace of the Peak. At first he proposed only to reconstruct the south side of the quadrangle, but he did not remain content with so partial a scheme, and before his death Bess of Hardwick's work had been entirely superseded. The internal decoration was entrusted to

[1] Wheatley, *London Past and Present*, ii. p. 556. This was not the only time that Devonshire suffered by fire. In November 1691, his apartment at Whitehall was burnt.

Verrio and Thornhill, and Grinling Gibbons is said to have made the carvings. The great gardens were also laid out at this time, and though later lords of Chatsworth have added to its wonders, it was at the fourth earl's bidding that the famous place assumed, substantially, its present form.

Consultations with architect and artist were doubtless congenial to the descendant of Building Bess, but the work at Chatsworth was the effect rather than the cause of Devonshire's retirement from public life. To a man of his perspicacity it must soon have been clear that little good could come of open opposition to the king. Forensic argument was idle against one who sincerely believed himself above all human law. Moreover, James had come to the throne when popular feeling in favour of the reigning house was at its height. To curb his despotism, even if it had been possible, would have been but to delay the reaction. If all the Whigs in England had banded together in protest, they could not have brought about the tyrant's fall so surely as it was accomplished by the Bloody Assizes and the trial of the seven bishops.

Much, on the other hand, might be done in the way of secret preparation, and it was not building only that occupied the earl at Chatsworth. James, indeed, grew suspicious of the prolonged absence of his old enemy, and summoned him to town. But Devonshire excused himself, nor could a personal visit from his kinsman, the Duke of Newcastle, induce compliance with the king's request. The truth is, that he was busy with plots to set William of Orange on the throne; treasonable business, no doubt, but growing daily more necessary.

In May 1687 Devonshire was among those noblemen who sent friendly letters to the prince. After the birth of the Prince of Wales he grew still more zealous for the overthrow of the Stuart tyranny, and he was one of the

seven who in June 1688 signed, in cypher, the formal invitation to William. With Danby, the Tory, his old antagonist, whom James's proceedings had driven, like many others of his political brethren, to ally himself with the Whigs, Devonshire was the soul of the preparations for the prince's welcome. Secret meetings were held at Sir Henry Goodrick's [1] house in Yorkshire, and at a farmhouse at Whillington in Derbyshire, in a room which was long known locally as the 'plotting parlour.' The first proposition being that William should land in the north, it was arranged that Danby should seize York and Devonshire Nottingham. When, however, the earl learned of the prince's arrival at Torbay, he made for Derby, and proceeded to win the mayor and the neighbouring gentry to his cause, by reading them a 'Declaration in Defence of the Protestant Religion' which he had drawn up. Nevertheless, there was a strong Stuart faction in the town; of news from the south, none arrived but a letter, made almost illegible by conveyance in the carrier's boot-heel, announcing William's landing and James's flight, which many refused to credit; and Devonshire, with his small force, was in considerable jeopardy. He thought it best, therefore, to retire to Nottingham, where he was sure of a friendly welcome.

At Nottingham he issued a proclamation in justification of the rising, and raised a regiment of horse, afterwards the fourth regiment. He had also a royal guest to entertain. The Protestant Princess Anne, deciding for principle rather than filial duty, left London with the intention of joining Devonshire. Her arrival being preceded by a report that the enemy were out to intercept her, the earl, with his new cavalry, rode to meet her, and escorted her to Nottingham. There she was lodged in the

[1] For Goodrick's part in the Revolution, and the contact it brought him into with a Cavendish whose politics were very different from Devonshire's, see the preceding chapter.

castle,[1] and lived royally at Devonshire's expense until his funds ran short, when he borrowed public money rather than let the princess lack comfort.

The earl was no lover of time-servers. A copy of the Association binding friends of the Revolution to support William of Orange was sent to Nottingham. Though naturally anxious to obtain as many signatories as possible, Devonshire used no coercion with those who would not subscribe to it. And when, on learning with greater certainty of William's success, some who had at first refused showed themselves ready to set their hands to the articles, they were coldly informed that their signatures were no longer needed.

On hearing of the prince's arrival in London, Devonshire hastened southward to greet him, first, however, escorting the Princess Anne to Oxford, where she was to join her husband. When the lords met at Westminster, 25th December, he took a prominent part in obtaining the address by which William was asked to undertake the administration pending the discussion of the situation by a convention.

This convention, which met four weeks later, found it by no means easy to agree as to the exact form of the future government of England. The Whigs maintained that James, by his endeavour to subvert the constitution, had abdicated, and that the throne was vacant; they had a majority in the Commons. In the Lords, however, opinion was divided. The high Tories maintained that the Crown could not be forfeited, that James was still king, and that all that could be done was to appoint a regency. The moderate Tories, with Danby as their leader, went with the Whigs in so far as they agreed that James was no longer king, but maintained that the throne could not be empty,

[1] The property of Devonshire's kinsman, the Duke of Newcastle *vide ante*), who had vacated it.

and that Mary had succeeded to it. The Whig point of view was urged in the Upper Chamber by Halifax, with Devonshire among the most distinguished of his supporters. But it had fewer advocates than the Tory schemes, and, on a division, Danby's suggestion proved by far the most popular. But the Lords had reckoned without the man most interested in their decision. William refused to be either regent or 'his wife's gentleman usher'; while Mary refused to be crowned queen unless her husband was crowned king. So after the Declaration of Rights, and a formal invitation from the Estates of the Realm, crowned they were.

It was not long before the new king began to give substantial proof of his gratitude to the man who had worked so hard on his behalf. Within six months of the consummation of the Revolution, Devonshire had been sworn of the Privy Council, elected and installed a Knight of the Garter, and appointed lord-lieutenant of Derbyshire and lord steward of the Household; in the fulfilment of which last-named office he proved his invulnerability to bribery. He was also made colonel of the regiment which he had raised at Nottingham. In the following year he was appointed chief justice in eyre, Trent North, in 1692 lord-lieutenant of Nottinghamshire, and in 1697 recorder of Nottingham. At the coronation he was lord high steward, and carried the crown, while his daughter Elizabeth was one of the queen's train-bearers.

The consummation of his efforts to set William on the throne marked no falling off in Devonshire's zeal. He did not go to Ireland, though his regiment did; but when, during the king's absence, a French invasion was threatened, he was one of the lords who, on the queen's behalf, went into the city to raise money and troops.[1] After the battle of Beachy Head he was sent to Dover with the Earl of

[1] Luttrell, ii. p. 79.

Pembroke, to inquire into the conduct of Torrington, the English admiral, by whose mismanagement it was supposed the battle had been lost. As a result of these inquiries Torrington was court-martialled, and though he was acquitted, he had already been deprived of his command.

At the commencement of 1691 Devonshire accompanied William to Holland, risking his life by landing in a shallop, because the impatient prince could not wait a safer conveyance. There was a report that he was to be sent on to Vienna to negotiate a peace between the Turks and the Empire,[1] but he remained at the Hague with William, making a magnificent display, and putting the German princes into the shade with the splendour of his style. A banquet which he gave in honour of the Elector of Brandenburg, at which the king was a guest incognito, was especially commented on. He returned to England with William, after the loss of Mons, and did not again go abroad. In the following year he was sent to inspect the fleet gathered at St. Helen's in preparation for an attack on France, which, however, was abandoned after William's defeat at Steinkirk.

As early as 1691 a report was abroad that Devonshire was to be made a duke, and it was persistently rumoured that he would take the title of Newcastle.[2] He was not, however, called on to make any alteration in his signature, for when, 12th May 1694, he was advanced in the peerage, it was as Marquess of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire. 'The King and Queen,' runs the preamble to his patent, 'could do no less for one who had deserved the best of them: one who, in a corrupted age and sinking into the basest flattery, had constantly retained the manners of the ancients and would never suffer himself to be moved either by the insinuations or the threats of a deceitful court; but equally despising both, like a true asserter of liberties, stood always

[1] Portland MSS., iii. p. 458. [2] See previous chapter.

for the laws; and when he saw them violated past all other redress, he appealed to us; and we advising him how to shake off that tyranny, he, with many other peers, drawn over to us by his example and advice, gave us the greatest assistance towards a most absolute victory without blood, and so restoring the ancient rights and religion,' etc.[1]

Many such a preamble has had less of truth in it than this, and that the king really meant what he said, in these sounding phrases, is proven by the trust that he repeatedly placed in this subject. In addition to the various honours already enumerated, he invariably named Devonshire among the lord justices who, after the death of Mary, were appointed to administer the kingdom during his absences abroad. In fact the duke shared with Archbishop Tenison and the Earl of Pembroke alone the honour of holding this responsible office on all the seven occasions on which it was necessary.

To the end of his life Devonshire took an active, if not pre-eminent, part in political affairs. When Sir John Fenwick lay in the Tower on a charge of plotting the king's assassination, he was appointed to obtain his confession. Several visits to the prisoner elicited information which convinced the duke of his guilt, but he nevertheless opposed the bill of attainder, for fear of creating an ill precedent.

In the House of Lords Devonshire staunchly championed the king's interest. He fought hard against the Tory proposals for annulling William's grants of forfeited lands in Ireland, declaring that 'the barriers between crown and people would be broken down.'[2] By his influence he won several of the younger members of the House to his side, and only gave up the struggle at the request of the king himself.

[1] Collins, *Peerage* (ed. Brydges), i. p. 350.
[2] Von Ranke, *History of England*, v. p. 212.

The duke was as high in Anne's favour as he had been in William's. At the king's funeral he was one of the supporters [1] to Prince George of Denmark, and at the coronation he was for a second time lord high steward. In March 1702, ever a friend to the Nonconformists, he introduced 127 dissenting ministers to the queen, who graciously listened to their congratulations, and promised them her protection.[2]

Anne continued Devonshire in all his offices and very soon singled him out for special service. A rumour, fostered by the Tories, had got abroad that there were among William III.'s papers certain documents which were unfavourable to his sister-in-law's succession. Somerset, Devonshire, Jersey, Albemarle and Marlborough were appointed to go into the matter. Their report dispelled the rumour, and discomfited its originators.

Devonshire's part in the disputes about the Occasional Conformity Bill, and the Scottish Plot brought him into such violent collision with Nottingham, the Tory secretary of state, that the latter demanded his dismissal from the Privy Council; and received a rebuff from the queen which caused him to resign office. The duke's career, however, was nearing an end. For a few years longer he performed the duties of a peer of the realm, lending his support to the Protestant succession and the war against France; managing the conference between the Houses on the 'writ of error for the Aylesbury men,' and acting on the commission for negotiating the Union of England and Scotland. But age and infirmity were telling on him. At the beginning of April 1707 he appears to have been thinking of transferring his office of steward of the Household to the Marquess of Dorset.[3] That month he accompanied the queen to Cambridge, where, together with his eldest

[1] The Duke of Somerset was the other.

[2] Luttrell, v. p. 153.

[3] *Ibid.* vi. p. 155.

son, he was created LL.D. Thence he returned to Devonshire House, and there, at 9 o'clock on the morning of 18th April, having repented him of his sins, he passed from life. His body was borne 'with a great deal of pomp and splendour thro' the Strand and City, followed by a vast train of coaches,'[1] and buried among his ancestors in All Hallows, Derby. White Kennet, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, and John Griffith, the duke's chaplain, preached laudatory sermons, both of which were printed. A more human comment on the event is to be found in a gossiping letter of the day.

> 'He is extolled by our writers for his bright example [wrote Ralph Palmer to Ralph Verney]. I do hear his debts are not nigh so great as were expected. He always kept £10,000 in a particular chest by him, and if he ever borrowed out of it he was certainly true to it again, tho' he sent his silver cistern to fetch the money, which I hear was under pawn at a goldsmith's when he died.'[2]

A chap-book, entitled *The Court in Tears*, celebrated the dead duke's virtues and supplied him with the following epitaph—

> 'Here lies a Noble, and Illustrious Peer,
> The just, the Great, the Loyal *Devonshire*:
> The Patrion (*sic*) of his Countries Liberty
> A Man of Gen'rous Hospitality:
> To say in all the Gifts he did Excel;
> No Pen can write it, nor no Tongue can tell.'

The duke, however, had devised his own epitaph :—

> 'WILLIELMUS DUX DEVON
> Bonorum Principum Fidelis Subditus:
> Inimicus et Invisus Tyrannis.'

The directness and terseness are characteristic, and the claim is not unjust. The beginning and end of Devon-

[1] Grove, *Life*, p. 262. [2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 7th rep., app. p. 507.

shire's political creed had been hatred of tyranny. Single in purpose, he was no crank. His opposition to Romanism was not that of a fanatic. He was on friendly terms with his Catholic neighbours. But he realised that if to countenance Catholicism meant the unbridled dominion of the house of Stuart or, still worse, the subjection of England to France, Catholicism could not be countenanced. Though one of the founders of the Whig party, he was not a party man. He went with the Whigs in so far as they represented his views,[1] but he never sacrificed his opinions for the sake of the party. Without the touch of genius which would have made him a leader, it is his chief virtue, perhaps, that in an age of political corruption and tergiversation he kept his eye single and his hands clean. By what we know of his oratory, he was terse and trenchant rather than eloquent in debate. He always said precisely what he thought.[2] In the House of Lords, when advocating the triennial summoning of parliaments as an antidote to corruption, he announced that 'a little dirty borough might be bought for a certain price as easily as a bullock at Smithfield.'

Although his interests were mainly political, Devonshire was far from negligent of the private graces of life. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society. Well read in the classics, of Horace he made a special study; and he told a friend that he drew the inspiration of his political faith from the pages of Tacitus. Of his taste in architecture and painting he gave practical proof in the new Chats-

[1] There is no shadow of probability in the story of the duke's correspondence with the exile at St. Germains, which Lord Preston, when on trial, told on the alleged authority of William Penn. Neither William III. nor any one else believed it.

[2] On one occasion a speech, purporting to be his, was printed and circulated, which contained such severe criticisms of the government, that it was brought before the House and referred to a committee.

worth ; he was an amateur of music ; and Lord Roscommon thought so highly of his critical powers that he used to send him his poems for revision. His own ventures in verse were few. Dryden thought his ode on the death of Queen Mary the finest written on that occasion, but neither that nor his *Charms of Liberty*[1] have established a claim to immortality.

In person Devonshire was tall and strikingly handsome. He had great charm of manner, and, says Dryden, he never 'forgot the distinction between the profane wit and the gentleman.' Horace Walpole calls him 'a patriot among the men, a gallant among the ladies,' and it is true that he was not more virtuous than was the fashion of his age. In the year following his death, a curious little pamphlet, entitled *The Hazard of a Deathbed Repentance*, was published as a counterblast to Kennet's fulsome laudations ; in which it was maintained that W—— D—— of D—— had not, perhaps, after all made so good a bargain for his soul by his belated piety. The author speaks of the duke's amatory aberrations as well-known facts, and if he had been a friend of the court, he would doubtless have figured in the lively pages of Grammont. By Mrs. Heneage, already mentioned in connection with his most famous duel, he had several children, one of whom married Lord Huntingtower, the Earl of Dysart's eldest son. Nor does there seem any reason to doubt the story that he took a young actress, Anne Campion, from the stage into his keeping, though the fact that her death at the age of nineteen occurred but a year before his own at sixty-six, makes him an elderly sinner. At any rate, he buried her at Latimers, and made no secret of the fact that it was he who set on her tomb the inscription commemorating her

[1] 'A poem occasioned by the Archbishop of Cambrai's "Telemachus,"' published posthumously in a volume containing verses by other noble authors.

virtues and graces.[1] That he may have had designs on an actress of greater fame than Mrs. Campion is suggested by the story that Charles II. forbade Nell Gwyn to have anything to do with him; which, if true, is additional evidence of the king's dislike for him, for Charles never had any churlish objection to sharing his mistresses with his friends. An anonymous lady, who after the duke's death wrote a poem in his praises, described him as—

> 'Born to command our hearts, and tempt our eyes,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Whose awful sweetness challeng'd our esteem,
> Our sex's wonder and our sex's theme,
> Whose soft persuading looks our breasts assail'd,
> He came and saw, and at first sight prevail'd.'

For the rest, Devonshire was both generous and extravagant, giving largely to Greenwich Hospital and keeping a splendid table; a lover of sport, frequenting Newmarket for the racing and the cock-fighting; prone to take offence, ready with his sword as with his tongue, plaintiff or defendant in many lawsuits.

The Duchess Elizabeth survived her husband some three years, and at her death, which occurred 31st July 1710, was buried in Westminster Abbey. Though we hear little of her in the story of the duke's career, she had been a beauty in her day.[2] According to the sketch written by her chaplain, Joseph Williamson,[3] she lived a quiet and secluded life, devoted to her husband and children. 'She was overjoyed at any good fortune that befell them,' we are told. 'So that when her virtuous and incomparable daughter was married to a worthy and good gentle-

[1] This inscription concludes: *Dilectissimis reliquiis sacrum lapidem hunc poni curavit G. D. D.* (*Gulielmus Dux Devoniae*).

[2] Mrs. Jameson included her in her *Beauties of the Court of Charles II.*

[3] 'A Modest Essay upon the Character of her late Grace, the Duchess Dowager of Devonshire,' 1710.

man, Sir John Wentworth, joy sparkled in her eyes, and the ravishments of pleasure shone out in every look and action.' White Kennet talks complacently of undisturbed conjugal felicity (or some such phrase). That, alas, is the *façon de parler* of the funeral orator, but there is no reason to doubt that the duchess observed her part of the compact. She was both pious and charitable. Towards the end of her life Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying* were her favourite reading.

## APPENDIX

### AN ODE

(For Vocal and Instrumental Musick after the Italian Manner of Recitative Airs and Duettas.)

In Honour of the late Duke of Devonshire.

*1st Voice*, . Britannia, Signora Margherita.
*2nd Voice*, . Augusta, Mrs Tofts.

*Overture of Soft Musick.*

Britannia.

*Recitative.*

Ye generous Arts and Muses, joyn,
While down your cheeks the streaming sorrows flow,
Let murmuring strings with the soft voice combine
T' express the melody of Woe.
And thou, Augusta! rise and wait,
With decent Honours, on the Great;
Condole my loss, and weep Devonio's Fate.

*Air, with Flutes.*

'Queen of cities! leave awhile
Thy beauteous smile,
Turn to tender grief thy joy.

From thy shore of Thames replying,
Gentlest Echoes fainting, dying,
Shall their sorrow too employ.
Queen of cities,' etc.

AUGUSTA.

*Recitative.*

'Tis Fame's chief immortality,
Britannia, to be mourn'd by thee.
I know thy loss; from midnight skies
Ill omens late did strike my eyes;
Near the radiant northern car
I look'd, and saw a falling star.

*Air.*

'Lands remote the loss will hear;
From rocks reporting,
Seas transporting,
Will the wafted sorrow bear.
Winds that fly
Will softly sigh,
A star has left the British sphere.
Lands remote,' etc.

BRITANNIA.

*Recitative.*

Great George! whose azure emblems of renown
Are the fair gifts of Britain's crown,
Patron of my illustrious isle!
Thou saw'st thy order late exprest,
With added brightness, on Devonio's breast,
Meet the companion knight, and own him with a smile.

*Duet for* BRITANNIA *and* AUGUSTA.

BRIT. To shade his peaceful grave,
Let growing palms extend!
AUG. To grace his peaceful grave,
Let hov'ring Loves attend!

BOTH. To shade, etc.
To grace, etc.
BRIT. And wakeful Fame defend,
AUG. And gratefull Truth commend
BOTH. The generous and the brave!

AUGUSTA.

*Recitative*

Now shall Augusta's sons their skill impart,
And summon the dumb sister Art
In marble life to show
What the patriot was below.
Here, let a weeping Cupid stand,
And wound himself with his own dart,
Then place the ducal crown, the sword, the wand,
The mark of Anna's trust and his command.

*Air.*

'Lofty birth and honours shining
Bring a light on noble minds.
Every courtly grace combining,
Every generous action joyning
With eternal laurel binds.
Lofty birth and honours shining
Bring a light on noble minds.'

BRITANNIA.

*Recitative.*

Behold fair Liberty attend,
And in Devonio's loss bewail a friend.
See! o'er his tomb perpetual lamps she lights,
Then, on his urn, the goddess writes:

'Preserve, O urn! his silent dust,
Who faithful did obey
Princes like Anna, good and just,
Yet scorn'd his freedom to betray;
And, hated by all tyrants, chose
The glory to have such his foes.'

AUGUSTA.

*Recitative.*

Genius of Britain! give thy sorrows o'er:
A gratefull tribute thou hast payd
To thy Devonio's noble shade;
Now, vainly weep the dead no more!
For see—the duke and patriot still survives,
And in his great successor lives.

BRITANNIA.

*Recitative.*

I own the new-arising light,
I see paternal grandeur shine,
Descending through th' illustrious line,
In the same royal favours bright.

*Last Duet, with all the Instruments.*

BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O Time!
AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time!
BOTH. And as thou, flying, growest old,
Still this happy race behold
In Britannia's court sublime.
BRIT. Lead along their smiling Hours;
AUG. Long produce their smiling Hours;
BOTH. Bless'd by all auspicious powers.
BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O Time!
AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time!
BOTH. And as thou, flying, growest old,
Still this happy race behold
In Britannia's court sublime.

This work was written by John Hughes, one of the few exponents of Italianate opera in English. The music was by John Christopher Pepusch. The two vocalists, Katherine Tofts and Francesca Margherita de l'Épine, were the two leading operatic singers of their day. Their rival charms had, a few years earlier, been the subject of much contention among fashionable opera-goers. The Italian later became the wife of Pepusch, whose music for the *Ode* is preserved at the British Museum (Additional MS., 5052). It has not been printed; nor, for about a century, has the poem.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE WHIG TRADITION AND A SCIENTIST

THE nucleus of the great Whig party, which was dominant in English politics for so large a part of the eighteenth century, was formed by the sons of those noblemen who had in the main been responsible for the Revolution of 1688. It was a coalition of great houses—Bentinck, Russell, Manners; among which none was more prominent than the house of Cavendish. For a hundred years after the death of the first Duke of Devonshire, politics were the absorbing interest of the family. Distinction was rarely sought in other fields, and those who showed themselves inclined to stray, were apt to be regarded as shirkers by their kin. Horace Walpole speaks of the Cavendishes as though they formed in themselves a party. No single member of the family can be classed with the great statesmen of the age; their importance waxed and waned, according to the capacity or energy of the individual; but the cumulative force of these able and influential men, united by ties of blood no less than by faith to a tradition, could not but leave its mark. It has left a good mark. The first duke's vigorous championship of justice gave an impulse to his descendants which is not yet dead.

His own three sons lost little time in getting into Parliament. William, Marquess of Hartington, who served in Flanders as a volunteer under William III., was never without a seat from the time of his coming of age until he went to the Upper House. He successively repre-

sented Derbyshire, Castle Rising and Yorkshire. Lord Henry Cavendish was member for Derby borough from 1695 until, five years later, he died untimely, aged only twenty-six, from the effects of rheumatism and inward palsy. He was succeeded in the seat, which became almost an heirloom, by his younger brother, Lord James Cavendish of Staveley Park, who held it for over forty years, and only resigned it when, in 1742, during his nephew's lieutenancy, he was appointed auditor of the revenue in Ireland. It was this same Lord James whose kindly reception at the French court on his return from Italy in 1697 had been much resented (doubtless for his father's sake) by the royal exiles of England.[1]

'A man of a very poor understanding,' Swift called the second Duke of Devonshire; but that is a judgment which need not be taken as final. The Dean of St. Patrick's, a pervert from Whiggery to Toryism, was scarcely capable of an unprejudiced opinion in such a case, and the fact that he had applied the same epithet to the first duke discredits him as a critic of Cavendish qualities. Burnet was more complimentary: 'A gentleman of very good sense, a bold orator and zealous assertor of the liberty of the people; one of the best beloved gentlemen by the Country Party in England'; thus, in words which might have been applied to the first duke, he characterises the second, continuing with a description of his personal appearance, which also recalls the gallant and handsome duellist.[2]

[1] Luttrell, iv. p. 324. By his wife, Anne, daughter of Elihu Yale, governor of Fort St. George, he had a son, William, and a daughter, Elizabeth, who respectively married Barbara and Richard, daughter and son of Edward Chandler, Bishop of Durham. After the death of his brother-in-law, 30th June 1751, and of his father-in-law, 14th December 1751, Richard Chandler changed his name to Cavendish by Act of Parliament.

[2] In one respect the second duke appears to have compared favourably with his sire. The author of the *Hazard of a Deathbed Repentance*

Queen Anne assumed the resemblance. At her accession she showed her benevolence to the house by making Lord Hartington captain of the Yeomen of her Guard, and his wife, a lady of the Bedchamber. When the old duke died, she remarked to his successor that 'she had lost a loyal subject and good friend in his father, but did not doubt to find them again in him.' As earnest of her confidence, she not long afterwards gave him the late duke's old office of steward of the Household, and admitted him to the Privy Council. But she can hardly have wished her words to be taken too literally, for she was a Tory, with little affection for the opposite party. In the case of the father personal friendship had adjusted the discrepancy; in the case of the son, where no bond of old fellowship existed, the difference was bound to make itself felt.

And Devonshire was indeed his father's son, staunch to the principles of the Revolution. As a supporter of the Hanoverian succession, he introduced a bill for giving precedence to the Duke of Cambridge, afterwards George II. As a friend of the dissenters he vigorously opposed both the Occasional Conformity Bill, and Bolingbroke's Bill to prevent the growth of schism, which was only prevented from becoming law by the death of Anne. In the subsequent reign he was the introducer of the bill for septennial parliaments, which, designed partly to keep the Whigs in power at a critical moment, became law and is still on the statute book.

It was not long before the lack of political sympathy between the queen and her steward made itself felt. When, in September 1707, Devonshire received his appointment the Tories were in power. By the following spring

has a special note to the effect that his fulminations refer only to the late 'D—— of D——,' the present holder of that title being 'a peer of illustrious piety and of an unblemished life.'

a change had taken place. Urged by Marlborough, Anne had dismissed Harley and consented to the resignation of St. John. But the opposition was not yet satisfied. Devonshire and Newcastle, as steward and privy seal, begged the queen to remove the Earl of Pembroke from the presidency of the Council, and to replace him by Somers, the Whig leader. Their petition was refused, and though some months later, when stricken with grief for her husband's death, Anne gave way, their triumph was of brief duration. Somers took office in 1708. Before the end of 1710 the expenses of the war and the impeachment of Sacheverell had made the ministry so unpopular that the queen was able to recall her Tory friends.

She had not forgotten nor forgiven Devonshire's importunity. His behaviour, as Harley wrote to Newcastle, was 'so very peevish and so very distasteful' to her that she would bear him no longer. Harley thought that Godolphin's evil advice might perhaps be to blame.[1] Be that as it may, on the fall of the Whig ministry the duke, who had spoken against Sacheverell, was dismissed from his stewardship. When Lord Dartmouth waited on him to relieve him of his staff of office, he flew into a passion which did little credit to his dignity. So, at least, said the Tories.[2]

As was to be expected, Devonshire got no more preferments from Anne, but George I. was no sooner on the throne than the zealous supporter of the Hanoverian succession received his due reward. He was one of the lords justices whom the king added to those named in the late queen's will to govern the country until his arrival from Hanover. Like his father, he always held that office during the royal absences. Such appointments had come to be almost the right of the reigning Duke of Devonshire.

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th rep., app. ii. p. 218.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 220; Burnet, *History of his Own Times*, ii. 553 n.

Soon after George's arrival in England Devonshire once more became lord steward, and in 1716 he was appointed president of the Council. He resigned office on the change of ministry in the following April, but held it for the second time during the last two years of George I.'s reign.

With George II. the duke was doubtless on the best of terms. To his efforts in Parliament on the Duke of Cambridge's behalf reference has already been made. In the notorious quarrel between George I. and his son, Devonshire seems to have taken the Prince of Wales's part, for on the occasion of the expulsion of the heir-apparent from St. James's, a rumour, which though false can hardly have been without some foundation in probability, was circulated to the effect that the prince was to find a temporary refuge at Devonshire House. And when, a few years later, a half-hearted reconciliation took place, the duke played some part in bringing it about.

But whatever services Devonshire may have done the prince, he did not live long to reap their reward. He was at Chatsworth when the news came of George I.'s death at Osnaburgh, and he hurried at once to Leicester House to hail the new king. His appointment as president of the Council was renewed. He was chosen to succeed the king as governor of the Charterhouse. Two years later, in the summer of 1729, after a month's illness, he died at Devonshire House, and his eldest son reigned in his stead.

Unlike his predecessors, William Cavendish, third Duke of Devonshire, was an university man. In 1715, as Marquess of Hartington, being then aged sixteen, he matriculated at Oxford and was entered at New College. Two years later he was created Master of Arts. The laborious process by which men of humbler rank reached that distinction was not deemed necessary for a son of the Duke of Devonshire.

The boy's position was recognised in other and less

official ways. Political feeling ran high in 1717, and the young Whigs of Oxford banded themselves into a club. The Constitution Club they called it, and, wanting a president, naturally enough decided for the grandson of Dutch William's friend. The ceremony of election was to take place in a room specially hired at the 'King's Head.' Hartington's tutor, William Bradshaw, afterwards Bishop of Bristol, was to assist. Outside, faggots were piled for a bonfire. It was rumoured that the Pope and Doctor Sacheverell were to be burnt in effigy. The preparations were generous enough to have burnt the city of Oxford in fact. But the fire was never lighted. Some one threw coins from an upper window of the inn and the mob, scrambling for them, scattered the pile. The Whigs attempted to rebuild it, but the mob refused to allow them, crying out on them for rogues, and carrying off the faggots for their own firing. When candlelight began to show in the clubroom, stones came hurtling through the window, accompanied by cries of 'Ormonde' and 'Sacheverell.' The unfortunate champions of the constitution had to retire to the back of the house, and when they left the inn it was among derisive cries. The disturbances continued throughout the following day, and the mob, incensed by an injudicious use of firearms, broke the windows of Oriel College.[1]

A couple of months after this stirring occasion Hartington received his degree and left Oxford, and in 1721 he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Lostwithiel. But though he sat in the Commons (for Lostwithiel and Grampound and Huntingdonshire) until his father's death, he was not prominent in debate. Nor, although he held high office, was he ever in the front of the fight.

The main cause of this was disinclination. The duke was a man of sound ability if not of genius and, with the

[1] Portland MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*), vii. p. 222.

power of his name, might well have been a leader, an he would. But though a trusty servant of his party, he preferred to be no more.

Sir Robert Walpole, his personal friend, thought highly of him. Gratitude, doubtless, enhanced esteem, for the duke had been the first to bring him to the notice of Caroline of Anspach, to whose favour he owed his premiership. There was, too, a natural affinity between the men. Devonshire is described as 'plain in his manners, negligent in his dress.'[1] Walpole's homeliness is famous. For two years during his friend's long ministry Devonshire was lord privy seal, and in 1737 he was sent to govern Ireland.

From the hand of Lord George Sackville, son of Devonshire's predecessor, the Duke of Dorset, we have some notes of the new lord lieutenant's first days in Dublin. Sackville writes with the irreverence of a youth of twenty. 'My lord lieutenant's speech is very well liked,' he says. 'He spoke it so low that few people could hear it.'[2] It is from him that we learn of a failing which Devonshire shared with many of his peers. 'I think as yet he does not look the worse for his drinking; he has almost killed his aides-de-camp already.'[3] A fortnight later the duke dined at Howth, 'and tho' he came away at six o'clock, contrived to be as drunk as any of his predecessors have been at that place.'[4]

The duke was popular in Ireland. In November he attended a meeting of the Boyne Club, but left early.

> 'After he was gone and a great deal of the company, the bumpers went about very fast, and those that were left grew very drunk. Cunningham stood up and in a

[1] *Memoirs of James, Earl Waldegrave*, p. 26. Walpole himself called his friend a rough diamond.

[2] Stopford Sackville MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*), i. p. 167.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 166.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 167.

great bumper drank the Duke of Devonshire's health, and said, thank God we have now a lord-lieutenant that will keep his word and will do no jobs. Young Allen answered that he hoped he would at least except the last, for he was sure he was incapable of doing either. He said that by God they were all alike, and that the last was no better than the rest, upon which Allen told him he lyed. Then swords were drawn, and the company interposed and the quarrel was made up. Two days after Brigadier Bowles came to me with an apology from Cunningham, and till then I had heard nothing of the affair. He excused himself by saying he was drunk and knew nothing that he had said or done.'[1]

Irish politics in the eighteenth century seem to have been a convivial matter.

Devonshire had not been long in Dublin before he came into collision with a redoubtable opponent, and had the distinction of worsting him. The great Dean of Saint Partick's, whose interest in matters connected with the mint had been so vehemently displayed in the affair of Wood's halfpence, took umbrage at an alteration in the values of the Irish gold coinage. To show his resentment he did his best to excite the people by causing the cathedral bells to be muffled, and by distributing inflammatory handbills. But Devonshire was not to be frightened by violence. He promptly sent an aide-de-camp to inform Swift that should there be any riot he would at once be put under arrest. The bells were unmuffled, a 'peal of loyalty' rang out over the city, and the abortive disturbance came to nought.

Shortly afterwards Devonshire, Swift and Boulter, the primate of Ireland, were present together at a feast given

[1] Stopford Sackville MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*), i. p. 168. This letter, be it noted, is, like the others quoted, addressed to the writer's father, whom it so intimately concerns.

by the Lord Mayor of Dublin in honour of the new lord-lieutenant. With astounding want of tact, Boulter, before the whole company, censured the dean for his recent efforts at rebellion. Swift was equal to the occasion. He loved his country, he said, and thought the diminution of the coin a prejudice to it. He could by lifting a finger have influenced the mob to tear the archbishop to pieces, but he had deferred doing it because it would have made an odd figure in history if a primate were destroyed by the people for doing an odd job—to give it, at present, no other name. Having thus delivered himself, the old dean left the room; and when, on the following day, Devonshire requested his attendance at the Castle, he excused himself on the ground that he had the 'country disease.' [1]

The duke's lieutenancy fell in uneventful years of Irish history. The good impression which he made at his arrival did not wear off, and he increased his popularity by obtaining the removal of the heavy duties which had hitherto been payable on woollen and yarn manufactures exported to England. When, on the outbreak of war with Spain in 1739, there seemed danger of an invasion of Ireland, Devonshire's efforts to organise the militia of the country met with a ready response. He was in England when, in February 1741, the first effort was made to remove Walpole from the power he had held so long, and he seconded Marlborough's motion in defence of his old friend. He retained his office, however, when in the following year Walpole made way for Carteret, and it was not until the end of 1744 that he left Ireland for the last time. His going was regretted. On one occasion he had been congratulated by the Parliament, 'first, on the tranquillity and happiness the nation had enjoyed under his Grace's gentle and prudent administration; secondly, for the candid and mild manner in which he had been pleased to lay

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 10th rep., app. i. p. 509.

before them the true state of their circumstances.'[1] The smooth passage of seven years justifies these words.

Devonshire was back in England in time to proffer his services, like a good Whig, against Charlie and his men. He offered to raise troops in his shire, and to keep the way by Buxton and Derby. He was placed, however, further to the east, and with his 800 men hovered near the left flank of the advancing army.[2]

Henceforth the duke took little interest in party politics. Though on terms of personal friendship with Henry Pelham, he was in small sympathy with the administration that had succeeded Walpole's. In 1749 he even resigned his office of lord steward of the Household, which (true to the family tradition)[3] he had held both before and after his lieutenancy of Ireland, and retired to Chatsworth. On Pelham's death he was at once sent for to London, and a 'faint offer' made him of the Treasury, which he refused.[4] In the following year his own health failed, and before its close, 5th December 1755, he died, a victim to dropsy.

The third Duke of Devonshire has the distinction of being the subject of a character study by Samuel Johnson. 'He was not a man of superior abilities,' said the doctor, 'but he was a man strictly faithful to his word. If, for instance, he had promised you an acorn, and none had grown that year in his woods, he would not have contented himself with that excuse; he would have sent to Denmark for it. So unconditional was he in keeping his word; so high as to the point of honour.' 'This,' comments Boswell, 'was a liberal testimony from the Tory Johnson

[1] Grove, *Life*, p. 39.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 10th rep., app. i. p. 439; 13th rep., app. vi. pp. 163 sqq.

[3] He was also four times a lord justice. Like every duke of his line, he received the Garter.

[4] Walpole, *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*, i. p. 381.

to the virtue of a great Whig nobleman.' On another occasion the Great Cham commended the duke's 'dogged veracity,' a quality which, indeed, seems to have impressed all his contemporaries. Horace Walpole mentions the fact that he gave his younger sons £600 a year in land that they might not commit perjury if called on to swear to their qualifications as knights of the shire. Waldegrave called him 'a man of strict honor, true courage, and unaffected affability . . . sincere, humane and generous.' Moreover, he has more to say than Johnson for his subject's intellectual qualities. Devonshire 'had sense, learning and modesty, with solid rather than showy parts'; while the fastidious Horace, who after he had quarrelled with him found that his 'outside was unpolished, his inside unpolishable,'[1] had, in more unbiassed years, admitted that 'nobody knows pictures better.'[2] The elder Horace Walpole, calling one day at Devonshire House and finding its owner from home, left behind him this epigram.

'Ut dominus, domus est; non extra fulta columnis
Marmoreis splendet; quod tenet, intus habet.'

Of Devonshire's wife the malicious letter-writer has more than one tale to tell. The duke's matrimonial venture scarcely amounted to a misalliance, but for generations back the greatest houses in the land had been glad to mate with his. Bruce, Cecil, Butler, Russell, such were the names which had been forgone for that of Cavendish; and when the young Marquess of Hartington wed Catherine Hoskins, the heiress of a Surrey squire, he certainly fell from this high standard. There is no reason to suppose that he ever regretted his choice. His domestic life seems to have been singularly happy. But the 'ugly, mad duchess' was the object of Horace's amused contempt.

[1] *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*, i. p. 196.
[2] *Letters* (ed. Toynbee), i. p. 371.

> 'The Duchess of Devonshire has had her secular assembly [he writes], which she keeps once in fifty years: she was more delightfully vulgar at it than you can imagine; complained of the wet night, and how the men would dirty the room with their shoes; called out at supper to the Duke, "Good God! my Lord, don't cut the ham, nobody will eat any!" and relating her private *ménage* to Mr. Obrien, she said, "When there's only my Lord and I, besides a pudding, we have always a dish of roast!"'[1]

Years later, when the duchess was in her dowagerhood, Walpole spent a few days at Chatsworth, and was delighted with the good humour of her 'ancient grace.' The old lady would stay on the skittle-ground till it was dark, keeping the score for the players, and one night, when there had been a ball in the servants' hall and the fiddlers were fetched into the drawing-room, she joined heartily in the carpet dance.[2]

She bore her husband four sons, whom she lived to see rise to distinction, and three daughters, whom she saw well married. That Devonshire was devoted to his children we have proof positive. He gave them absurd nicknames: Mrs. Hopeful, Mrs. Tiddle, Guts and Gundy, Puss, Cat and Toe. It is to Horace Walpole, again, that we owe the charming picture of the good duke driving home after the signature of the peace of Aix la Chapelle and crying, 'Cat! Cat! the Peace is made, and you must be very glad, for I am very glad.'[3] 'Cat' was his youngest daughter, the Lady Rachel Cavendish, who a few weeks later was to marry Horace Walpole's cousin and namesake and eventual successor in the peerage; familiarly, 'Prince Pigwiggin.'

Before telling of the enhanced political prominence of the Cavendishes, in the persons of the fourth Duke of

[1] *Letters* (ed. Toynbee), iii. p. 101.
[2] *Ibid.* iv. p. 422.
[3] *Ibid.* ii. p. 314.

Devonshire, and of his brother, Lord John, some account is due of one who, for purely intellectual attainments, must be held the most eminent to bear the name. Many members of the family have been keenly appreciative of literature and the arts. Not a few have been actively interested in the sciences. One of the greatest of English philosophers long had his home with them. The third Earl of Devonshire and his more famous son were both among the earliest fellows of the Royal Society. Later, Lord Charles Cavendish, the second duke's third son, received the same distinction and was a trustee of the British Museum.[1] But these men have, after all, left no mark on the history of thought or of scientific discovery. Even Newcastle's mathematical brother, Charles Cavendish of Wallington, was only a gifted amateur. Henry Cavendish the chemist stands altogether in another category.

The Lord Charles Cavendish just mentioned, who was not too exclusively devoted to science to be a member of Parliament and a gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, married in January 1727 the Lady Anne Grey, third daughter of Henry, Duke of Kent. By her he had two sons, Henry, called after his grandfather, and Frederick, who bore the name of his royal sponsor. Some confusion as to the order of their arrival into the world at one time existed, owing to the fact that Collins in his *Peerage* gave Frederick prior place to Henry. It is certain, however, that Henry was the firstborn. He is described as *natu maximus* in the record of his entry at Saint Peter's College, Cambridge, and as 'the eldest son' on his funeral tablet. Soon after her marriage his mother went to Nice for her health. Her stay was prolonged, and it was at Nice that Henry Cavendish was born, 10th October 1731.

[1] Still later, of course, came the seventh duke, whose active interest in the application of science was so beneficial to the community. But of him anon.

Frederick, on the other hand, first saw the light in England after his parents' return, presumably in the following year. Lady Cavendish died in 1733.

Some nine years later the two motherless boys were sent to a school, at the time celebrated, which was kept by Doctor Newcombe at Hackney. Thence in due course they proceeded to Saint Peter's College. Both at school and at college they had for their contemporary their cousin, Lord John Cavendish, the future chancellor of the Exchequer. Of these years of their lives nothing is known, nor is it clear why Henry, after remaining at Cambridge over three years, left without taking a degree. Possibly he refused to submit to the requisite religious test.

Frederick's failure to attain the reward of academic endeavour is, on the other hand, fully accounted for. Early in 1752, about the end of his first year, that is to say, he had the misfortune to fall from an upper window of his college, and to arrive on his head in the court beneath. For a time his life was in danger, he was unable to return to the university, a deep dent showed in his forehead ever afterwards, and the accident is doubtless accountable for the subsequent eccentricity at which even his obituary eulogist feels constrained to hint.

The permanent effects of Frederick's injury were sufficient to debar him from taking any part in public life, and his many years were singularly uneventful. He did not mix in the circles of which his kin were such prominent members. Even with his brother he had little intercourse, though they paid a visit to Paris together. Of this trip the historians have deemed it worth while to preserve the following incident, presumably to show that taciturnity was a family characteristic. 'On landing at Calais they stopped at an hotel, and in retiring for the night passed a room, the door of which was left open, and they saw in passing a dead body laid out for burial. Nothing was

said at the time, but the next day the following conversation took place between the brothers on their road to Paris.

'*Frederick*: "Did you see the corpse?"

'*Henry*: "I did."'[1]

For the last forty years of his life Frederick Cavendish dwelt at Market Street, on the borders of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire. He had some skill with his pencil, and well filled portfolios testified to his industry. With the ingenuity peculiar to private gentlemen of the eighteenth century he discovered some process for taking accurate impressions of leaves and plants, to the admiration of his friends, to whom, however, he would never impart his secret. They would learn it after his death, he used to say, when his collections were to go to the British Museum. He was a great reader, too, a lover of Horace, like his great grandfather, and well versed both in the English Augustans and in the poets of his own time, Mason, Gray, Thomson and Akenside. His obituarist mentions with admiration his accurate recitation of Gray's *Bard* 'or other equally long poems.' It was an age more patient than ours.

A Whig by inheritance, he gave the younger Pitt an allegiance not accorded him by the more active politicians of his house. He was intensely proud of his family, however, and did not like others to forget his birth. He was punctilious about being addressed as 'the Honourable,' and when the country people, unskilled in the gradations of aristocracy, called him 'my Lord,' he was not displeased.

For the rest, Frederick Cavendish was a kindly, hospitable man, living simply, but entertaining handsomely. In the little, quiet world where he spent so much of his life his generosity was famous, and many stories were told of his charity. A rich man, he was ever ready to help those in distress. On the death of his brother Henry, his wealth was greatly increased by the scientist's vast fortune;

[1] Wilson, *Life of Henry Cavendish* (Cavendish Soc.), p. 173 n.

but by that time he himself was a very old man, and his powers were failing. Two years later, 23rd February 1812, at the age of fourscore, he died at Market Street, and was laid to rest with his ancestors at Derby.[1]

The record of Henry Cavendish's life for the decade or so after his departure from Cambridge is absolutely blank. Probably the journey to France in his brother's company was made during that time, but he was doubtless most often in London, prosecuting the studies which were to make him famous. His labours bore no known fruit, however, till 1764, when he prepared notes of some experiments on arsenic for the use of friends. Early in the following year he had commenced his important experiments in heat, though these were not to be made public for nearly twenty years, and in 1766 he sent his first paper —on ' Factitious Airs '—to the Royal Society.

It would be as impertinent as unprofitable for one who knows nothing of such matters to attempt any account of Cavendish's scientific work. But that work was the whole of his life. Within the limits it imposed his tastes were catholic: he was almost equally interested in mathematics, electricity, astronomy, geology, chemistry and meteorology. But outside these limits he never stirred. He was the discoverer of nitric acid and of the composition of water. He was the first clearly to differentiate animal from common electricity, and to determine with approximate accuracy the density of the earth. He measured and weighed the elements. But of the wonder of life he knew nothing. He made several journeys through different parts of England, but in the diaries he kept there is never a human or personal note, never the faintest reflection of the joy of the hills or the peace of the valleys. The earth was for him an object lesson in geology. Of its denizens, only such existed as could answer scientific questions.

[1] See *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1812, i. p. 289 sqq.

Henry Cavendish lived the life almost of a hermit. According to Lord Brougham, 'he probably uttered fewer words in the course of his life than any man who ever lived to fourscore years, not at all excepting the monks of La Trappe.' He seems to have thirsted after knowledge for its own sake merely, without any thought of the general progress of science. Some of his most important investigations were unpublished at his death. The great controversy, which arose as to the validity of his claim to the discovery of the composition of water, arose largely from his wilful ignorance of the experiments of others, and his uncommunicativeness as to his own. This dispute is famous in the annals of science, and was continued long after its protagonists were in the grave. Henry Cavendish, James Watt and the French Lavoisier had been making independent investigations, and arrived at similar conclusions. A paper read by Cavendish before the Royal Society in 1784 was taken as a challenge by the other two seekers and their respective friends. The battle was fierce as it was long, though victory was at last adjudged to Cavendish. One gladly notes that those chiefly concerned, while maintaining their claims, showed the characteristic generosity of men of science. When Watt and Cavendish made one another's acquaintance in 1785, their relations became as cordial as the nature of one of the parties would permit.

In his earlier years, at least, one reason for Cavendish's retiring habits may have been his poverty. According to one authority, his income was £500 a year, and his lodging a stable. According to another, his father allowed him but £120 annually until he was forty years of age; while a member of the Royal Society Club records that he used to dine regularly at the 'Crown and Anchor' tavern, where the club had its meetings, and that he never had in his pocket more than the five shillings charged for the dinner, which his father daily doled out to him. This paternal

closeness of fist, is generally taken to imply disapprobation of Cavendish's pursuits, and there seems some probability in Lord Brougham's assertion that Henry was expected by his family to turn his abilities into political channels. But it is strange if Lord Charles made more than a half-hearted opposition to his son's devotion to studies in which he himself took a keen interest. Some members of the house certainly looked thereon with no favourable eye. The fifth Duke of Devonshire, for instance, forbade his beautiful Georgiana to visit his kinsman's laboratory, with the remark: 'He is not a gentleman—*he works.*'

Whatever the cause—and it may be that he (or rather his father) merely shared the common lot of the younger son—Henry Cavendish was undoubtedly for many years a comparatively poor man. A relation, however, left him money, and in 1783, the date of his most important and disputed discovery, the death of Lord Charles augmented his fortunes. Latterly his wealth was notorious. Biot, one of his biographers, called him *le plus riche de tous les savans, et probablement aussi, le plus savant de tous les riches.* The simplicity of his habits, which did not change with increase of fortune, made his money absolutely superfluous. The balance at his bank grew so large that the bankers became anxious and decided to suggest investment. One of them, accordingly, called at the depositor's house:—

'The servant said, "What is your business with him?"

'He did not choose to tell the servant.

'The servant then said, "You must wait till my master rings his bell, and then I will let him know."

'In about a quarter of an hour the bell rang, and the banker had the curiosity to listen to the conversation which took place.

'"Sir, there is a person below who wants to speak to you."

'"Who is he? who is he? what does he want with me?"

'"He says he is your banker, and must speak to you."'

'Mr. Cavendish, in great agitation, desires he may be sent up, and, before he entered the room, cries, "What do you come here for? What do you want with me?"

'"Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you, as we have a very large balance in hand of yours, and wish for your orders respecting it."

'"If it is any trouble to you, I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me."

'"Not the least trouble to us, sir, not the least; but we thought you might like some of it to be invested."

'"Well! well! what do you want to do?"

'"Perhaps you would like to have forty thousand pounds invested."

'"Do so! Do so, and don't come here and trouble me, or I will remove it."'[1]

At his death, Cavendish left over a million pounds, and was the largest holder of bank stock in England. Not that he was by any means a miser. Money and its ordinary uses did not come within his sphere of interest. But he could be generous enough. At one time, at somebody's suggestion, he took a poor gentleman into his house, who in return for a lodging was to arrange his library. The work done, the man left and fell on evil days. A friend, meeting Cavendish at the Royal Society Club, suggested that he might do something to help his old librarian. The idea had evidently never occurred to the philosopher, but he responded readily. 'Well, well, well,' he asked, 'a cheque for £10,000, would that do?'[2] He was always naïve in his charities. When asked for a subscription, he invariably gave a sum equal to the largest already on the list; a practice of which shrewd beggars naturally took advantage by heading their lists with ample if imaginary

[1] Wilson, *Life of Henry Cavendish* (Cavendish Soc.), pp. 175, 176.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 174.

figures. The fact that Cavendish helped young students is not well authenticated, but by no means improbable.

His own expenses were mainly connected with his experiments. At one time he was living in Bloomsbury, at the corner of Montague Place and Gower Street, and had a separate house in Dean Street, Soho, for his books. He had collected a good library, which was at the service of all engaged in scientific study, and when he made use of it himself, he would always leave a signed receipt for the book taken. The impersonal could go no further.

Most of his work was done at Clapham in a house (afterwards known as Cavendish House),[1] which was fitted up with every sort of necessary apparatus, characteristically designed for use rather than ornament. He had none of the æsthetic scientist's love of shapely tools. His domestic arrangements were of the simplest. The rare guest was invariably entertained with a leg of mutton and nothing else. And when, on a probably unique occasion, his party was to be too numerous to find satisfaction in one leg, he told his housekeeper to provide two.

Cavendish, indeed, was no lover of company. He never went into society. He saw little of his family. After their departure from Cambridge he and his brother rarely met. His cousin, Lord George Cavendish, who inherited his fortune, visited him twice a year for half an hour. Unlike Frederick, Henry had little pride in his name. Occasionally he attended a christening at Devonshire House or Burlington House. One fancies him ill at ease at such festivals. It is told of him that once, it being the custom to make a present to the nurse in command of the situation, 'he put his hand in his pocket, and presented her with a handful of guineas without counting them.'[2]

[1] I do not know whether it still exists. In 1851 it did. Cavendish Road and Cavendish Grove commemorate the philosopher.

[2] *Life*, p. 181 n.

The philosopher had the reputation of a misogynist, though it is on record that he once rescued a lady from the horns of a cow, and Duchess Georgiana, until her husband's interdict (and possibly after), used to visit the Clapham laboratory. But he would not see a female servant, and if one showed herself, even by accident, she lost her situation. He ordered his dinner by leaving a note on the hall table for his housekeeper. The discovery that he was watched by two members of the undesirable sex made him change both the hour and the road of his daily walk. His disgust was intense, when at a dinner of the Royal Society Club, the more human philosophers crowded to a window to see a pretty girl who was watching them from the house opposite.

The meetings of the Royal Society Club, and Sir Joseph Banks's weekly conversaziones, were almost the only occasions on which Cavendish had any intercourse with his fellows. At these gatherings he was often to be seen shuffling through the rooms, pausing now and then to hear what was being said, but rarely speaking himself, and showing annoyance if addressed. His silence was due to shyness rather than moroseness. He was morbidly shy, and to enter a room full of people required a strong effort of will.

When he did speak, in his shrill, nervous voice, he was always listened to with deference. Among those with whom he had been long acquainted, he sometimes grew expansive on his own themes, but in the presence of strangers he was speechless. Nothing embarrassed him more than an introduction. On one occasion Docter Ingenhousz, a Dutch savant, presented to him an Austrian who had expressed a desire to meet the great chemist. The magniloquent compliments of the two foreigners left poor Cavendish without a word to answer. There was a painful pause, while he stood abashed and miserable. Then a

sudden dash, and the philosopher was gone. He did not slacken his pace till he had gained his carriage, and given orders to be driven safely home.

He must have made a strange figure, this little old man, in his faded violet coat, of a cut which had been the fashion two generations back, with his frills, and his cocked hat and his 'knocker-tailed' wig. Reading his contemporaries' description of him, one remembers Holmes's *Last Leaf*. There is a watercolour of him, too, made from sketches taken surreptitiously at a club dinner, just as D'Orsay drew the unconscious Turner, for nothing would have induced the shy chemist to sit for his portrait.

When he attended these dinners at the 'Crown and Anchor' tavern, Cavendish invariably hung his hat on the same peg. He had many such habits. His boots were always placed for him on a certain spot outside his dining-room door, and in one of them (the same one always) was placed his walking stick. When he drove, he measured the distance of his journey by a 'waywiser,' an antique sort of cyclometer. 'He calculated the advent of his tailor to make a new suit of clothes, as he would have done that of a comet, and consulted the almanac to discover when the artist should appear.'[1] Life was for him a mathematical problem. He calculated the hour of his death.

Some men rise above their normal selves in that ultimate hour, some men, in the presence of the great mystery, fall far below. Henry Cavendish was very true to himself. Characteristically he knew precisely when his time was come. Characteristically he dismissed his servant, desiring to be alone. Characteristic, also, was his annoyance when the servant, human and apprehensive, came back before the appointed time. There are various accounts of the return to the great silence of the man who had done so little in his long life to break it. Whether he died alone,

[1] *Life*, p. 188.

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whether, after all, in the presence of his servant, whether attended by the surgeon, Sir Edward Home, whom the servant, in spite of his master's injunction, had taken upon himself to summon, is a moot point. Nor can we ever know whether, as one has reported, he said to his valet: 'Mind what I say—I am going to die. When I am dead, *but not till then,* go to Lord George Cavendish and tell him of the event. Go!' recalling the man, however, after half an hour and making him repeat his instructions. Such details matter little. On 24th February 1810 he died. 'The lonely returns to the lonely'; but one can hardly add 'the divine to the divinity.'

Henry Cavendish was buried, like the rest of that great house to which he had seemed so little to belong, in All Hallows, Derby. The pomp of a Cavendish funeral was, presumably, accorded him, the mayor and thirty burgesses, clad in mourning vesture, joining the procession at the gates of the town. One can almost see the little body shrinking in its coffin.

The bulk of the chemist's vast wealth went, as has been said, first to his brother, Frederick, and then to Lord George Cavendish, afterwards Earl of Burlington, younger son of the fourth Duke of Devonshire and father of the seventh. The Earl of Bessborough received a legacy for the unexpected reason that his conversation had given Cavendish pleasure at the Royal Society Club dinners. Among the dead man's belongings were found a number of old-fashioned jewels, including a richly bediamonded stomacher, worth perhaps £20,000. Strange toys for a misogynist.

Perhaps it will be thought that too much has been made of the trivialities of a life which is memorable only for far other things. But there is something pathetic about such an existence as Henry Cavendish's, so fruitful and yet so utterly barren. He was an eminent scientist, a society

of learned men was called after him, and his name is still held venerable. Small profit to set against his losses. He understood the structure of the universe. But the stars had no song for him, neither had earth any laughter.

## CHAPTER VIII

### FOUR BROTHERS

The third Duke of Devonshire was fortunate in his sons. Three out of the four rose to that degree of eminence which would afterwards entitle them to a niche in our great *Dictionary of National Biography*. He who did not so qualify was none the less a good public servant. Lord George Augustus Cavendish, second of the four brothers, and the godson of George II., was at his death the oldest member of the House of Commons. Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, he was returned for Weymouth at a bye-election in 1751, but in the next parliament left that constituency to his brother John, and henceforth represented Derbyshire. In 1780 he retired in favour of his nephew, Lord Richard Cavendish, but on that young man's death in the following year he was again elected, and for some thirteen years longer was one of Fox's most zealous supporters. He was a privy councillor, and held, for a short time, the office of comptroller of the Household, besides being for several years lord-lieutenant and custos rotulorum of Derbyshire. He died somewhat suddenly in his carriage, 2nd May 1794, when returning to London from Holker, the seat in Lancashire which had been devised him by his cousin Sir William Lowther of Marske, third and last baronet, son of Sir Thomas Lowther and Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the second Duke of Devonshire. He had gone there, as his custom was, to keep Easter. His body was carried back for burial to the church of Cartmel, where he

had so recently received the sacrament. He had never married, and his brother Frederick inherited his estate. His death was felt by many friends, and by his tenants, for, like all Cavendishes, he was a good landlord.

Although one of the ablest and most eminent bearers of the title, the fourth duke was a briefer time at the head of his house than any other. His years fell far short of the appointed span. But, like the descendant whose memory is still so green, it was as Marquess of Hartington that he won his spurs. Born in 1720, as soon as he was of age he went to Parliament for Derbyshire, representing the county until, in 1751, he received a summons to the Upper House in his father's barony of Cavendish of Hardwick. Before this, however, an event had occurred which increased both the wealth and the prestige of one already so well endowed with both commodities.

Hartington, true to his colours, was a devoted adherent of Sir Robert Walpole, and at one time there was some talk of a match for him with the statesman's natural daughter, Mary. But the project, if ever seriously taken up, was abandoned, and, 28th March 1748, at Lady Burlington's House in Pall Mall, he married Charlotte Elizabeth Boyle, daughter of Richard, third Earl of Burlington. On the earl's death in 1753 young Lady Hartington (she was sixteen at her marriage) inherited, as only surviving child, vast estates in England and Ireland, and became entitled to the barony of Clifford.[1]

[1] To this barony her father had established his claim in 1737, as heir to his great-grandmother, the Countess of Burlington, daughter and sole heir of Henry Clifford (afterwards Earl of Cumberland), who in 1628 had been summoned to the House of Lords on the erroneous supposition that the barony of Clifford, created in 1299, was vested in his father, Francis, Earl of Cumberland. The ancient barony was restored to its rightful owners in 1691, and is now held by Jack Southwell Russell, Lord de Clifford, but the mistake of 1628 constituted a new creation.

The property which she thus brought into her husband's family comprised all that had belonged to her father, with the exception of the creation fee of the Earldom of Cork, which went with Burlington's Irish peerage to his cousin John Boyle, Earl of Orrery. Thus the Clifford estates of Bolton Abbey and Londesborough in Yorkshire; the Boyle estates in Waterford; the more recently acquired property at Chiswick, afterwards to be the beautiful Duchess Georgiana's favourite residence; Burlington House in Piccadilly, which in the days of Fox and the Regency Bill would be second only to Devonshire House as the factory of Whig policy; all these stately houses and far-stretching acres were added to the possessions of the Lords of Chatsworth and Hardwick, making them the richest of the English. In their own country they already stood as high as they well could, but the Irish estates gave them a new importance in the sister island. With the possession of Lismore Castle, the governorship of Cork, which the Earls of Burlington had had almost by hereditary right, passed naturally to the Dukes of Devonshire, and was held in turn by the fourth duke and his son. The appointment of the head of the Cavendishes as lord-lieutenant of Ireland, though no new thing, received an additional appropriateness. Irish blood was already in their veins from the first duke's marriage with Mary Butler. Charlotte Boyle brought them both Irish blood and Irish lands. The gift has received generous acknowledgment. When the affairs of Ireland have been the question, the Cavendishes, even when apathetic in other matters, have always had a word—and a wise word—to say. And as Irish landlords they have achieved the rare distinction of popularity.

Charlotte Boyle did not live to be Duchess of Devonshire. On 8th December 1754, just a year before her husband succeeded to the title, she died at Uppingham in Rutland, being only twenty-three years of age, but already mother

of four children. On Christmas Eve her body was buried where so many of the Cavendishes rest, at the church of All Hallows in Derby. The barony of Clifford descended to her eldest son, Lord William Cavendish, afterwards fifth Duke of Devonshire. From him it passed to the sixth duke, on whose death it fell into abeyance between his two sisters, Georgiana Dorothy, Countess of Carlisle, and Henrietta Elizabeth, Countess Granville, both of whom left issue.

Although he played no very prominent part and held no office during the ten years he spent in the Lower House, Hartington came naturally to be recognised as a leader among the younger Whigs. A few months before his summons to join the Lords, he gained the king's approbation by administering a snub to William Pitt. Henry Pelham, as First Lord of the Treasury, announced his intention of providing for eight thousand seamen instead of the ten thousand of the previous year. Pitt, paymaster-general of the forces, joined the opposition in objecting to the reduction, and Pelham was nearly induced to let that forceful person have his way. But Hartington, rallying his friends, divided the House, when only fifteen members followed the paymaster-general into the opposition lobby.[1]

On 13th June the marquess joined the ranks of the hereditary peers with the precedence of fifteenth baron. On 9th July he was appointed master of the Horse, and three days later sworn of the Privy Council.

How zealous he was for his party is shown by a remark of Lord Egremont's: 'The Whigs can't be in danger for then my Lord Hartington would not be gone a-hunting.'[2] In due course his services were recognised. In 1754 he was appointed treasurer of Ireland and governor of Cork. A year later, he succeeded Lionel Cranfield Sackville, Duke of Dorset, as lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

Dorset, whose first lieutenancy, it will be remembered,

[1] Walpole, *Letters*, iii. p. 32 sq. [2] *Ibid.* iii. p. 140.

immediately preceded that of Hartington's father, and who returned to Ireland at the end of 1750, made his second exit from the Dublin stage under something of a cloud. His first term of office had been uneventful and successful. He had no special talent for governing—Lord Shelburne called him 'a perfect English courtier and nothing else'—but he was fortunate in having no crisis to cope with; and his suave and dignified manners admirably fitted him for the ordinary duties of the castle.

The duke's second viceroyalty passed by no means so smoothly. Twenty years older than at his previous appointment, he left much to his son, Lord George Sackville, who went with him as his principal secretary. The policy of the younger man in alliance with George Stone, the primate of Ireland, was responsible for the first organised opposition to the Government which had so far arisen in the Irish Parliament. Nor was this all. Henry Boyle, the Whig leader, incensed at an attempt to supplant him in the speakership, threw in his lot with the enemy. The next few years were stormy, and when, in March 1754, the Dublin Theatre was wrecked by a crowd incensed at Sheridan the manager's refusal to allow a repetition of certain lines which had given delight as apparently reflecting on those in high places, the English Government began to grow alarmed. Finally, in the following February, Dorset was dismissed, and Hartington was sent, as Horace Walpole said, 'with the olive branch.' [1]

> 'I own to you, my Lord [wrote Thomas Adderley of Inishannon to Lord Charlemont], I should be better pleased that any other nobleman in England succeeded to the lieutenancy than the Marquis of Hartington, on account of his close connections with a certain family, who I fear will endeavour to attach him more to their private interests than to the true interest of the kingdom.

[1] Walpole, *Letters*, iii. p. 292.

> People here do not relish this change; though it is considered as a great point gained to get the Duke of Dorset out of the Government. Some there are who think, from the honesty of the marquis, that he will not be biassed; indeed, if he makes himself well acquainted with the true state of the country and the constitution, it may be of service; otherwise he will run great risques of being imposed on.'[1]

The 'certain family' was that of the Ponsonbys, with which two of Hartington's sisters had married: the Lady Caroline Cavendish, to William, afterwards Earl of Bessborough; and the Lady Elizabeth to John Ponsonby, William's brother, who in 1756 succeeded Boyle as speaker of the Irish House of Commons. But the writer's fears were less well founded than his later, more comfortable reflections. Hartington, who just before his appointment had been engaged as intermediary in some delicate negotiations between the Duke of Newcastle and Henry Fox, had very considerable gifts as a diplomatist. By the end of his lieutenancy he had succeeded in bringing about an amicable adjustment of the contending parties.

His personal relations with some of the leading men in Irish politics were, indeed, far from being the disqualification that Adderley had feared. Closely connected as he was with the Ponsonbys, who were in temporary alliance with Archbishop Stone and the court party, he was also on terms of intimate friendship with the Earl of Kildare, leader of the 'patriots,' whose stout defence of the liberties of their country was stigmatised by the enemy as Jacobitism and Popery. Kildare, who as the representative of the great house of Fitzgerald, was a man of immense popularity and power, had recently presented George II. with an extremely plainly worded memorial, in which he enumerated the grievances of Ireland, and vehemently attacked the

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Charlemont MSS., i. p. 211.

primate, Lord George Sackville and the court party generally.

Reconciliation, however, at least between Kildare and the Ponsonbys, was not a difficult matter. The Earl of Bessborough, head of the latter house, and father-in-law of Hartington's sisters, had joined Stone from expediency rather than conviction. It was his ambition to see his son speaker of the Irish House. Feeling which way the wind was blowing, on the dismissal of Dorset he made his peace with Kildare, with Henry Boyle, who had obstinately clung to the speakership in face of all intrigue, and with Anthony Malone, who was at the time out of office for his opposition to the Crown on the question of the appropriation of surplus revenue.

When Hartington arrived in Dublin he thus found a strong party united against the unpopular primate. He strengthened it by his approval. One of the first events of his lieutenancy was the elevation of Boyle to the peerage, as Earl of Shannon, with a pension of £2000 a year. The coveted speakership was thus left vacant for John Ponsonby, and Malone became chancellor of the Exchequer.

The sight of a lord-lieutenant taking the opposition to his bosom very naturally did not inspire confidence. People thought that he was playing a game and was merely biding his time to restore the methods of the Sackville regime. Bessborough's change of alliance had, moreover, been made in secret, and he was still believed to be on good terms with Stone. In Parliament there were still sufficient of the primate's adherents to thwart the new viceroy's friends. Proceedings were as stormy as ever, and Hartington, fearing a continuance of the old troubles, brought his first session to an abrupt termination.

The great obstacle to be abolished before a peaceful settlement became possible was the ascendency of Archbishop Stone. Arrogant and oppressive, the great ecclesi-

astic, whom Kildare called a second Wolsey, grew daily more unpopular. Feeling his grasp of power weakening, he simulated an intense zeal for the viceroy's measures. But he could not win back to the position he had occupied in Dorset's time. Presbyterians and Catholics alike detested him, and the viceroy wrote to his father, that nothing could be done unless the primate was set down, and all those reinstated who under the previous administration had been removed from office.[1] The Duke of Devonshire at once informed the king of his son's opinion, and though Stone was not, as is often stated, dismissed from the Privy Council, the victims of his animosity were restored to their respective positions, the primate was relegated to the background, and a temporary truce from party warfare was established.

The peace lasted for the remainder of the lieutenancy, which terminated in November 1756. The departing viceroy, who was now Duke of Devonshire, introduced a change into the customary farewell speech, which was characteristic of his individual and traditional liberalism. Omitting the usual exhortation to the Irish Protestants to unite against the common enemy, he recommended, instead, a complete harmony among all, of whatever denomination, who owned George II.'s sovereignty.

A desire to establish harmony had, indeed, been the motive of Devonshire's policy. Nor had his efforts been unsuccessful. He had found Ireland the plaything of contending factions, and had left her tranquil. He had broken the power of a bureaucracy which was encroaching on the people's liberty, and placed the government in the hands of men who at least professed to have the country's welfare at heart. That his success was due as much to personal popularity as to administrative ability does not take away from the beneficial nature of his achieve-

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 15th rep., app. vi. p. 210.

ments. Nor was it his fault that, a few months after his departure, party strife was once more vehement.

Devonshire abandoned Irish to play a prominent part in English politics. In October 1756 Henry Fox, disgusted at the treatment he received from his colleagues and the king, announced his intention of resigning his post as secretary of state. There was thus a vacancy in the ministry. The man to fill the gap was William Pitt, but Pitt refused to serve under the Duke of Newcastle, whose incompetence and corrupt practices were alike disagreeable to the great and clean-handed statesman. At this juncture the qualities of the suave viceroy of Ireland were called to mind. Devonshire was asked to form a ministry.

Refusing at first, he at length yielded to the pressure applied through Henry Conway, his friend and colleague in Ireland. He exacted, however, the provision that he should be at liberty to retire at the end of the session. On 11th November Newcastle sent in his resignation. On the 16th Devonshire was appointed first lord of the Treasury, and two days later was honoured with the Garter.

The formation of the new ministry had been a work of some delicacy. Pitt wanted places for all his friends, and the king, who did not like Pitt, desired the prime minister to act in concert with Fox. But between Pitt and Fox there was no coalition, and Devonshire, a personal friend of the latter, saw that the inclusion of the former in the Government was an urgent necessity. Pitt, though his followers in Parliament were a small minority, was a popular favourite, and indisputably the most capable politician of the day. He became, besides, more moderate in his demands, though he insisted that Fox should be kept out of the ministry, and eventually George II. agreed to his appointment as secretary of state for the southern department. Three of his brothers-in-law, Lord Temple,

George and James Grenville were respectively first lord of the Admiralty, treasurer of the Navy, and a lord of the Treasury. His friend, Henry Bilson Legge, was chancellor of the Exchequer.

As a matter of fact, although Devonshire was officially prime minister, William Pitt was the actual head of the Government. The administration of the next few years—the splendid administration which resulted in Minden, Quebec and Plassey—was Pitt's. It was the day of the great war minister, who inevitably overshadowed all his colleagues.

Devonshire's retirement, after half a year at the Treasury, was in no way due to unsuitability for the post. The king was quite satisfied with him. 'The Duke of Devonshire,' he told Lord Waldegrave, 'has acted by me in the handsomest manner, and is in a very disagreeable situation, entirely on my account.'[1] But circumstances made a coalition between Pitt and Newcastle no longer avoidable. At the beginning of 1757 an army was equipped for service in Prussia, in accordance with the terms of the Convention of Westminster. On the suggestion of Frederick the Great, the Duke of Cumberland—the 'Butcher' of Culloden—was offered the command. Cumberland's acceptance of the post was conditional on the dismissal of Pitt. Nothing loath, the king dismissed both the secretary and Temple. The rest of the Grenvilles and Legge resigned.

This was in April, and for nearly three months the country lacked a ministry. Newcastle found that he could not form one without the man who had said to Devonshire, 'I know that I can save the country, and I know no other man can'; the man who was the people's idol. Pitt, on the other hand, had learned that mere popular enthusiasm was not a strong enough weapon with which to fight Newcastle's myrmidons. So a truce was patched up, and

[1] *Memoir*, p. 100.

a coalition ministry was formed. At the end of June Devonshire, who had already accepted the chamberlain's staff and key, left the Treasury, to which Newcastle returned, while Pitt resumed his secretaryship.

But this artificial arrangement was not destined to last long. The old Whig families had had the power in their own hands too long. As their vigour diminished, the sense of their own superiority increased. They disliked being bullied by the man who rejoiced to be called the 'Great Commoner.' He was a man of mean parentage. Heaven knew what his ancestors had been in 1688! So Newcastle set himself to oppose the schemes of his colleague. Pitt, almost single-handed, was carrying on a glorious war. Newcastle declared for peace. With him, tied by every bond of class tradition, went the Duke of Devonshire.

The accession of George III. made the war minister's task still more difficult. The new king detested Pitt and his democratic tendencies. He hated the Whigs, too, and longed for a Tory ministry. But Pitt must first be got rid of. Though they disliked him, the Whig oligarchs could not stand without him. It was safe enough to cajole them for a while. George's favourite, the Earl of Bute, found a place in the cabinet. In 1761 Newcastle with the concurrence of Devonshire and Hardwicke, extruded the Earl of Holdernesse to make room for him as a secretary of state. The new combination proved too strong for Pitt. In October, finding himself in opposition to Bute, Newcastle, Devonshire and Hardwicke on the question of declaring war against Spain, he resigned office.

It was the Whigs' turn next. No sooner was Pitt safely out of the way than the king and Bute turned on Newcastle, treating the old man with every discourtesy. Their friends filled the vacant places in the ministry; government became impossible; and at last, urged by his friends,

—among them Devonshire, who had at first hoped for a union between Newcastle and Bute—the prime minister reluctantly sent in his resignation.

It was some months before Devonshire followed suit, though, with the king's leave, he absented himself from meetings of the cabinet. According to Horace Walpole, he was 'fluctuating between the golden key and disgust.'[1] His manner of leaving the office, which he had filled with competence and dignity, is told in a letter he wrote to the Duke of Rutland, from Chatsworth, 2nd November 1762.

> 'Your Grace's goodness to me induces me to take the liberty of acquainting you with an event that has happened in regard to myself. When I was at Bath I received a summons from Lord Egremont to attend a Council where the final terms of the peace were to be settled. As I had long declin'd attending meetings, and as I understood I had the King's leave so to do, I return'd for answer that I hoped His Majesty would excuse my not coming to the Council as it was impossible for me to give an opinion in the uninform'd situation I was in, and therefore hoped his Majesty wou'd not expect that I shou'd make myself responsible for measures that I had had no share in and was in a manner unacquainted with. As his Majesty's ministers had put me under the necessity of disobeying his commands, I thought myself under the necessity of desiring the King's permission to retire. As soon as my health would permit I came from Bath, went to Court, and desir'd to see the King. The *valet de chambre* return'd with an answer that the King wou'd not see me, upon which I desir'd to know who I shou'd deliver my staff [to]. The answer return'd was that he wou'd send me his orders. After this extraordinary message, I cou'd not think of keeping my key one moment, so I went to Lord Egremont and desir'd his Lordship wou'd deliver it to the King, which he promised to do. I should have sent your Grace

[1] *Letters*, v. p. 272.

this account sooner, but I have been confin'd to my room in great pain.' [1]

As a sequel to this incident, which, it was rumoured, was the fruit of George's suspicion of a cabal between the duke and Newcastle, the king struck Devonshire's name off the list of privy councillors with his own hand, and without offering any reason for so unusual an act. The duke at once resigned all his English appointments, though he kept those which he had in Ireland, the treasureship and governorship of Cork. At his request his brother, Lord George Cavendish, gave up his year-old office of comptroller, and his brother-in-law, the Earl of Bessborough, left the Post Office. The Marquess of Rockingham also resigned from the Bedchamber.

George III. was in no way perturbed by these resignations. When Lord George brought him his staff, he merely remarked, 'that whoever desired to quit his staff, the king did not desire he should keep it.' [2] His action was confessedly designed to put the Whig nobility in its place. He seemed determined to slight Devonshire. In February 1764, he appointed the Marquess of Granby lord-lieutenant of Derbyshire, knowing that this choice would be especially unpleasing to his predecessor. 'But the vigour of the affront was woefully weakened by excuses.' [3]

Devonshire was not much longer to be troubled by the vicissitudes of worldly greatness. After his dismissal he had little more to do with public life, though he occasionally showed his disapproval of what was being done. He spoke on behalf of Wilkes, and when General Conway had his regiment taken from him, he made him the generous offer of £1000 a year till it should be restored. Conway courteously refused, but he benefited to the extent of £5000 under the duke's will, which was soon to be an open docu-

[1] Belvoir MSS., ii. p. 275.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 277.
[3] Walpole, *Letters*, vi. p. 21.

ment. In August Devonshire fell ill, and was ordered by his doctors to Spa. There he grew steadily worse, and a month or so after his journey the end came. 'The waters finished him,' said some. But, according to Horace Walpole, he had been unable to drink them, and a removal to Aix-la-Chapelle had been talked of. He was only forty-four years old. 'There 's a chapter for moralising!' wrote Horace, 'by five-and-forty, with forty thousand pounds a year, and happiness wherever he turned him! My reflection is, that it is folly to be unhappy at anything, when felicity itself is such a phantom!'

The loss of the duke, whom the king's mother had dubbed the Prince of the Whigs, was much felt by the Whigs of the old school, but he left three brothers to play the Cavendish part. Of George, the eldest and least distinguished of these, the career has already been lightly sketched. Frederick, the next brother, did what, up to that time, very few of his house had done. He entered the army. He seems to have been of a different, more amenable nature than either George or John. After their eldest brother's death he was the only one of the three who ever went near the court. When he returned the duke's Garter to the king, he took the occasion (with no warrant but his own, one suspects) of assuring his Majesty that the family did not blame him for their brother's disgrace. He was a great favourite with the Duke of Cumberland.

Having obtained an ensigncy in the first Foot Guards in 1750, his rise was rapid. In 1752 he was promoted lieutenant and captain in the Coldstream's, lieutenant-colonel of the twenty-ninth in 1756, and colonel in 1758 on his appointment as aide-de-camp to George II. At the outbreak of the Seven Years' War he and three other young officers, Wolfe, George Keppel and Robert Monckton, fired with military ardour and the sentiment of devotion to their country, had taken a solemn oath not to marry

until France was overcome. The oath was well kept. Three out of the four were bachelors at their death. Keppel did not take to himself a wife until many years after the peace had been signed.

As it turned out, Cavendish saw less active service than any of his conjurators. Nor was he fortunate in the nature of the campaigns in which he was engaged. In April 1757 he went to Germany as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, and took part in the campaign which began with the dismissal of Pitt and ended with the inglorious convention of Kloster-Zeven. In the following year, again in the capacity of aide, he accompanied the Duke of Marlborough (not, unfortunately for England, the hero of Blenheim) in the second expedition against St. Malo, which resulted in the rout of our forces at St. Cast with the loss of a thousand men. Among the prisoners was Lord Frederick Cavendish, who showed his punctiliousness and high sense of honour in a striking manner.

On the elevation of his brother to the House of Lords as Lord Cavendish of Hardwick, he had, in the teeth of the Duke of Rutland's opposition, been returned to the Commons for Derbyshire. Three years later he had been chosen for Derby. Now, when offered his parole, he refused it on the grounds that, as a member of Parliament, he should be obliged to vote supplies, for carrying on the war. But the Duke of Aiguillon, Louis xv.'s foreign minister, laughed his scruples to scorn. 'We should no more object to your voting in Parliament,' he told Cavendish, 'than to your begetting children lest they should one day fight against France.'

So Lord Frederick accepted his parole, and in 1760 his exchange was effected, whereupon he was sent into Germany for a second time. He commanded a brigade of infantry under Prince Ferdinand of Prussia until the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, taking part in the victory over the

French at Vellinghausen. Meanwhile he had in 1759 been appointed colonel of the sixty-seventh regiment. A year later he was transferred to the thirty-fourth, which he was to command for thirty-seven years. This last appointment he signalised by presenting the officers' mess with a pair of handsome silver vases. In due course he mounted the remaining steps in the service. He was promoted major-general in 1761, lieutenant-general in 1770, and general in 1782. Finally, 30th July 1796, he attained the rank of field-marshal.

After the close of the Seven Years' War Lord Frederick saw no more fighting. There was a rumour that he would go to America, but, as some one said, if he had acted consistently he would have fought on the Americans' side. But Cavendish was no traitor; and so, being unable to approve of the war, he stayed at home, taking a small part in politics, and seconding Lord Shelburne in a political duel.[1]

Late in life, Cavendish became the possessor of a fair and famous house. The rich and bibulous Diana Newport, Countess of Mountrath, who died in 1766, left Twickenham Park, once the residence of Francis Bacon, to the Duchess of Montrose for the joint lives of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. If the Duchess of Newcastle outlived the duke, she was to occupy the house for the term of her life, and on her death the Duchess of Montrose was to return. On the death of the Duchess of Montrose the remainder was to Lord Frederick Cavendish and his issue, and then to his brother Lord John, to whom, though she had seen him but twice in her life, the countess left a mortgage of £40,000 on her Devonshire estate, and made him her executor. On the failure of the issue of Lord John Cavendish, Twickenham Park was to devolve on Sir William Abdy, baronet, and his heirs.

[1] *Last Journals of Horace Walpole* (ed. 1910), ii. 291.

Horace Walpole aptly remarked that Lady Mountrath had 'settled all their deaths by entail,' and for a time, at least, everything went as she had arranged. The Duchess of Montrose occupied the house for a period, made way for the Dowager of Newcastle, outlived her and re-entered. Death terminated her second tenancy in 1788, and General Cavendish, whose lively and agreeable manner had, one supposes, commended him to the careful testatrix, became lord of Twickenham Park.

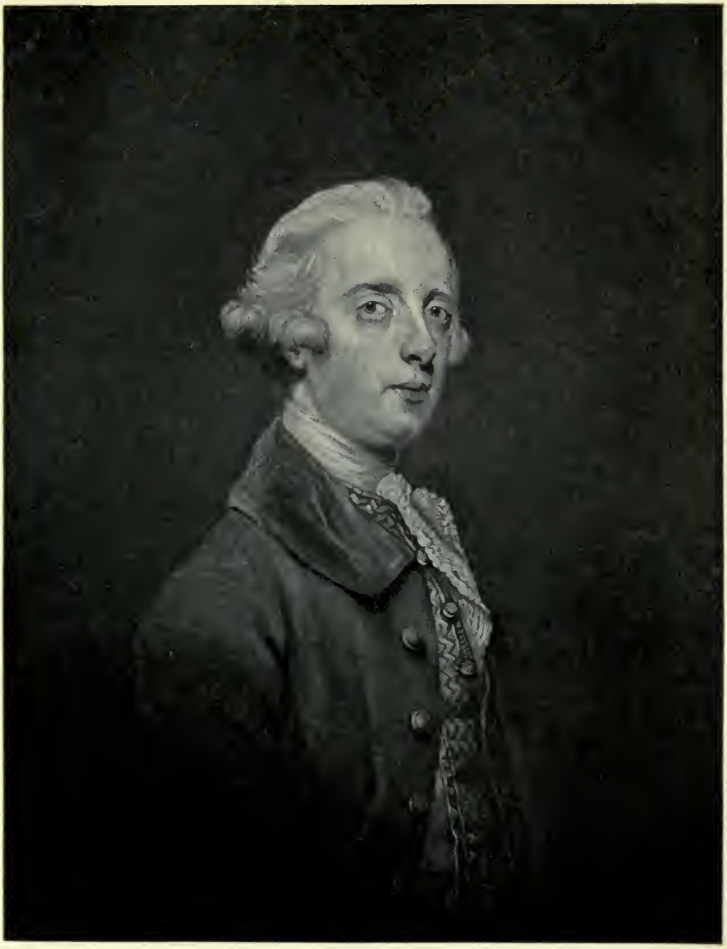
He owned the place for fifteen years and died there, a bachelor of seventy-four, 21st October 1803. He was the last of the brothers. Lord John had been long dead, and Twickenham went, as ordained, to Sir William Abdy, who shortly sold it in small sections. But the old soldier was rich without Twickenham, and his nephew, Lord George Cavendish, who was afterwards created Earl of Burlington, benefited largely by his will.

Contemporary writers on the politics of the twenty years which preceded the French Revolution sometimes use the name of Cavendish almost as though it were in itself a significant political expression. And the men who bore it were, indeed, a stout bulwark of the old Whigs, opposed on the one hand to the Tories, on the other to the newer, democratising school of Whigs who followed Chatham. The very fact that during the seventies and eighties there was no Duke of Devonshire actively engaged in the political game, brought the name of Cavendish into special prominence. The house was represented by Lord George Cavendish, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Lord John Cavendish, and, latterly, by their nephew, the younger Lord George; all sedulous upholders of the tradition, supporters of Rockingham and opponents of North. With their immense estates, which meant immense influence, they were certainly no negligible unit; but when Horace Walpole remarks that *his* Whiggism is not confined to the Peak of Derbyshire,

and further asserts that Lord John believed 'that the house of Cavendish ought to have the exclusive right of naming a prime minister,' well, one must remember who it is that is writing. Horace deliberately exaggerated in order that he might detract. As a matter of fact there was, when he was writing, only one of the house in real prominence, but for him the critic of Strawberry Hill happened to have a dislike. Lord Frederick was, of course, far more occupied with military affairs than with politics. Lord George, 'a much better man' than Lord John (Horace's opinion again), was content to play second fiddle to his younger brother, who was thus the family's chief representative in the arena.

Born in 1732, John Cavendish was sent to Peterhouse, Cambridge, whence, under the tuition of the Rev. William Mason, the poet, he graduated in 1753. Mason expressed his admiration for his pupil in a pompous elegy, but afterwards, disliking his politics, became estranged from him. The year following his departure from the university, Cavendish embarked on his parliamentary career as member for Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, but it was not until he had been for some years representative of Knaresborough, whose burgesses had returned him in 1761, that he began to make his mark. 'The most obstinate, conceited young man I ever saw,' Horace Walpole found him at this time, presumably because he dared to differ from him on the question of the Regency Bill. When, as a sequel to the introduction of that bill in 1765, George Grenville made way for the Marquess of Rockingham as prime minister, Lord John was given his first government appointment as a lord of the Treasury. But when, after a little more than a year, Rockingham was dismissed, he at once resigned, writing to Grafton, the new prime minister, that he did not suppose he wanted a Cavendish in the cabinet.[1] The real causes of his resignation were a determination not

[1] Walpole, *Memoirs of the Reign of King George III.*, ii. p. 250.



LORD JOHN CAVENDISH.
*Engraved by J. Grozer after Reynolds.*

to be associated with Pitt and his regard for Rockingham. The marquess was his personal friend as well as his political chief, and Cavendish was very faithful to him. It was complained, indeed, that he honoured personalities rather than principles; which, by the way, if one is a judge of men, is a very excellent practice.

It was fifteen years before Lord John received his next appointment. But he took an increasingly prominent part in debate. In 1772 his Liberalism was a sufficiently well-known fact for the clergy who wished to abolish the necessity of subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles to beg him to present their petition to the Commons. He refused, however, though he gave them his support in Parliament. In the same year, speaking on the Royal Marriage Bill, which was introduced, by the king's desire, to prevent members of his family from marrying without the consent of sovereign or Parliament, Cavendish expressed the pertinent doubt whether a prince, married under such an act, would not on coming to the throne proceed to get his marriage annulled.

Home politics were soon to fall into insignificance in comparison with the affairs of America. Discontent had long been rife among the colonists with regard to English methods of taxation. As the Americans became more and more conscious of themselves as a national entity, they looked with growing vexation on the cramping restrictions placed on their trade. The British governors were not always discreet in the exercise of their powers, and tension grew more and more severe. The breaking point was reached when permission was given to the East India Company to ship its surplus stock of tea to Boston duty free. On the arrival of the ships in their harbour, in December 1773, the Bostonians rose in their indignation and emptied the cargo, comprising three hundred and forty chests of tea, into the water.

The British Government at once determined on retribution. Lord North, the prime minister, introduced a bill for closing Boston Harbour until compensation should be paid to the East India Company, and sureties of future good behaviour given to the English Crown. This and similar measures were carried by the Tory majority. Neither North nor Dartmouth, the colonial secretary, really desired to drive things to extremities, but their policy, inspired by George III., was doomed to lead to the war which resulted in the Declaration of Independence, and the loss of our American colonies.

Both the king and the people wanted war. The Tories who had come into office to do George's bidding had a large majority in the House of Commons. Nevertheless the Opposition fought hard for peace. Divided as they were, both Chatham and the old Whigs were anxious for concession and conciliation. But the proposals of Chatham and Burke were alike rejected, and early in 1775 hostilities had begun.

Lord John Cavendish had, of course, taken sides with Rockingham and his party, of whom Edmund Burke had come to be the inspired voice. He spoke in the debates on the Boston Customs House Bill, casting doubts on the efficacy of North's proposed measure. On the reassembly of Parliament, after the general election in the autumn of 1774, he moved an amendment to the address, suggesting, as the Duke of Richmond had done in the Upper Chamber, that it would be better to wait for more definite news from America before further repressive measures were talked of. A little later in the session, on Lord North's motion to introduce a bill to exclude the New England States from trade with Great Britain, Ireland and the West Indies and from the Newfoundland fisheries, Cavendish was among those who disputed the evidence of rebellion in Massachusetts, which was the prime minister's excuse for this severe proposition.

In the following October he once more objected to the address, which talked gaily of the king's dominions in America, in spite of half a year of disaster. During the session he also attempted to limit the king's power of calling out the militia to suppress the present rebellion. His motion was defeated—*another striking evidence* (the italics are Walpole's) *that the Court was driving at arbitrary power by a standing army*[1]—though eventually some such suggestion was actually adopted.

A year later Lord John Cavendish moved the amendment to the address for a third time, or rather introduced a counter-address, condemning all the recent measures of the Government. This protest of the Whigs was voiced by Rockingham in the Upper Chamber, and Lord Granby was to have moved it in the Lower, but at the last minute gave way to an older hand. The gist of Cavendish's speech, as reported by Horace Walpole, was as follows: 'He never knew a crisis so interesting: we were now in a more melancholy situation than at the meeting of Parliament last year. The whole strength of this country had been tried, and had only produced a declaration of independence. He owned it surpassed his wisdom to know what was to be done. He would propose recapitulating past errors. We ought not coolly to take advantage of a moment of victory to increase our demands. The idea of marching through the continent of America was absurd. The expense of love of money were the paltry consideration and the cause of these unhappy differences. Distant provinces, with their minds alienated, would be a burthen and not a benefit. Were not the army and fleet now in America, at the mercy of the French? The prejudices as well as the rights of the people ought to have been attended to.'[2] Lord North replied, upholding the Government policy, and denying that there was any danger from the French; and

[1] *Last Journals*, i. p. 494. [2] *Ibid.* p. 580.

in spite of a magnificent speech in its support by Charles James Fox, the Opposition motion was defeated by 242 votes to 86, the figures in the Lords—91 to 26—being equally discouraging.

Lord John protested no more. The seeming vindication of North's policy by British victories overseas enhanced the weakness of the minority, and Rockingham and his party abandoned all attempts at opposition. They took the unheroic course of absenting themselves from Parliament when American affairs were up for debate. Cavendish, however, was in his place 16th April 1777, when, after apologising for the secession of himself and his friends, he moved that a committee should be appointed to inquire into the state of the accounts. The motion, though finely supported by the two great orators, Burke and Fox, suffered the usual fate.

A year later the member for York was at last to make a suggestion that should meet with general acceptance. This was a motion to address the king to settle a permanent fortune on the Earldom of Chatham, in honour of the statesman who had just passed away, and whose greatness Cavendish, opposed to him as he had been on vital questions, was the foremost to recognise. The result of this motion was a pension of £4000 a year.

In March 1782 Lord North's long administration came to an end. For some time past the war had been growing more and more unpopular. East and west English arms had been faring ill. The surrender of Yorktown in November had been a crushing blow. By February, Jamaica, Barbadoes and Antigua alone remained of our West Indian possessions, while Minorca surrendered to the combined fleets of France and Spain. In Parliament the voice in favour of acknowledging the independence of America grew daily more vehement. Burke, Fox and Pitt were all directing the powers of their oratory against North and his allies. On

8th March Lord John Cavendish brought forward four resolutions: first, that the war had cost one hundred million pounds; second, to state our losses; third, that we were at war with France, Spain and Holland, besides America; fourth, that all the preceding were due to the want of foresight and ability in the king's ministers, whom he should move to have charged.[1] These motions were rejected by the narrow majority of ten, the debate which followed them being remarkable for the announcement of William Pitt—a young man of twenty-three, who so far had done little to prove his capabilities—that in the new administration he would accept no subordinate position.

A week later, when Lord John's resolutions were again put, the Government majority sank to nine, and on the twentieth, to the grief of the king, North sent in his resignation.

George III. did all he could to save himself from the old Whigs. He went so far as to say that he would rather retire to Hanover than submit to a ministry with Rockingham at its head. He sent for Shelburne, a follower of Chatham's, who held his old chief's view that the king should have a hand in the Government, and was like him the enemy of American independence. But Shelburne, knowing that he could not stand alone, declined the task of forming a ministry. Lord Gower, next approached, also refused. So George, so long accustomed to a virtual independence (for North was but his mouthpiece), was forced to come to terms with the opponent of prerogative, the friend of America. On 24th March Rockingham constructed his ministry. For himself, he naturally took the Treasury. Shelburne became secretary for Home, Irish and Colonial Affairs, Fox for Foreign Affairs. Burke, considered an outsider by the Whigs of bluer blood, was given a minor office. Young Pitt, true to his declaration, refused another.

[1] *Last Journals*, ii. p. 414.

Lord John Cavendish, in recognition of his financial abilities, was chancellor of the Exchequer, being, at the same time, admitted to the Privy Council. A true Cavendish, he accepted office with reluctance.

He was not, for this time, to introduce a budget. Three months after he had assumed the responsibility of government, Rockingham died, and the Treasury was once more vacant. The question of who should succeed to it caused a split in the cabinet. From the first the Government had not pulled well together. Between the Whigs of the Shelburne persuasion and those who followed Rockingham there was an essential difference, which opposition to the Tories was not sufficiently powerful to negative. For the moment it was doubtful from which of these factions the new prime minister should be chosen. The two members of the old Whig party best suited for the post were Fox and the Duke of Richmond; but both of them were out of court by reason of the king's aversion. The candidate actually put up was the Duke of Portland, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, who had married Lady Dorothy Cavendish, a niece of Lord John's and sister to the reigning Duke of Devonshire. He was a man whom no one expected to see premier, though he was destined twice to fill that position. Now, however, his friends were not to have their way. The king, glad of his opportunity, appointed Shelburne to the Treasury.

Followed a number of resignations. First Fox renounced his secretaryship. Then Lord John left the Exchequer. In his first grief for his friend Rockingham's death, he had declared that he cared no more about politics. According to Shelburne, his 'aversion to office and to business would have made him quit in any event.'[1] 'Aversion to office under Shelburne,' it would have been more correct to write. Cavendish did not see his way to serving under a man from whom he differed in matters of fundamental principle.

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 14th rep., app. ix. p. 169.

Report said that Fox's resignation inspired his. But Walpole declares that Lord John disliked Fox, though it is certain that at this crisis the two men were working well together. Others who resigned were Portland, Burke and Sheridan. William Pitt succeeded to the chancellorship of the Exchequer.

The task before the new ministry was far from being an easy one. The time had come to settle our future relationship with America, and to arrange terms of peace with France and Spain. Into the details of these transactions this is not the place to go. Suffice it to say that the Treaty of Versailles was signed 3rd September, and the independence of the United States 27th September. But what a Government does is always wrong in the eyes of the Opposition, and it was Shelburne's misfortune to have a double Opposition to face. Both the followers of North and the seceded Whigs, of whom Fox was now the acknowledged chief, were against him. Between these two an unnatural alliance was formed, which succeeded, in the spring of 1783, in hounding the premier from office.

Lord John Cavendish had a hand in this work. When Parliament met, 17th February, to discuss the preliminaries of the peace, his old task of moving an amendment to the address was once more assigned him. He did it, says Wraxall, 'in terms so guarded, with a view to secure as many votes as possible, that it might rather be termed a hesitation in approving than any direct censure on the peace.'[1] His wile was successful, and he had the supreme satisfaction of seeing his amendment carried by 224 to 208.

Four days later he was protagonist in a still bolder action. The coalition between Fox and North had not unnaturally brought both the parties concerned somewhat into discredit. They were constrained, therefore, to be very careful in choosing the instruments of their policy. That was why

[1] *Memoirs*, ii. p. 424.

Lord John, whose honesty and rectitude were unimpeachable, was called on to move a vote of censure on the terms of the peace.

That Fox had been wise in his selection of a mouthpiece was proven in the debate which followed Cavendish's well-reasoned opening speech. Thomas Townshend, the Home Secretary, paid a striking tribute to his opponent: 'I have,' he said, 'the most implicit reliance on the integrity and honour of that noble person, who from the dictates of his own generous mind would not act uncandidly by any administration, but he may be led aside in consequence of the respect which he entertains for others, who know how to choose their man, whenever they want any business to be effected which is not evidently right in itself. I am perfectly convinced that my noble friend is not the author of the resolutions that he has proposed, and if ministers were to be judged by his head and heart, I should not fear to make the treaties just concluded appear to him a real blessing to this country.' There is, of course, an acid undercurrent to these words; it was generally understood that Cavendish was Fox's scapegoat. But there is also the acknowledgment that his political character rendered impossible the personalities with which the occasion might have been enlivened. Only an irresponsible private member was hardy enough to indulge in sarcasm sufficiently unmistakably to call forth a spirited rejoinder. It was three o'clock in the morning before the House divided. Once more—by a majority of seventeen—the Opposition triumphed, and shortly afterwards Shelburne tendered his resignation.

Some six weeks passed before a new ministry was formed. The king, though he disliked Shelburne, was loath to submit to an arrangement which would put Fox at the head of affairs. He was very bitter against North for his base desertion. But all his schemes for avoiding the inevitable

were vain, and in the end Portland, as representative of the Whig oligarchy, went to the Treasury with Fox and North as secretaries of state.

Lord John Cavendish, returned member for York without opposition, was once more chancellor of the Exchequer. His first duty was to introduce a bill to negotiate a loan of nearly twelve and a half millions, by means of annuities and a lottery. Towards the end of May he introduced his budget, which met with a very favourable reception. As a matter of fact he personally took very little part in the debate. After his opening speech he retired behind the Speaker's chair, whence he could peer unseen at his critics. He left to the abler tongue of Fox the task of refuting the attacks of William Pitt. It may be noted that Cavendish was the first to levy a tax on quack medicines.

This was his only budget. Before the end of the year the coalition was on the rocks, and William Pitt called to the position for which his abilities had destined him from the first. Nor was Cavendish again to hold office; though had Fox come back to power, as he hoped to do on the question of the regency in 1788, he intended Lord John once more for the Exchequer. Himself hopelessly discredited where money was concerned, his old colleague's rank, wealth and character commended themselves to him in equal measure. But whether Lord John would have again accepted the responsibility is another matter. He told his niece, Georgiana of Devonshire House, that it would kill him, and seemed inclined to blame her for putting the idea into Fox's head.[1]

Now, however, he was not only out of office but out of Parliament; and when Pitt appealed to the country in 1790 and returned to power with an enhanced majority, Cavendish failed to regain the seat at York which had been his for sixteen years. Then, on the death of his brother

[1] Sichel, *Sheridan*, ii. p. 410.

George in 1794, he succeeded naturally to Derbyshire. But his own career was drawing to its close. A week before the Christmas Day of 1796 he died in the house of his only remaining brother at Twickenham, the house which, had he lived, would have been his. He was in his sixty-fifth year.

His contemporaries have a good deal to say about the character of Lord John Cavendish. George Selwyn, thinking of his fair hair, his slight stature, his love of letters, and his great memory, dubbed him 'the learned canary bird.' Selwyn had a reputation to live up to. Horace Walpole, as we have seen, was tireless in his gibes. 'Under the appearance of virgin modesty,' he wrote, 'he had a confidence in himself that nothing could equal, and a thirst for dominion still more extraordinary. It consisted solely in governing those with whom he was connected, without views either of interest or power. To be first, in however small a circle, was his wish; but in that circle he must be absolute: and he was as ready to sacrifice the interests and fortunes of those, his friends and slaves, as he was his own. His plan seemed to be the tyranny of a moral philosopher. He was a kind of Heresiarch, that sought to be adored by his enthusiastic disciples, without a view of extending his sect beyond that circle.'[1] All this is patently untrue; but it is not to the brilliant, biassed letter-writer that one goes for fair and unprejudiced character-drawing. One must remember the family quarrel already referred to, and that Cavendish and Walpole had not seldom been at political cross-purposes. Turn rather to a more magnanimous than Horace, an old friend of Lord John's, to Edmund Burke, who recorded his generous opinion at length.

> 'If any one were to ask, abroad, who were the men now living upon whom this nation valued itself, and whom we

[1] *Memoirs of the Reign of King George III.* (ed. 1894), ii. p. 17.

were bound to hold out as the specimens of what this country could produce, to give one an idea of its virtue, every man would certainly name Lord John Cavendish as the first. He is a man who would have adorned the best of commonwealths at the brightest of its periods. An accomplished scholar, and an excellent critic, in every part of polite literature, thoroughly acquainted with history, ancient and modern; with a sound judgment; a memory singularly retentive and exact, perfectly consistent in business, and particularly in that of finance; of great integrity, great tenderness and sensibility of heart, with friendships few, but unalterable; of perfect disinterestedness; the ancient English reserve and simplicity of manner. He is a true Cavendish. The only fault is, that, perhaps, the singular modesty and moderation of his nature does not always give that energy and lustre to his virtues which are necessary to give them their full effect and to captivate the populace. He avoids ostentation to a fault, and is more afraid of setting himself off than other statesmen are studious of putting themselves forward. Once a lord of the treasury, and twice chancellor of the exchequer, which he accepted with reluctance, and gave up with joy, he did his official duty with astonishing diligence and firmness, diligence rare in such a case!'[1]

There is also a letter addressed to the subject of this encomium, though seemingly neither sent nor intended for sending, in which Edmund Burke once more enlarges on his friend's virtues.[2]

Though not enthusiastic for parliamentary reform, Lord John was a staunch and consistent upholder of the elder Whiggery. It was said that his unswerving antagonism to the court was due to a vow he had taken to avenge his brother, the duke, for the scurvy treatment he had received at the hands of George III. This is fully consistent with his alleged preference of persons to principles. Neverthe-

[1] Burke, *Correspondence*, iv. p. 526.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 527 sqq.

less, his adherence to the Whig principle (as understood by the old houses) cannot be called in question. He did not specially shine as an orator. He lived in a day of giants, when Pitt and Fox were battling across the House, and Burke and Sheridan were making debate a joy. But his speeches were always sound and broad. Though once in trouble with his party for an indiscreet revelation of certain accounts, his two short terms at the Exchequer were far from a discredit to him. Like others of his name, duty called him to politics, taste to literature, and he chose duty. He was also a zealous hunter of the fox.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE REIGN OF GEORGIANA

THREE times in the history of the house of Cavendish has a woman been the pre-eminent figure. First, when Bess of Hardwick so zealously built its fortune. Next, when Countess Christian repaired the ravages made in that fortune by her spendthrift lord. Finally, when Duchess Georgiana queened it at Devonshire House.

In the *Morning Herald* of 6th August 1782 was printed a list of the 'amusements' of contemporary 'men of fashion'; an illuminating and, being less dignified, perhaps more accurate forerunner of those 'recreations' which give a touch of romance to the somewhat arid pages of *Who's Who*. His Grace of Devonshire, we learn from this list, found his greatest joy in the rather negative pastime of 'retirement.'

To the truth of this attribution history bears witness. In his youth it was his uncle's influence that kept the fifth duke from court, but he had, by nature, all and more than all his grandfather's unobtrusiveness. There was talk (but talk only) of his succeeding Rockingham as premier. He was offered the continuance of a family tradition as lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He hesitated, but finally declined. When Fox was trying to eject Pitt on the regency question, he was given *carte blanche* to choose his own place in the new ministry. In spite of the prince's express wish he would accept nothing.[1] It turned out, of course, that there was to be nothing to accept, but Devonshire did not know

[1] Sichel, *Sheridan*, ii. p. 408, 411.

that at the time of his refusal. Some years later the Duke of Portland got the idea that he could persuade him to take the Privy Seal. 'I do not at all believe it,' wrote Pitt to Grenville, 'but have encouraged him to try.'[1] Pitt's doubts were justified. Devonshire was content with such minor appointments as the Treasury of Ireland, which he held from 1776 until the abolition of the office in 1793, the governorship of Cork and, as goes without saying, the lieutenancy of Derbyshire. He only spoke twice in the House of Lords. When told he was to have the blue ribbon of the Garter, he replied that he would prefer a blue greatcoat. 'Constitutional apathy formed his distinguishing characteristic,' says Wraxall. Marriage, however, has given him a vicarious immortality.

Heir to the united properties of Cavendish and Boyle, Devonshire was the first match in England, and his marriage was a matter of public interest. But he made no undue haste to wed. He was twenty-five, and had been ten years duke, before he selected a bride. The lady of his choice was the eldest daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, and his wife Margaret Georgiana Poyntz. On her wedding-day, 5th June 1774, she lacked some days to her seventeenth birthday. She had been little seen in society, having spent a quiet girlhood at Althorp or Wimbledon, but Horace Walpole, who knew everything, knew her to be 'a lovely girl, natural, and full of grace.'[2] Meeting her at a ball at the Lady's Club in the following winter he was still more enthusiastic. 'It was all goddesses,' he wrote, 'instead of being a resurrection of dancing matrons as usual. The Duchess of Devonshire effaces all without being a beauty; but her youth, figure, flowing good-nature, sense, and lively modesty, and modest familiarity, make her a phenomenon.'[3]

Duchess Georgiana did not at once take her place as

[1] Dropmore MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*), iii. p. 242.
[2] *Letters*, viii. p. 436. [3] *Ibid.* ix. p. 161.

tyrant of society. After the wedding her husband carried her off into Derbyshire, where for some months she led a country life in perfect contentment. From the letters[1] which she wrote to her mother one gathers that she was by no means idle. She studied music under Giardini, the violinist, and drawing with one Mr. Thomas. Giardini composed a trio for her, which she liked, but found difficult. Then, or later, she took to composition on her own account, and set a song in Sheridan's *Stranger* to music.[2] Her reading was on the grand scale. She announces her intention of beginning Goldsmith's *History of Greece*, and the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*—'for as those two periods are so distant there will be no Danger of their interfering so as to puzzle me.' Her programme for the future includes Robertson's *History of Scotland*, and Vertot's *Revolutions Romaines*. She has taken a poor bookseller at Chesterfield 'a little *en protection*.'

How far, one wonders, did the young duchess proceed with her portentous scheme for acquiring knowledge. She was certainly a woman of no mean intellect. She would contend for a place near Johnson's chair, hang on his words and woo the sage from his surliness by the flattery of rapt attention.[3] Those verses of hers, though their success was due rather to the authoress's position in the social world than to intrinsic super-excellence, are by no means always at the dead level of amateurism.[4] But it would have been

[1] A series of her letters ranging from 1774 to 1787 appeared in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, vols. i. and ii. (1899), under the editorship of the Duchess of Devonshire.

[2] Sichel, *Sheridan*, ii. p. 276.

[3] Wraxall, *Posthumous Memoirs* (ed. 1884), i. p. 114.

[4] Her *Passage of the Mountain of Saint Gothard* was translated into French, German and Italian, and evoked an ode from Coleridge, with the refrain:

'O lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Where learned you that heroic measure?'

Walpole thought her *Ode to Hope* 'easily and prettily expressed, though it does not express much.' His praises are higher of the Rev. William

contrary to all the laws of nature that a young, wealthy and attractive duchess should spend her time studying history in many tomes. Georgiana was not thus to waste herself.

Horace Walpole more than once asserts that the duchess was not, strictly speaking, a beauty. Wraxall and Fanny Burney were of the same opinion, which is supported by the portraits. Her features were not cast in a classic mould. Her hair was touched with red; which, in those days, was not the colour hair should be. 'Her face, though pleasing, yet had it not been illuminated by her mind, might have been considered an ordinary countenance.'[1] It was that illumination which counted. Georgiana had a charm which her admirers piled adjectives in vain to describe, and her enemies (the churls) to detract from. The word *charming* 'might have been coined for her,' the authoress of *Evelina* thought. She had the affectations of her age, would pose, coquette, intersperse her conversation with unnecessary snatches of French. But there was something beneath the powder and patches. She was ardent, capable of enthusiasm, a poetess, perhaps. Certainly she was irresistible. It was not long before she was the most admired and the most discussed woman in the realm.

Discussion did not necessarily imply admiration. Once started, the duchess entered zestfully into the social game. The student of Goldsmith and Vertot proved as apt a scholar of the frivolous. Her costumes were daring, her conduct, it seems, not always discreet. Barely out of her teens, she found herself the butt of satire and moral tract. The year 1777 saw a perfect flood of Georgianic literature. Pamphlets, in prose and verse, were issued at sixpence, a shilling, even half a crown, and eagerly purchased. Of *The*

Mason's *Hope's Answer*; but he was anxious to print both at the Strawberry Hill Press. He does not seem to have had his wish, the duke apparently objecting.

[1] Wraxall, iii. p. 342.

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
*From an engraving by Bartolozzi from the picture by J. Nixon*

*First of April*, at least two editions appeared in London, and one in Dublin, within the year. This was a satiric poem, with the sub-title, *The Triumph of Folly*, and dedication to a 'celebrated duchess,' who, however, was not its only victim. Initials and dashes are plentiful. It was the general scourge of corrupt society.

Georgiana was not undefended. The author of *The Duchess of Devonshire's Cow* admits that she had the liveliness of her years, but claims that she did not lack virtues. He supports his contention by an example. 'Once on a barren common's rude domain,' the duchess (Hebe, the poet calls her) met a cow, a lean and hungry beast. She at once sent her page to find its owner and make him a present:

> 'For by that animal's distressful state,
> I guess the colour of the master's fate.'

This was proof at once of imagination and generosity, but one may perhaps agree with the author of *An Heroic Epistle to the Noble Author of the Duchess of Devonshire's Cow*, that if it is the only example that can be adduced of her goodness, the lady did not shine high among the virtuous. The *Heroic Epistle* was, however, mainly concerned with the *Noble Author's* bad verse: a legitimate theme for satire.

We descend to prose. In this same year appeared *A Letter to her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire*, written more in sorrow than in anger, animadverting on Georgiana's clothes and her conduct. Those marvellous hats, which Gainsborough has immortalised, were specially censured. Nor was the lady's public appearance 'in the dress of the nursery' approved. Her levity, her lack of dignity, her vanity, all came under what was rather the paternal slipper than the lash of the satirist. 'Lay aside that levity,' she is exhorted, 'which though youth and beauty may for a

short time render graceful, has begun already to fade upon the eyes of your most professed admirers.' Unfortunately for the moralist, Georgiana knew how much of truth there was in this assertion.

Before publishing his epistle, the writer had (he alleges) shown it to the duchess, who had been so perturbed that he had been induced to suppress its severer parts. Hence its comparative mildness. With scandalous ingratitude Georgiana greeted its appearance with 'boasting affectation,' and 'treated it with a childish levity and contempt.' The author was naturally annoyed. He issued a second letter, which included the suppressions and did not spare the abandoned creature. She was an 'object of pity.' She was thought a 'phenomenon of folly' by 'hairdressers, milliners, and mantua makers,' who regaled their other customers with the tale of her extravagances. Examples of her ingratitude and dissipation are cited. Even her husband is gratuitously defended. It is a doleful diatribe, only easier to read, because shorter, than the *Interesting Epistle to the Duchess of Devonshire* of the following year, which is, in effect, an essay of a hundred pages on the influence of the Female Character in Society, concluding with a respectful and reasonable exhortation to Georgiana to be a more edifying example.

It is a curious fact that the whole of this literature, prose and verse, blast and counterblast, is attributed to the pen of one man. Every item of it appears in the bibliography of William Combe, a discredited rake, already known for his *Diaboliad*, a satire on Lord Irnham, and afterwards more reputably famous as the author of *Doctor Syntax*. To learn that not only the *First of April* but the *Cow* emanated from the same brain as the *Letters* is, of course, to lose one's faith in the author's sincerity. Combe was not particular as to how he obtained money, and doubtless Georgiana was as lucrative a theme as was then to be had.

She was quite undisturbed by his admonitions. For all one can learn from her letters, she was unconscious of them. And she did not falter in her career. She went everywhere, knew everybody. Her mother, like Mr. Combe, thought she went too far.

> 'You should especially at such a place as Tunbridge keep up a civility and dignity in your behavior to the men of your own set—and a courteous good humour'd affability to the company in general whom you are little acquainted with, whereas I suspect, if you will examine your own conduct, you put on that killing cold look you sometimes have to those you should be *prévenante* to, and a great deal more familiarity and ease than is either necessary or proper to the men about you.'[1]

But from Georgiana's own account, it seems that her amusements at Tunbridge Wells were innocent enough, even if not characterised by the dignity which one associates with duchesses.

> 'Our amusements in this place, and I suppose our minds, have degenerated into infancy. In the beginning of the Summer our evenings were past in conversation and singing of fine songs, we then got by degrees to Macao, cribbage, whist and catches, and now we are come to the point of diverting ourselves with "Laugh and lay down," and "I'm come a lusty wooer, my dildin my doldin, I'm come a lusty wooer, lilly bright and shinee," and dittys of that kind.'[2]

[1] *Anglo-Saxon Review*, ii. p. 33.

[2] *Ibid.* She had by no means given up her studies, but one of her letters contains an interesting confession of their intermittency. 'Besides the drawing rage, I have the rage of reading history to such a degree, that I devour what I read and feel about it as one does about a novel—I should prefer Rapin to Cecilia and I believe I should even delight in a long dissertation upon the feudal laws. It is my misfortune that every turn I take towards any thing like study is by such fits and starts that it is no use to me—I am too eager at the moment and too

Such frivolities the sometime student of history seems to have found far more entertaining than the learned conversation of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Thrale, at whom she pokes most irreverent fun. None the less, she was not herself guiltless of pedantry. 'Your Grace's *Italian* is as flattering, as your *Greek* is legible, and your *English* elegant. I wish I could add as your *Persian* is intelligible to me,' wrote a correspondent.

The duchess was a born gambler. She loved a bet and she loved play. Horace Walpole, keeping his satirical eye on her, remarked, soon after the birth of her first child, that she would probably 'stuff her poor babe into her knotting-bag when she wants to play at macao, and forget it.'[1] As a matter of fact, she was a most devoted mother. But she loved the gaming-tables, and her losses were more than once the cause of tribulation.

As for dress, she was 'empress of fashion' and, for all Combe's invectives, her taste made her a beneficent ruler. She overthrew the tyranny of the hoop and introduced more gracious modes. It is true that the head-dresses which she and her followers wore were large. Sheridan treated them with kindly satire in the prologue of *A Trip to Scarborough*. The duchess accepted the challenge, and was to be seen in the royal box beneath a nodding plume of pink ostrich feathers.[2]

The dramatist was a great friend of Georgiana's. She had made his acquaintance in the first year of her marriage, and though dubious at first as to taking a player's son to her bosom, had soon conquered her prejudices. He helped her with her poems. She made the music for one of his

easily disgusted, and you may observe I only succeed in what is to be obtained in a short time' (*Ibid.* p. 58). Nevertheless a criticism of Rousseau's *Confessions*, and her answer to maternal doubts as to the propriety of her having read them, shows that Georgiana's reading was more than superficial (*Ibid.* p. 62).

[1] *Letters*, xiii. p. 27.

[2] Sichel, *Sheridan*, i. p. 534.

songs. His letters [1] show to what a degree of intimacy he had been allowed to proceed both with herself and with her sister and friend, Lady Bessborough. He negotiated her release from Martindale, a notorious punter into whose toils her imprudence had led her. It seems he was even successful in the delicate diplomacy needed to prevent a domestic crisis at Devonshire House.[2]

But after all, it is not for her verses or her debts that we remember Fox's duchess. The times in which she lived were stirring times, and she was full of zeal for her country. She even displayed bravery under fire. In 1779 the *Fly* sloop, which was carrying her from Ostend to Calais on her return from Spa, was attacked by two French cutters, which were only repulsed after a long engagement. 'Lady Spencer, Lady Harriet and the D[uchess] of Devonshire behaved like heroines in the engagement which they saw very distinctly; the latter exposed herself to save them.' [3] Histrionics, doubtless; but Georgiana was one of those women whose histrionics are born of enthusiasm, not of affectation.

She had no lack of martial ardour. When England was threatened with invasion and troops were quickly raised for the country's defence, the Duke of Devonshire obtained a commission in the Derbyshire regiment. His wife took intense interest in his doings. She was proud of his smart appearance in uniform, and of his salute, which he performed better than any other officer in the regiment.

Her long stay at Tunbridge Wells in 1778 was due to the duke's being in camp at Coxheath, where she found him very comfortable with a fire in his tent. When she visited the camp she wore the Derbyshire uniform, and must have fluttered the heart of many a young officer. Indeed, the sight of her in her regimentals inspired an *Ode to the Warlike*

[1] Sichel, *Sheridan*, ii. app. iv.
[2] *Ibid.* i. 72.
[3] *Letters of Edward Gibbon*, i. p. 370.

*Genius of Britain*, in which, to the indignation of Doctor Johnson, the Genius was made feminine. Two years later, when the regiment was in Devonshire, she spent several months at Plimpton, and though her stay was a season of mirth, her patriotism was ever prominent. Her indignation blazes out when some languid beauty speaks lightly of her country's danger.

Some of Georgiana's political enthusiasm may perhaps be attributed to her personal admiration for Fox. The great Whig stayed at Chatsworth in 1777, when his hostess listened with keen enjoyment to his conversation, which she characterises as ' like a brilliant player at billiards, the strokes follow one another, piff-paff ' ; nor was she less impressed by that wonderful vitality of his which manifested itself on this occasion in the winning of ' either 1 or 2 races which considering his not having been a bed and his size, is doing a great deal.' Foot-racing was in those days a popular pastime with gentlemen in the country.

With her awakened interest in politics, the distaste which Georgiana is said at first to have shown for Devonshire House wore off. In her more domestic moments she may always have been fondest of her charming home at Chiswick (fruit of the Boyle alliance), but the great mansion in Piccadilly became the rallying-place of the Whig party. The duchess took into her own hands the great influence which Devonshire refused to wield. She helped Sheridan to his first seat in Parliament. She exerted herself in a vain endeavour to get Sir William Jones, the orientalist, returned as Whig member for Tory Oxford. But the best known instance of her practical part in politics, the incident, indeed, for which she herself is chiefly remembered, is her famous canvass on Fox's behalf in Westminster, at the general election of 1784.

Recent events had made sad havoc of Fox's popularity, and of the three candidates for the two seats, he was con-

sidered to have the smallest chance of success. His opponents were Lord Hood, whose naval exploits had endeared him to the people, and Sir Cecil Wray, Fox's colleague in the previous Parliament. Hood was safe to be returned. The question was to whom the second seat would fall. The poll was open for forty days. On the third day Wray established a lead, which slowly but steadily increased. As time went on his triumph seemed more and more probable. To sanguine adherents it seemed a certainty. But in the nick of time the goddess stepped out of the machine.

The machine was Devonshire House, Georgiana was the goddess, and she used her divinity to some purpose. By the time she appeared on the scenes the greater part of the inhabitants of Westminster had already polled, and the one chance of giving Fox a majority was to canvass the purlieus. It was among the rough population of Covent Garden that the duchess's work mostly lay. Scarcely the neighbourhood for dainty ladies of fashion at the best of times, during this hot election the market quarter was in a state of civil war. Free fights were frequent, in one of which a peace officer came by his death. The canvassers, if physical violence was not offered them, were by no means immune from market rhetoric. Into the seething streets Georgiana plunged undaunted. Day in, day out, her coach was to be seen plying back and forth to the polling station, carrying unwashed electors and a beautiful lady. Georgiana was not the only fair canvasser. Her sister, Lady Duncannon, only less celebrated than herself, was engaged in the work. 'The most lovely portraits that ever appeared on a canvass,' the pair of them was called. Sheridan's wife also helped, and 'Perdita' Robinson, and the remarkable Mrs. Armstead, who had once been Perdita's waiting-maid and was later to be Fox's wife.

But it was Georgiana who led the way and on whom all depended. It was Georgiana who won the election. How

her efforts were valued is shown by two letters,[1] one from her husband's brother-in-law, the Duke of Portland, foremost of the Whig peers; the other from his wife. Incidentally these letters serve to correct two details in which Wraxall has gone astray. They show that the duchess was hard at work before the middle of April, and did not wait until the month was 'verging to its close'; also that it is not strictly true to say that she 'never intermitted for a single day her laborious toils.' The intermission, certainly, was quite involuntary. At the crisis of the polling, when Wray's majority was slowly diminishing but had not yet disappeared, the indisposition of Lady Spencer called her dutiful daughter to her side. Wray at once began to regain his lost ground. On 13th April the Duchess of Portland wrote off to Georgiana in alarm. 'There are a great many votes you can command and no one else,' she wrote, 'and now if you only stop at people's doors it will be quite sufficient, and really your presence is quite expected.' Next day came an urgent summons from Portland himself:—

> 'As I believe you to be just as incapable of superstition as of anger I am under no apprehension of incurring the latter by denying my assent to Your account of your own Character, and the State of the Poll for these last two days is a better argument than any other I can give for refusing to concur in Your opinion of Yourself. Every one is convinced that Your exertions have produced the very material alteration which has happened in Fox's favor, and will continue to preserve and improve it into a decisive Majority, but be assured that if it could be imagined that Your absence was imputable to any other Cause than Your affection to Lady Spencer and Your anxiety, (I hope perfectly unnecessary) for the State of Her health, and that a suspicion should arise of Your having withdrawn Yourself from the Election, a general Languor would prevail,

[1] *Anglo-Saxon Review*, ii. p. 74.

Despondency would succeed, and the Triumph of the Court would be the inevitable Consequence. However it may seem, depend upon it, that this Representation is not exaggerated; and if You will give me Credit in this respect, which I *seriously* assure You is due to me, I think We shall have the pleasure of seeing You in the course of to-morrow. . . .'

But if to Georgiana was given a generous share of honour, she thoroughly deserved it. Except for this brief interval, she never rested till she had seen her man returned. She dresses with Fox and Portland writing in her room. She sallies forth, boldly wearing the cockade of fox's brush and laurel twig, among the dregs of the town, rubbing shoulders with women of the streets, haggling for the votes of butchers and cobblers. She went far in cajolery. There was talk of her being brought before a committee for bribery.[1] It was said that she bought votes with a kiss. If we may believe her enemies, embraces were the order of the day.

She was the butt of the Tory press. Her colleagues, Lady Duncannon, Mrs. Sheridan, even Perdita, came off comparatively lightly. Georgiana had to pay the penalty of renown. She was daily the victim of scurrilous paragraphs. Ribald songs celebrated her apocryphal exploits. Few elections, probably, have called forth so much bad verse. And, except the candidates themselves, no subject was so popular with the rhymesters as the lovely canvasser. While Whigs belauded her to the skies, the other party was unsparing of ridicule and insult. The *Piccadilly Beauty*, with which the streets resounded, is a mild example of Tory wit :—

'The Piccadilly beauty,
Merlonton merlontaine,
Is gone upon canvassing duty,
Huzza! for Carlo Khan.

[1] Belvoir MSS., iii. p. 93.

The Duchess has taken the breeches,
Merlonton merlontaine,
So sweetly her senses bewitches
The charms of Carlo Khan.

The mob in the street she addresses,
Merlonton merlontaine,
And all for to help the distresses
Of poor little Carlo Khan.

Thro' the Covent Garden rabbles,
Merlonton merlontaine;
She tucks up her gown and she dabbles,
To poll for Carlo Khan.

The *vis-à-vis* waits at the alleys,
Merlonton merlontaine,
While her Grace with the oyster-wench talleys
To vote for her Carlo Khan.

I'll bett you a bottle of claret,
Merlonton merlontaine,
For a kiss the Lord Mayor of Garratt
Will vote for my Carlo Khan.'

If her enemies had been content with such foolery as this, the brave duchess would have had little to complain of. But she was not to be let off so easily. It was a coarse age, under its skin, and skins get badly torn when elections are fiercely contested. Poor Georgiana's ears were often made to tingle, and though she was undaunted by fatigue and discomfort, her heart sickened at the slanders of a beastly press. But it was only to her mother she made her complaint. To her she wrote :—

'I would give the world to be with you for I am unhappy beyond measure here and abus'd for nothing. Yet as it is begun I must go on with it. They will not give it up and they insist upon our all continuing to canvass—in short, they say having begun and not going on would do a deal of harm. I shall go to church today, but

> I am really so vex'd (though I dont say so) at the abuse in the newspapers that I have no heart left—it is very hard they should single me out when all the women of my side do as much.'[1]

But, in spite of her discouragement, the duchess persevered. Her devotion had its reward. When the poll was closed Hood, as had been expected, was first on the list, while Fox stood second with a majority of 235 over Wray. The joy of the victorious party was, of course, immense. A jubilant procession was formed, in which tribute was paid to the goddess who was credited with the triumph. A banner bearing the inscription, *Sacred to Female Patriotism*, rode proudly on the breeze. Georgiana herself and the Duchess of Portland brought up the rear of the procession, each in a carriage drawn by six horses. The destination of the cavalcade was Devonshire House, where the Prince of Wales was waiting to greet the victor for whom he, too, had worked. Festivities continued for several days. Carlton House, Devonshire House and Fox's friend, Mrs. Crewe, all celebrated the event with splendid entertainments. Blue and buff was the universal wear.

But Westminster was not England, and where there was no Georgiana to champion the Whigs, the enemy had swept the field. Even for Westminster joy had been a little premature. Wray demanded a scrutiny, and it was nearly a year, during which he was found a temporary seat as member for Orkney, before Fox's right to represent Westminster was fully established.

Pitt ruled the country, and Georgiana was queen of the Opposition. During the long years that Fox and his friends were in the minority, Devonshire House and Burlington House, then occupied by Portland, were, with Carlton House, their chief rendezvous. How keen was the Duchess of Devonshire's interest in the political situation is shown

[1] *Anglo-Saxon Review*, ii. p. 76.

by her letters, and more especially by the diary [1] which she kept in the days of the king's madness, when the regency question was agitating the country. Devonshire House was the scene of many an Opposition confabulation, and so weighty was Georgiana's support of the prince considered, that Pitt was fain to find another duchess, her Grace of Gordon, to adjust the balance of power. Edward Gibbon might laugh at this petticoat politician ; [2] but her influence was of such repute, that in the year of her death and of Fox's return to power, the French government, by the agency of Mrs. Adair, the French wife of a prospective under-secretary, offered her £10,000 down, and more when she wanted it, if she would betray the secrets of the cabinet. It is hardly necessary to add that the duchess, embarrassed with debt as she was, rejected the bribe with indignation.[3]

One does not suppose that politics was the only talk when politicians gathered at Devonshire House. Given a hostess of such fascination, that could hardly be. Georgiana was queen of many hearts. Sheridan was devoted to her, but more devoted to her sister. Charles Grey, afterwards Viscount Howick—young, then, and ambitious and ardent—was at her feet. The prince, it is said, was jealous of him.

Of the relations between the beautiful duchess and the First Gentleman of Europe, the memoir-writers have shown a timid inclination to talk scandal. Wraxall would sandwich Georgiana between Lady Melbourne and Mrs. Fitzherbert, though he admits his lack of definite information. Raikes merely says that she was a great favourite of the prince's, 'who derived from her society much of that high-bred manner, for which he was always remarkable.' That George admired

[1] This interesting fragment, dating from Nov. 1788 to Jan. 1789, has recently been published by Mr. Walter Sichel as an appendix to his *Sheridan* (1909).

[2] 'The Duchess of Devonshire rather dislikes a coalition : amiable creature ! ' he wrote to Lord Sheffield in 1792 (*Letters*, ii. 312).

[3] *Croker Papers*, i. p. 293. Croker was told this story by George IV.

the duchess immensely, he himself has not left us any room to doubt; that he wooed is not improbable; but that he won, there is no reason whatever to believe.

There is, in fact, strong evidence to the contrary. It may safely be asserted that Georgiana would not have given herself even to a prince unless driven by passion. But her attitude towards Mrs. Fitzherbert, though somewhat ambiguous, was not that of a rival. When the marriage was afoot, she was its busy advocate, she led the lady back to her lover, when she would have fled from him and England.[1] She was present at the betrothal. Then her mood changed. Of the secret ceremony which took place in December 1785, she apparently knew nothing. 'I search into nothing and only wish to keep entirely out of it,' she wrote, a couple of months later, to her mother, who, the pink of propriety, had taken alarm lest her daughter should be on terms of too great intimacy with a woman whose position was so equivocal. The duchess was able to quiet maternal alarms. She never had been and never would go to the opera with Mrs. Fitzherbert. She should leave her name with her, however, and ask her to *large* assemblies, 'because Mrs. F. an unmarried woman suffering the visits of an unmarried man is no reason for not being civil to her.'[2] Many years later, Mrs. Fitzherbert told Mrs. Creevey that the duchess hated her. She said, moreover, that the prince, offended at unauthorised use made of his name, had lost his affection for Devonshire House, and only went there 'from motives of compassion and old friendship, when he is persecuted to do so.' He showed Mrs. Fitzherbert all Georgiana's letters, though one does not imagine they contained anything very compromising.[3]

Georgiana as politician, and Georgiana as queen of society, are such dazzling figures that they rather obscure the more

[1] Sichel, *Sheridan*, ii. p. 103.
[2] *Anglo-Saxon Review*, ii. p. 82.
[3] *Creevey Papers*, p. 71.

human Georgiana, who was sometimes glad to seek quiet at Chiswick or Chatsworth, after busy days at Devonshire House, or in the haunts of the fashionable. 'I was tir'd to death of Ranelagh last night,' she writes to her mother. 'I always go in expectation of amusement and am bored and hacked to death by it :—

> "In one continual round to see
> The same dull figures roll along,
> That void of pleasure, life and glee
> Are pushed and pushing midst the throng."'[1]

It was at the great house in Derbyshire that, during the autumn following the battle of Westminster, she entertained Doctor Johnson, and listened with renewed enthusiasm to the old man's talk. It was at Bath, where she stayed with her mother in 1791, that she met one of the doctor's most devoted disciples. Fanny Burney has left vivid notes of her first and second impressions of the woman of whom, of course, she had heard much, but whom she had never before seen. Georgiana did not frequent the court to which Fanny had until recently been attached ; and the authoress of *Evelina* did not miss the piquancy of the fact that the first person she was introduced to, after quitting the queen's service, was 'the head of the opposition public.'

The occasion of the meeting of the duchess and the novelist was a tea-party given in honour of the sixth birthday of little Lady Harriet Cavendish, the younger of Georgiana's daughters. To celebrate this event, Lady Spencer was giving a treat to the little girls of a Sunday-school which she had started at Bath, and she invited Fanny Burney to be present. That keen observer was by no means loath to get a glimpse of the private life of the famous family, and she made a detailed record of her impressions. Lady Georgiana, the eldest of the Devonshire children, who was eight years old, had 'a fine, animated, sweet, and hand-

[1] *Anglo-Saxon Review*, ii. 40.

some countenance, and the form and figure of a girl of ten or twelve years of age.' Lady Harriot, though not so handsome as her sister, had 'an open and pleasing countenance, and a look of the most happy disposition.' As for the duchess, though she disappointed Fanny on the score of mere formal beauty, she charmed her with her sweetness and graciousness. At this first meeting, Miss Burney thought that she looked unhappy, but when a few days later she received a visit from the great lady, this impression was not repeated, and Fanny realised to the full that wonderful vivacity, gaiety, radiant charm, which had given her guest her undisputed position.

Another person whom Fanny Burney met at Lady Harriot's tea-party, was Lady Elizabeth Foster, Georgiana's bosom friend and eventual successor. At this date she had already been for several years an established member of the Cavendish household. Born in 1758, her early life had not been particularly happy. She was the second daughter of Frederick Augustus Hervey, Bishop of Derry and fourth Earl of Bristol, a liberal politician and an amateur of the arts, but no practician of the domestic virtues. A bad father and a worse husband, a contemporary called him, and even his daughter described him as a cruel man. He came of a stock notorious for its vagaries. There was a saying that God had created men, women and Herveys. So it may not have been entirely, though it was mainly, the fault of their husbands, that the marriages of two of his daughters were crowned with sorrow. Mary, the eldest, as the wife of the first Earl of Erne, found matrimony but an unsatisfactory state. Elizabeth, at her first venture, fared no better.

When barely eighteen, Betty Hervey was married to John Thomas Foster of Dunleer, M.P. for Dunleer and afterwards for Ennis. To commence with all went well. Foster was an excellent husband, the 'antipodes' of Erne,

Two years after the marriage, when their first little boy was cutting his teeth, their conjugal felicity was delightful to the wife's mother. But it was not to last. By May 1781 Foster and his wife had decided to live apart, in spite of a reconciliation attempted by Lady Bristol. Whatever the cause of the quarrel, whosesoever the fault, Foster's subsequent conduct was altogether blameworthy. He took possession of the two children, who were boys. He left his wife without a penny, and then after eight months' absence coolly wrote to know whether she had been receiving any pecuniary assistance from her parents. Her parents, who were themselves still on good terms, had, of course, done what they could for her, and she had stayed for some time with her sister, Lady Erne. But in her adversity she found a friend who was to be more to her than any of her own blood.

With characteristic generosity Duchess Georgiana put out her powerful arm to shield the unfortunate woman from the buffets of fortune. What she could do to alleviate her unhappiness she did. According to Lady Bristol, her conduct was 'heavenly.' Lady Spencer apparently was less enthusiastic about her daughter's championship of the distressed. The pink of propriety, she disliked any dealings with scandal. Nearly a decade later she was still disapproving of Lady Betty Foster, as Fanny Burney observed. It was evidently against her will that she suffered any intercourse with her.

> 'Lady Eliz. comes with us, my Dst Mama [wrote the duchess], and poor little soul it is impossible it should be otherwise—but my Father need not mind her in the least. She is the quietest little thing in the world and will sit and draw in a corner of the room, or be sent out of the room or do whatever you please.'[1]

[1] *Anglo-Saxon Review*, ii. p. 66.

If, besides the desire to conciliate a rigid parent, a hint of patronage is also to be observed in the tone of this note, it was but a fleeting manifestation. The long friendship of Georgiana and Elizabeth was founded on mutual admiration and love. Before it ripened, however, there came a term of separation. At the beginning of 1783 Lady Elizabeth went abroad, and did not return to England for nearly two years, wandering from Calais to Paris, Lyons, Aix, Avignon, Nice, and southward into Italy—seeking distraction.

At Lausanne she met Edward Gibbon, whom she appears already to have known. 'Your later flame, and our common goddess, the Eliza, passed a month at the Inn,' he wrote to his bosom friend, the Earl of Sheffield. 'She appears to have made no conquests, and no fountain has been dedicated to her memory.'[1] But banter as he might, and call her, as he did, 'a bewitching animal,' the great historian was seriously susceptible to 'the Eliza's' fascinations. A year later, on her journey homewards from Italy, she again passed through the Swiss town, 'poorly in health, but still adorable (nay do not frown!)' and Gibbon 'enjoyed some delightful hours by her bedside.'[2] She promised to return to Lausanne, but did not keep her promise until 1787, when she came in the company of Georgiana. Gibbon had just finished his life work, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and he made Elizabeth Foster the audience of its concluding passages. He was so flattered by her sympathetic attention, that he then and there asked her to marry him. This was, perhaps, only a momentary enthusiasm, for he took the lady's refusal with philosophy; but his admiration for her was in nowise abated. Comparing her with Georgiana, he found her more on a mortal level, 'but a mortal for whom the wisest man, historic or medical, would throw away two or three worlds if he had them in possession.' The very lord chancellor, he thought, if beckoned

[1] *Letters*, ii. p. 81. [2] *Ibid.* p. 117.

by her, would be constrained to leave the woolsack and come to her, in full sight of the world. When, in 1793, the two famous ladies once more visited Lausanne, Gibbon found the duchess as good and Lady Elizabeth as seducing as ever.

If proof were needed that Duchess Georgiana was free of the spirit of jealousy which sometimes haunts famous beauties, it is to be found in her friendship for Lady Betty Foster. For though not so brilliant as herself, the Irishwoman was demonstrably her peer in what Greville calls attractiveness. Like Georgiana, Elizabeth lacked the beauty of classic feature; but that she was charming is proven both by her portraits and by her story. The letters, too, which she wrote to her son, Augustus Foster, give glimpses of a most lovable personality.[1] Most of these deal with the current questions of the day, politics, the war or the excitements of social life, such as the appearance of the 'Young Roscius' on the London stage. Occasionally, however, the writer indulges in philosophic generalisations, which are never merely conventional. These utterances bear witness to her humanity. 'My opinion is that a man in disgrace and in adversity is of no country, but entitled to every attention that one can pay them, whether one happens to be in a publick or a private character.' That is one of her *dicta*. On another occasion she writes of literary style, concluding that 'whatever is simplest is best.' One of her most delightful letters preaches to her son the virtue of enthusiasm which 'well directed, leads to the attainment of every virtue, and enables the possessor of it to walk out of the common track of common characters who rest satisfied with doing what is required of them, but never are equal to that

[1] See *The Two Duchesses*, by Vere Foster (1898), which contains these letters, also many from her father and mother to Elizabeth, a few to and from Georgiana, and others. Much information has been culled therefrom.

most generous most rare of all qualities *l'oubli de soi-même* (unselfishness): it also leads to a great severity to one's self. In short, enthusiasm appears to me (perhaps you will say I am pleading my own cause) the vivifying heat that must bring forth the seed of all that is good in our natures, and lead to the imitation of all we see good in others.' Later, when she was playing Maecenas in Rome, it was Canova's enthusiasm which won her admiration for that sculptor; and, twenty years earlier, it may have been the same virtue that attracted her to Fox's duchess.

And if Georgiana was an enthusiast, she was an enthusiast about nothing more than about Betty Foster. 'Dearest angelic Bess,' she called her, and could write:—

> 'All, all my possible hopes of friendship are concentrated in you. Without you the World is nothing to me. If you could forsake me, I would not bear to live, or living, should never think of any other creature.'[1]

So a great friendship sprung up between these two fair women who, with Georgiana's sister, Lady Bessborough, formed a trinity of goddesses at Devonshire House. The mistress herself was hardly more at home there than Elizabeth Foster, and the devotees divided their homage. The prince bowed to Georgiana and Sheridan to her sister. Elizabeth seems to have had special attractions for the middle-aged. She captivated a stately historian. Sheffield, Lord Jersey and Sir William Jones—who was 'quite desperate'—were all well on in years. The duchess told her friend that she was 'like Susannah tempted by the Elders.'

All this admiration was, of course, innocent enough. But charges have been brought against Elizabeth Foster which, if proven, would reflect discredit on the whole *ménage* of Devonshire House. These were no less than that, long before Georgiana's death, she was on terms of the greatest

[1] Sichel, *Sheridan*, i. p. 465.

intimacy with the duke, and that the boy who was born in Paris in 1790, and afterwards inherited the title, was her child and not his reputed mother's. It was a libellous age. The mere presence of Elizabeth in the Devonshire household would be ground enough for gossip; and her subsequent marriage with the duke gave all the confirmation necessary to crystallise gossip into history. Scandals are elusive things; difficult either to prove or to disprove. But psychological evidence seems to point to the innocence of Lady Elizabeth Foster.

It must be conceded, however, that there may well have been more sympathy between the duke and Elizabeth than between him and his first wife. The whirl of social and political life in which Georgiana lived was uncongenial to him. Her debts were a ground for discord, and ruptures were only prevented by the intercessions of friends—now Sheridan, now Bess Foster herself, who admired Devonshire's 'angelic conduct' on such an occasion. The duchess was full of ardent life. The duke cultivated an air of indifference;[1] Walpole found him an apt simile for wintry weather. His manners were old-fashioned and formal. His humour was dry and biting. Towards the end of his life his lethargy increased, and the only thing that interested him was play. He was to be seen almost every evening at Brookes's, where he would stay, over whist or faro, until four in the morning;

[1] 'The Duke of Devonshire was standing near a very fine glass lustre in a corner of a room, at an assembly, and in a house of people who, Miss Monckton said, were by no means in a style of life to hold expense as immaterial; and, by carelessly lolling back, he threw the lustre down and it was broke. He showed not, however, the smallest concern or confusion at the accident, but coolly said, "I wonder how I did that!" He then removed to the opposite corner, and to show, I suppose, he had forgotten what he had done, leaned his head in the same manner, and down came the opposite lustre! He looked at it very calmly, and, with a philosophical dryness, merely said, "This is singular enough!" and walked to another part of the room, without either distress or apology' (*Diary of Madame D'Arblay*, ii. p. 124).

at which hour, during the season, he invariably supped off boiled mackerel.[1] Such characteristics would hardly be expected to appeal to Lady Elizabeth, the lover of enthusiasm. But though the duke was always conspicuously devoid of that virtue, he had, in his younger days at least, qualities which earned her reverence. She admired his 'admirable taste and understanding.' Nor was she alone in her admiration. According to Lady Spencer, he knew how to value wit and knowledge, and besides having some skill as a rhymester, he was universally held a fine literary critic. At the club he was the acknowledged arbiter on questions of literature, whether the author under discussion were English or Roman. To know Shakespeare like the Duke of Devonshire, was a proverb. Now Georgiana, for all her talk of books, cannot be called an intellectual woman. It is improbable that her vast aspirations for acquiring knowledge were ever realised. She listened to her husband, John Townshend and Fox talking of Shakespeare, and supposed that she would one day be able to go through a play as they did.[2] We do not know that she ever could. Some book might, for the moment, take her enthusiastic fancy, but if it were long or proved dull its reading would never be achieved. She was far too vital, far too busy in the world to spend her time in the unprofitable company of dead leaves. Elizabeth Foster, on the other hand, was more serious-minded and studious than her friend. She might pore with Georgiana over the pages of Madame de Maintenon's *Memoirs*, while the duke read 'every thing belonging to Caesar,' but as her subsequent life in Rome

[1] Raikes, *Journal*, ii. p. 5. 'The late Duke of Devonshire, who used to leave Brookes' regularly, at a very late hour, in passing by the stall of a cobler, at the end of Jermyn Street, in his way home, always wished the cobler a "good night"; which the cobler as regularly returned by wishing his Grace "a good morning!" No watch could have been devised to make these two *keep time* with each other' (Newspaper).

[2] *Anglo-Saxon Review*, i. p. 240.

proved, she was genuinely and keenly interested in intellectual matters. A comparison between her letters and Georgiana's speaks for itself.

So if ever Devonshire felt expansive on the domestic hearth, it was, perhaps, to his guest rather than to his wife that he opened his mind. That he was fond of Elizabeth is certain. That his relations with her were anything more than friendly it is hard to believe. The characters of the two women are against the supposition. Georgiana was hardly the woman to take her husband's mistress to her bosom, even for the sake of appearances. Still less was Elizabeth likely to seek to put her friend and benefactress in a humiliating position. The story of her telling Sheridan, 'midst tears, that she felt it her duty to be Duchess of Devonshire [1] is probably true. But it proves nothing except that she was still unhappy over the recent death of one whom she had adored, that she felt sympathy for the man whom she sincerely liked, and who had grown to care for her, and perhaps that she realised the embarrassment of the loss of the central figure from the long established *ménage à trois*.

Georgiana's reign was interrupted by more than one serious illness. In 1790 she had thought herself on her deathbed, and six years later, as the result of a chill, she had nearly lost her eyesight, which was only preserved for her by the most drastic means.[2] For nearly thirty years, however, she was so vital a member of society that few can have thought of death in connection with her. But after all she was only a mortal goddess, and hers was the fate of those whom the gods love. She died at Devonshire House in her forty-ninth year, 30th March 1806.

During her last days her sister and her friend were constantly beside her, and her last words were, to tell Elizabeth that she did not mind dying. The sorrow was for those

[1] *Creevey Papers*, p. 84. [2] Walpole, *Letters*, xv. p. 414.

whom she left behind. 'She was the charm of my existence, my constant support in all my sorrows, the doubler and sharer of every joy,' wrote Elizabeth to her son, Augustus Foster. '. . . Never, I believe, were two heads and minds so united; never did two people think and feel so alike. She is so present to me, and I am so constantly occupied for her that I feel as if she was absent on a journey, and I catch myself saying, "I'll tell her this," nor feel all my loss till some person speaking or some circumstance makes the whole rush upon me with fatal conviction of the truth.'[1] These words are stamped with unassailable verity. The purity and sincerity of Elizabeth's grief for her 'angel friend' should be a sufficient answer for her detractors.

The duchess's death was looked on almost as a national calamity. 'It 's really frightful to see almost all the talent, genius, and worth of the country dying before one's eyes—Nelson, Pitt, Cornwallis, and our beloved, amiable Duchess,' wrote Frederick Foster to his brother Augustus.[2] These young men shared something of their mother's enthusiasm, but the same comparison with the great dead occurred to the Earl of Carlisle:—

> 'Valour's first-born, lamented Nelson, dies:
> Next o'er Pitt's corse we hang with weeping eyes.
>
> Now, at the insatiate Tyrant's savage call,
> The most attractive of her Sex must fall.'[3]

On hearing of Georgiana's death, the Prince of Wales is reported to have said, 'Then we have lost the most amiable and best-bred woman in England!' If those were his actual words, he showed considerable restraint. Once—if not to the end—he had been the duchess's ardent admirer, and a little later, moved by a visit to Chatsworth, he poured out his soul to Lady Elizabeth:—

[1] *The Two Duchesses*, pp. 287, 289. [2] *Ibid.* p. 291.
[3] For the whole poem, see *The Two Duchesses*, p. 278.

'Many thanks, my dearest Lady Elizabeth, for your most kind note. I am really much better, and in a manner well. I have sent to Farquhar, and find that he is to be in Town tomorrow, and I shall see him as soon as he arrives, though I am so much better that I am confident that he will find it hardly necessary to do anything at all. I am quite happy that the dear Duke has got rid of his gout; pray say everything that is most affectionate from me to him. I suppose you will have heard that as my Brother wished so much to see Chatsworth, as we went close to it, we stopped for an hour there; I confess to you it was almost too much for me, the recollection of several of the pieces of furniture which I had seen in her room, and which I had so often sat upon in her room when conversing with her, quite overpowered me, for it is enough to have known her as we have, never to be able to forget her. It is quite impossible to describe to you all I have gone through of late; such a loss and such a calamity are almost beyond all sufferance; I will therefore only add how truly I remain, my dearest Lady Elizabeth, your most affectionate GEORGE P.

'*P.S.*—I hope dearest Georgiana does not vex herself about Morpeth's being gone. I would, if I dared, call at Devonshire House, to see her, and enquire after her, but really I am not sufficiently stout to venture it, as I could not answer for how I might expose myself in entering that House.'[1]

Even if the calamity which is almost beyond all sufferance is the more recent death of Fox, this is a very signal tribute from a prince to a departed beauty. But it may fairly be said that Georgiana deserved the encomiums showered on her. She was a great personality. Her mind was no ordinary one, and to her charms all men bear witness. She was no negligible quantity in politics. Lover of gaiety and queen of the fashions as she was, humanity and kind-

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 15th rep., app. vi. p. 734, 6th October 1806. Carlton House.

ness of heart were prominent among her virtues. An ardent Whig, she had been eager to save Marie Antoinette from the scaffold. Had he waited a little, the author of *The Duchess of Devonshire's Cow* would have found better and less assailable grounds for his panegyric. In 1783, in honour of her eldest daughter Georgiana, she founded a charity school at Chesterfield, where ten boys and ten girls were to be educated and started in life. The costumes of the children were her special care. The girls had dark blue jackets with long sleeves, white aprons and handkerchiefs, and black silk hats ; the boys, blue coats with silver buttons, buff waistcoats and breeches and round hats.[1] It will be noticed that the Whig colours predominate.

Devonshire House was long a house of mourning. When in the autumn after his friend's death, Fox lay in his last illness at Chiswick House, Georgiana's favourite home, his secretary strayed by chance one moonlit night into the late mistress's dressing-room. Everything was as she had left it : 'The musick book still open—the books not restored to their places,—a chair as if she had but just left it, and every mark of a recent inhabitant in this elegant apartment . . . Half-opened notes lay scattered about.'[2]

There was no talk of Elizabeth Foster's leaving her adopted home. She stayed on, sharing with the duke in the dream-life of bereavement. For, with all his impassiveness, Devonshire was deeply sensible of his loss. He was bound to Elizabeth by old friendship and a common memory. And 19th October 1809 he made her his wife.[3]

His second marriage was of short duration. Less than

[1] See a letter on the subject to her mother, and the reply, wherein Lady Spencer suggests some modification in these costumes (*Anglo-Saxon Review*, ii. p. 68).

[2] *Memoirs of Charles James Fox*, by John Bernard Trotter, pp. 451-2. In 1827 another great statesman, Canning, died in the room where Fox had breathed his last.

[3] Her first husband had died in 1796.

two years after his wedding, in the summer of 1811, he died suddenly at Devonshire House, and was buried with his ancestors in Derby.

Elizabeth's grief for this second loss was poignant. 'I can only wonder that my life and intellect have lasted,' she wrote, turning once more to her sons for sympathy. 'Oh God, it is too, too much.' For a time she left London, staying by the sea with her friend, Mrs. George Lamb. She returned to Devonshire House, but only to make arrangements for quitting it, and it was not long before she left England for good.

Once more she was a wanderer. She stayed for some months at Marseilles, where she saw a good deal of Marshal Massena, but on Napoleon's escape from Elba she hurried into Italy. She was at Milan when Waterloo was fought, at Florence later in the year, and eventually went to Rome.

For the rest of her life the duchess dwelt in the city of the Popes, becoming a leader of the fashionable and intellectual world there. Her house was the meeting-place of society. Cardinal Consalvi, the celebrated minister, was her great friend. Louisa of Stolberg, the Young Pretender's widow, who was living at Florence, once said to her, 'Ma belle amie, on dit ici que vous régnez à Rome : permettez-moi d'aller vous visiter dans vos états.' Herself a draughtswoman, she gave her love of the arts full play. The sculptors, Thorwaldsen and Canova, were her intimates. She was instrumental in obtaining a set of casts of the Elgin marbles for the Vatican. She carried on, at her own expense, extensive excavations in the Forum, which yielded considerable results.

The duchess also interested herself in the art of printing, and during her stay in Rome produced some sumptuous volumes, commencing with a lithographed edition, in English and French, of Georgiana's *Passage of the Saint Gothard.* She also brought out an elaborate illustrated edition of Horace's

*Iter ad Brundusium*, of which two issues were suppressed on account of errors of printing or translation, before perfection was reached; a similar edition of the *Aeneid* in two volumes; and was engaged on Dante, when death took her, 30th March 1824, the anniversary of the death of her beloved Georgiana. Several medals were struck in honour of her good works.

To return to England and the ducal house. William George Spencer Cavendish, who succeeded his father as sixth Duke of Devonshire in 1811, just two months after his coming of age, was born in Paris, 21st May 1790. The doubts as to his legitimacy have already been alluded to. The story was that Georgiana gave birth to a daughter at the same time that Elizabeth Foster bore a son, and that an exchange was made. But Greville (of the *Memoirs*) had heard the evidence of the woman who had helped to bring the boy into the world, which he held for proof of Georgiana's motherhood.[1] There seems no reason to disagree with him.

The young duke was at Cambridge when he inherited the title, and graduated B.A. from Trinity College in the same year, proceeding LL.B. in the following. In the House of Lords, though never a prominent figure, he constantly voted with the party to which he was by tradition allied. That his political insignificance was not due to incapacity, is proven by the speech he made on the question of Irish Tithes, a subject in which as an Irish landlord he was personally interested. Since their possession of estates there, the Cavendishes have ever been the friends of Ireland, and the sixth duke was no exception. He realised the objections to the absentee landlords (of whom he, of course, was one of the most prominent), but was anxious, instead of ignoring the evil, to do all in his power to mitigate it. He was a friend of reform. At the time of the trial of Queen Caroline, he exerted himself on behalf of that unfortunate lady, and

[1] *Memoirs*, viii. p. 157.

gave his support to a scheme for providing for her by subscription.

But early in life he fell a victim to almost total deafness, which not only unfitted him for public life, but was greatly to his disadvantage in private. Nevertheless, he was a well-known figure in society. He was strikingly handsome, clever and witty, as his letters testify. Moreover he was enormously wealthy, and, unlike his father, a lover of the pomp with which his position might be invested. The whole of his property was in his own hands; the entail had been cut off on his majority, and his father's death had interfered with the resettlement. There was, therefore, no curb on his extravagance, and so great were the inroads that his mode of life made in his wealth, that towards the end of his life he felt constrained to sell the Yorkshire estate of Londesborough.

Like some of his ancestors, he had a passion for improving his property. He made alterations at Chiswick, Lismore and Bolton Abbey. But his best-known work is at Chatsworth,[1] where he employed Joseph Paxton to build the giant conservatory, on which the great Exhibition of 1851 was to a certain extent modelled. The duke took great interest in his gardens. He acquired a considerable knowledge of botany, and was elected president of the Horticultural Society. He added enormously to the library at Chatsworth. One of his purchases was John Kemble's collection of books relating to the drama, a subject with which he had special acquaintance. He also made a collection of coins; which, however, he subsequently sold for a small fraction of what they had cost him.

In town his entertainments were brilliant. Though there was no duchess to play hostess, Devonshire House was the scene of many a banquet, ball and rout. The duke was a

[1] He wrote a *Handbook of Chatsworth*, in the form of a letter to his sister, Lady Granville.

fine dancer and a lover of music. There is a story told of how he was so charmed by hearing Rossini sing that, meeting the musician for a second time some twenty years later, he presented him with a handsome snuff-box as a token of his long-remembered gratitude. He was a friend of the Prince Regent's, with whom he had many tastes in common. His appearance at Doncaster races with a coach and six and twelve outriders was the kind of performance that would appeal to his Royal Highness.[1]

But the prince was angry when the handsome young duke flirted with Princess Charlotte, and the indiscretion was the cause of one of the constant quarrels between father and daughter. Albeit Henry Brougham suspected they would 'befool the above duke,' and that the prince would 'turn short about, in all likelihood, after making him dance and dangle about, and perhaps break with his friends, and put on his dignified air on which he piques himself, and then say: "Your Grace will be pleased to recollect the difference between you and my daughter,"'[2] there is no record that any such scene ever took place except in Brougham's imagination. A far more serious *casus belli* was soon to present itself in the differences over the proposed marriage between Charlotte and the Prince of Orange. Thirteen years later, when he was given the Garter left vacant by the death of the Marquess of Hastings, the duke was still George IV.'s 'dear young friend.' He had carried the orb at the king's coronation.

Another royal personage with whom Devonshire contracted a friendship was the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, who visited England in 1816. Nicholas stayed several days at Chatsworth, and when he was in London,

[1] *Creevey Papers*, p. 471. The Earl Fitzwilliam—'Billy' Fitzwilliam—did the same, and on the following day put the duke in the shade by coming with two coaches and six, and sixteen outriders.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 182.

Devonshire was his constant companion. It was this circumstance which prompted the selection of Devonshire —at a time when his party was in opposition—to be England's ambassador-extraordinary when Nicholas was crowned Czar in 1826. He fulfilled his mission in a manner worthy of Cavendish traditions and of his own reputation. Among the fêtes with which the event was celebrated at Moscow his was the most splendid. 'The pomp and magnificence of the scene must have almost realised the fairy illusions of Oriental romance,' writes an eye-witness.[1] No need to describe the diamonds and the velvet, the feasting and the dancing till dawn. A portrait of the Czar by the English artist, Dawe, specially commissioned by the duke, was exhibited as a compliment to the royal guest. It is little wonder that Devonshire's embassy was considered a success, or that it cost him £50,000 in excess of the sum allowed him by the British Government. As a token of esteem, Nicholas conferred on him the orders of Saint Andrew and of Saint Alexander Newski, and it was not long after his return to England that the duke received the Garter and entered the Privy Council. About the same time, when Canning took office in April 1827, he was appointed lord chamberlain, which post he held until the change of ministry in the following year, and again during the Grey and Melbourne ministries, November 1830 to December 1834. It was an office for which, both by tastes and by person, he was well suited. At the coronation of Queen Victoria he bore the curtana.

The duke died at Hardwick, 17th January 1858. The end came suddenly, but the ultimate cause was a paralytic stroke which had occurred some five years before. Charles Greville, who was his second cousin and knew him intimately, has sketched his character in the following terms :—

[1] See *Sketch of the Life of the Sixth Duke of Devonshire*, by Sir Augustus W. Clifford, p. 27.

'Spoiled by his mother as a boy, and becoming Duke of Devonshire with a colossal fortune at twenty-one years old, and besides afflicted with incurable deafness, his existence was *manqué*, and he was a disappointed and unhappy man. His abilities were of a very high order, and if he had not been relieved by his position and wealth from the necessity of exertion and disqualified by his infirmities from taking an active part in public life, he might have been a considerable and important as well as a far happier man; but as he had unfortunately no positive tastes or active pursuits, no domestic ties to engage his affections, and no public duties to occupy his mind, he was reduced to fill up the vacuum of his existence by capricious *engouements* and frivolous society. He was very clever and very comical, with a keen sense of humour, frequently very droll with his intimate friends, and his letters were always very amusing. The Duke lived very much like a grand seigneur, hospitable and magnificent; he was very fond of his family, and very kind to them, as he was also to those of his friends whom he took into favour, many of the poorer of whom will have great reason to regret the loss of a benefactor.'[1]

The sixth duke was the first of all the Earls and Dukes of Devonshire to die unmarried, and with him that long line of William Cavendishes which stretched back to Bess of Hardwick's husband, came to an end. It is true that the seventh duke also bore the customary name, but he did not spring from the loins of his predecessor. The Earl of Burlington, to whose honours were added all those appertaining to the Dukes of Devonshire—except the barony of Clifford, which fell into abeyance—was the first cousin at one remove of the man whom he succeeded at Chatsworth.

[1] *Memoirs*, viii. p. 156 sq. There is an interesting biographical sketch by Sir A. W. Clifford.

## CHAPTER X

### INDUSTRY AND TRAGEDY

The sixth duke dead, one must go back a century to find the nearest ancestor whom he shared with his successor. Besides Georgiana's husband, the fourth Duke of Devonshire had two younger sons, the first of whom, Lord Richard, died at Naples, aged only thirty; losing his life, as his father had done, when seeking health in a foreign land.

Lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish, on the other hand, was destined to a long life and honours in the peerage. Born in 1754, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was returned to Parliament for Knaresborough, at a bye-election which befell within a month of his majority. At the general election of 1780 he was chosen for Derby, sat for the borough in four parliaments and, after his uncle John's death, for the shire in nine, until, with fifty-six years of unbroken service to his credit, he was rewarded with a well-earned rest in the Upper House.

Politically, he was orthodox Cavendish, brought up under the influence of his uncles, devoutly adherent to Fox. Whig he was, but no radical, and though he voted with Grey for parliamentary reform in 1797, the Liberals of the new century found him old-fashioned. When, in the years of the Peninsular War and the Tory supremacy, the Opposition lacked a leader, the younger and more advanced men did not take with any kindness to the idea of following Lord George Cavendish. 'The Cavendish system is not the thing for the present day,' wrote Henry Grey Bennet to Thomas

Creevey. So Lord George, not—if in this particular he was also orthodox—with any great regret, remained a subordinate member of his party. The days of the Whig oligarchy were over, and the men of the great Derbyshire house, not yet attuned to new ways, sank for a time into political obscurity.

Heir to the fortunes of two wealthy kinsmen, Henry the chemist, and Frederick the soldier, Lord George had, long ere the death of either of them, made himself a rich man by matrimony. In the spring of 1781 he was betrothed to Lady Elizabeth Compton, only daughter and heiress of Charles, seventh Earl of Northampton. According to George Selwyn, who had heard that the bride was rather plain but not disagreeable, the match was made for family reasons. So far, Georgiana, seven years a wife, had borne no children. 'Madame la Duchesse fait des paroles, mais non pas des enfans.'[1] Her brother-in-law, therefore, was to be the begetter of future dukes. Probably this was mere gossip. Anyway, as we know, Georgiana gave Selwyn the lie. Nevertheless the wit spoke truth by accident, and from the union of Lord George and Lady Betty Compton the eventual heads of the house of Cavendish were to come.

The marriage which gave the Cavendishes Compton Place and the fruitful Eastbourne lands took place at Trinity Chapel, Conduit Street, 27th February 1782, and a fortnight later the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by 'the heads and tails of a hundred great families,' were presented at a glittering drawing-room. Their wedded life was long, and four sons and two daughters were born to them. The third son, Henry Frederick Compton Cavendish, became a general in the army, and was the father of William Henry Frederick Cavendish, groom-in-waiting to Queen Victoria. The fourth son, Charles Compton, after nearly forty years in the House of Commons, was created Lord Chesham 15th January

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 15th rep., app. vi. pp. 485, 593.

1858. His grandson, the third baron, a privy councillor, served with the Imperial Yeomanry as major-general in the South African war, during which his eldest son, Lieutenant Charles William Hugh Cavendish, was killed at Diamond Hill. John Compton, fourth and present Lord Chesham, succeeded his father in 1907. His seat is at Latimers, where Charles I. was entertained by the Countess Christian.

Lord George's two younger sons lived to a great old age; General Cavendish for eighty-four years, Lord Chesham for nearly eighty-nine. To the others death came long ere he was due, and to both he came with violence. William the firstborn, for a short time member for Aylesbury, was thrown from a carriage, while driving in Holker Park with one of his brothers, and never spoke again. This was in January 1812. A few years before, he had married Louisa O'Callaghan, eldest daughter of Cornelius, first Lord Lismore. He left three little children, and another boy was born six months after his death.

George Henry Compton Cavendish, Lord George's second son, who also represented Aylesbury, was soldier as well as politician. As a captain in the 7th Dragoons, he went with the British army to Spain in 1809. After Corunna he was returning to England in a despatch transport, which was lost and some seventy lives with it. His body was found near Falmouth. He was not twenty five.

On 10th September 1831 Lord George Cavendish was given the title which had been in disuse since the death of his grandfather nearly eighty years before, that of Earl of Burlington; being at the same time created Lord Cavendish of Keighley in Yorkshire. The honour had been long a-coming. The new peer was an old man, and had not many years in which to enjoy his privileges. He died, 4th May 1834, at Burlington House. His widow survived him less than a year.

Burlington was succeeded by his grandson, William, at that time in the Commons for North Derbyshire.

Born to the ill-fated William Cavendish and Louisa O'Callaghan in 1808, the new earl had gone on from Eton to a brilliant career at Cambridge. Others of his house had graduated at either university before him, but the academic path used to be made very smooth for the scions of nobility, and the mastery of arts was an easy accomplishment. But William Cavendish was not content to play at learning; he was a scholar by choice and by intellectual endowment. Trinity College may well take pride in him. In 1829 he graduated as second wrangler and eighth classic. His one vanquisher in mathematics was Henry Philpott, afterwards Bishop of Worcester; and in the examination for the Smith's prizes, the order of merit was reversed. In the same year he proceeded M.A., and in 1835 the university created him LL.D. *honoris causa.*

1829 was indeed a memorable year in Cavendish's life. On 18th June the electors of Cambridge sent him as Palmerston's colleague to voice their will at Saint Stephen's. And 6th August he set out on the adventure of matrimony. The bride of his choice, who had four years less than his own twenty-one, was Blanche Georgiana Howard, fourth daughter of the scholarly sixth Earl of Carlisle. She was of his own kindred, her mother having been the elder of the two daughters whom the beautiful Georgiana bore her phlegmatic duke. It is through her and not through her husband that the later Dukes of Devonshire can boast the blood of the famous duchess, with no small measure of whose charm young Mrs. Cavendish was dowered. She was called Georgiana, after her grandmother, but was by no means unique in that distinction. So keen were the parents to commemorate their connection with the Whig queen, that they named every one of their six daughters with her celebrated name, while an equal number of sons all bore the

name of George, mainly, no doubt, as sons of their father, but in some measure, probably, as grandsons of their grandmother.

Cavendish was not long to represent his university in Parliament. Regardless of the fact that he was the chosen mouthpiece of a stronghold of the old order of things, he spoke boldly in favour of the first Reform Bill. Our country's happy lot, he said, could hardly be the result of the existing borough system. Moreover, the confidence of the country was essential to any Government, which could have no stability without the support of the majority of the people. As things then were, he maintained, the House of Commons did not really represent the people, which fact was the cause of growing dissatisfaction. That dissatisfaction was at present smothered, but if circumstances aroused it, it would burst out with redoubled violence. The young member stigmatised the argument that the measure was a stepping-stone to further concessions, as merely an obstacle thrown in the way of progress. Of the cry of 'Revolution' he also disposed. The likeliest cause of revolution was the continuance of a system completely at variance with the general interests. The aristocracy, he further averred, had nothing to fear from the passing of this bill. It would certainly deprive them of some of their immediate power, but it would induce them to rely no longer on their boroughs, but on that which ought always to be the source of their legitimate influence—their own talents and their means of conferring happiness on the people.

Of democracy, in the more wholesale phase that confronts us to-day, there was little enough in this speech. But to the electors of Cambridge University in distant 1831 it smacked of red revolution. So at the general election which followed the rejection of the Bill, William Cavendish lost his seat. He quickly found more receptive constituents at Malton in Yorkshire, however, and within

a few months his grandfather's migration to the Lords created a vacancy in Derbyshire, whither the young reformer, henceforth to be styled Lord Cavendish, transferred his services. In the reorganised Parliament of the following year he was chosen to represent the northern division of the county.

But politics had really little attraction for him, and after he in turn had become Earl of Burlington, he very rarely took advantage of his right of entry into the Upper Chamber. It seems that the affairs of Ireland alone had power to move him to the utterance of opinion. Almost the only occasion on which he spoke in the House of Lords was in 1869, when he gave vigorous support to Gladstone's bill for disestablishing the Irish Church. To his just and broad mind it was repulsive that the English Government should impose on Ireland a form of religion entirely repugnant to the majority of Irishmen.

'I regard this measure,' he said, 'as indispensable for laying a foundation for the removal of that estrangement and alienation with which Ireland has so long regarded England. If this bill should be rejected, what reason would there be, supposing its rejection could be permanent, for expecting that Ireland in the future would be anything different from what it has been in the past; and in such case, could we contemplate such a prospect without utter despair? I believe this is the first step for the removal of one of the most frightful sources of discontent in that country; and as such I support it as one of the most just and beneficent measures ever presented to my consideration since I have had a seat in your lordships' House.'

For many years the Liberal peer was an ardent admirer and consistent supporter of Gladstone. But he could not follow him all the way, and when the Home Rule Bill disclosed the gulf widening between Radical and Whig, he accepted the chairmanship of the Loyal and Patriotic

Union, though he played no militant part in party warfare. By those stirring times he had long held higher rank than that of Earl of Burlington. On the death of the sixth Duke of Devonshire in 1858 he had succeeded to the headship of his house, and it is as Duke of Devonshire that he is known to fame and, for the future, to these pages.

Learning and the fruits thereof were Devonshire's life-long interest, and it was to these he gladly returned from his brief spells in the world of political strife. Nor was it learning for its own sake that attracted him, so much as its practical application to the problems of life. It is characteristic of him that he undertook in person the education of his sons. Besides being a congenial task, this was a consolation in bereavement. For the earl was only permitted ten years of married happiness. On 27th April the young countess, whose health had long been failing, died at her sister the Duchess of Sutherland's house at Wanstead, leaving her husband sole guardian of their little children. Three boys, Spencer Compton, Frederick Charles and Edward, and a girl, Louisa Caroline, were then alive. An older son, William,[1] had found two years and a half enough of life.

So to instil the principles of science and of life into his two elder boys, became the self-imposed task of the desolate husband. Spencer Compton Cavendish was six years of age at his mother's death, and his brothers had arrived at intervals of two years. As yet, therefore, there was no question of schooling to be settled, but when the time for Eton drew near, Devonshire decided to keep his children

[1] While acknowledging my constant debt, in these last chapters, to Mr. Henry Leach for his life of the eighth Duke of Devonshire, I should like to point out that his speculations (p. 28) as to why his subject did not bear the traditional name of William, are answered by the fact that, at the time of his christening, the name was occupied by this elder brother, whose death is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* as having taken place at the age of two-and-a-half, 15th May 1834, eleven days after that of his great-grandfather.

by his side. It does not follow that because a man has been second wrangler and eighth classic, he will therefore make a good schoolmaster. The power of acquiring knowledge does not imply the gift of dissemination. But when Devonshire made his decision he was probably judge of his own abilities. His experiment was successful, the boys proved apt learners, a great sympathy grew up between master and pupils, and in the schoolroom at Holker was laid the foundation of a lifelong friendship between the father and his sons.

Devonshire's scholarship was widely recognised. At the age of twenty-eight he was chosen chancellor of the University of London, and occupied the position for twenty years. In 1861 he succeeded the Prince Consort as chancellor of his own *alma mater*, and on the foundation of the Victoria University in 1880 he was the first to hold there the same high office. Signal honours, these; but they brought with them responsibilities which he was not the man to shirk. He worked hard for the wellbeing of the great institutions over whose destinies he was president. To Cambridge, whose chancellor he remained till his death thirty years after his unanimous election, he presented the magnificent Cavendish Laboratory, and supported all schemes for the enlargement of the scope of the university. He was intensely interested in the foundation of new seats of learning in the great manufacturing towns. Both Owen's College at Manchester, over which he for a time presided, and the Yorkshire College at Leeds, benefited by his practical assistance.

Technical education and the application of science to industry were the matters nearest his heart. He advocated the study of scientific agriculture at Cambridge. He was president of the Royal Commission on Technical and Scientific Instruction, first president of the Iron and Steel Institute, founder and president of the Royal Agricultural

Society. Perhaps it was as an agriculturist that he was most widely known. The shorthorns of Holker are famous among cattle.

In the development of his own estates, which he managed himself, he gave a striking example of what material progress might be. In the north, the south and the midlands, he converted a village into a town. In the earlier years of the last century, Eastbourne consisted, in the words of Devonshire's heir, 'of merely a few rickety lodging-houses.' Buxton, indeed, had been a bathing-place of the fashionable since Elizabethan times, but it was very far from its present stature. Both these places, the one sunning itself on the shores of the southern sea, the other high among the lovely Derbyshire hills, grew during the duke's reign into the goodly homes of health and pleasure which to-day cry so seductively to the holiday-seeker.

The northern metamorphosis was in a more serious direction. On the duke's land in North Lonsdale lay a little village called Barrow, a place which a century ago numbered some hundred inhabitants. It had then no name in the annals of commerce. Now the great town of Barrow-in-Furness, with its harbour and dockyards, iron works and petroleum works, its busy exporting and importing, with its parliamentary representation and its five stations on the Furness Railway, is a centre of industrial life. This is the seventh Duke of Devonshire's work, the fruit of his energy and generosity and zeal for his country's progress. Before his day the rich veins of hematite iron ore had lain almost unexploited in the earth. It was he who set men sinking and tunnelling. The annual output, a thousand tons at the beginning of his career, had grown, long before his death, to several hundreds of thousands. In 1847 the population of Barrow was 325; in 1871 it was 19,000; in 1881, 47,000; and twenty years saw a further increase of ten thousand. It was with natural and commendable pride

that the duke, speaking from the chair at a banquet given in 1867, when the Duke of Buccleuch, another benefactor of Barrow, was vice-chairman, and Gladstone an honoured guest, retold the splendid record of a development which was still so far from its climax.

So though less concerned with politics than that of any of his predecessors, it was a busy and useful life that Devonshire led. A long life, too. Born when the nineteenth century was still new, he lived to see the birth of its last decade. Year in, year out, he watched the wonderful growth of England, in what we call the Victorian era, and helped in its development. More fruitful than academic debate at Westminster was the work he did. Beloved of his tenantry, honoured throughout England for good work well done, one may suppose his life a happy one. But it was not without its sorrows. The first was when his young wife so prematurely died. The second was a tragedy which is still fresh in men's memories.

All three of the duke's sons spent their lives in the parliamentary world from which their father so early retired. Of what the eldest did there, some tale will be told later. It is he whom—with no implied discourtesy to his successor—we still think of, without numerical qualification, as the Duke of Devonshire. His brother, Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish, was the undeserving victim of one of the most atrocious political outrages of recent years.

This cadet of the Cavendishes did not show the haste to find a seat in Parliament which some of his kinsmen have displayed. Born in 1836, after leaving Cambridge he served for a time as cornet in the Duke of Lancaster's own yeomanry cavalry. Afterwards he was for some years private secretary to his kinsman, Lord Granville,[1] at that time lord president of the Council. In 1859 he made a

[1] Son of Granville, first Earl Granville, and Henrietta, second daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire.

tour in the United States, and on his return to Europe in the following year visited Spain. It was not until 1865, when he was nearly twenty-nine, that the Liberals of the northern division of the West Riding made choice of the man who, for the rest of his days, was to represent them at Westminster.

A year's apprenticeship to Gladstone, whose niece he married, qualified him for the office of a junior lord of the Treasury, in which department he was subsequently financial secretary. Then in May 1882, on the resignation of William Edward Forster, the chief secretaryship of Ireland fell vacant, and was given to Cavendish.

The appointment caused some surprise. Several others, among them Lord Hartington and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, had been talked of as possible successors to Forster. Some were inclined to cavil at the selection of one who had been so little prominent in Parliament. But if Lord Frederick was almost unknown to the readers of newspaper reports, in his official capacity he had shown an industry and devotion which was at least an assurance that his new duties would be performed with thoroughness.

The wisdom of Gladstone's choice was not to be put to the test. Cavendish reached Dublin Castle in the company of Earl Spencer, the viceroy, on the morning of 6th May. During the day he took the customary oath and commenced his appointed work. About seven o'clock in the evening he started to drive to his own house. On the way, however, he came up with his colleague, Thomas Henry Burke, the permanent under-secretary, with whom, alighting from his car, he set out on foot through the Phœnix Park. It was a lovely evening, and crowds of people were out to enjoy the last of the sunlight. That a dastardly tragedy should have been enacted at that calm time, in so peopled a place, seems hardly credible.

The two officials were near the Phœnix monument, and

almost under the windows of the viceregal lodge, when they were set on from behind by a number of armed ruffians, and stabbed to death. The thing was done so quickly that the men got clear away before the bystanders realised what had happened. Several persons saw the fracas, but thought it only a brawl of roughs. Lord Spencer, standing by a window of his house, thought the same, not dreaming that he was witnessing the murder of two of his subordinates.

When the real nature of the outrage was discovered, the excitement and horror it inspired were intense. Through both Ireland and England the news spread like flame. The Nationalists and Land Leaguers were quick to dissociate themselves from the affair. Parnell, Dillon and Michael Davitt issued an address to Ireland and the world, expressing their sense of horror and despair. 'We feel that no act,' their manifesto concluded, 'has ever been perpetrated in our country during the exciting struggles for social and political rights of the past fifty years that has so stained the name of hospitable Ireland as this cowardly and unprovoked assassination of a friendly stranger, and that until the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke are brought to justice that stain will sully our country's name.' All over Ireland were passed resolutions to the same effect.

In England a cabinet council was hurriedly called; whereat it was decided to press on quickly with a Prevention of Crimes Bill, to be introduced by Sir William Harcourt. The first feeling had naturally been one of intense indignation against the Nationalists, but a calmer mood ensued when it was realised that the crime was really as deadly a blow as could well have been aimed against Parnell's recent treaty with the Liberal party.

Parliament met on 8th May, two days after the murder, when tribute was paid in both Houses and by the leaders

of all parties to the merits of the dead men. Gladstone's words were striking: 'The hand of the assassin has come nearer home; and though I feel it difficult to say a word, yet I must say that one of the very noblest hearts in England has ceased to beat, and has ceased at the very moment when it was just devoted to the service of Ireland, full of love for that country, full of hope for her future, full of capacity to render her service.' Then the Houses adjourned until after Lord Frederick's funeral, which took place at Chatsworth, 11th May. It was a memorable ceremony. Three hundred members of Parliament, and thirty thousand other people attended to see the obsequies of him whom popular feeling made a patriot martyr. The Duke of Devonshire and Gladstone led the procession to Edensor churchyard.

Meanwhile the murderers remained undiscovered, and their motives, consequently, were still to be explained. But it was taken for granted that the object of their animosity had been the new chief-secretary, and their deed a comment of ghastly irony on the 'message of peace' with which Gladstone had sent him across the Channel. Cavendish had been murdered within a few hours of his arrival. Burke had long walked unscathed through the Dublin streets. The conclusion was very obvious. Nevertheless it was erroneous.

It was more than half a year before the truth came to light, though the police, acting on the special powers granted them by the new Prevention of Crimes Act, which in spite of some Nationalist opposition had quickly become law, had been making diligent search in the poorer quarters of Dublin. At last their zeal was rewarded. In January 1883 some score of suspected persons were arrested, among them a certain James Carey, a substantial tradesman and a town councillor.

The examination of these men elicited at once some startling facts about the inner workings of Fenianism, and

a series of hitherto unsuspected plots against the life of Mr. Forster. When the inquiry was directed specifically towards the Phœnix Park murders, evidence was soon forthcoming. Certain knives, found in the house of James Carey, were produced, which experts said might well have inflicted the wounds found on the bodies of Lord Frederick and his fellow victim. A number of the arrested men had been seen in the park on the fatal evening. When Michael Kavanagh, a car-driver, turned informer, 10th February, the mystery was in a fair way to a solution. Kavanagh testified that he had driven Joseph Brady, Tim Kelly and two others to the Phœnix Park, where they had met Carey, who gave the signal for the assassination by raising a white handkerchief. After the deed was done he drove the murderers away as fast as he could. He had played a similar part in connection with the Field outrage.

A week later James Carey himself turned informer, and the whole story came out. For many years Carey had been living two lives. Dublin had known and respected him as a prosperous and charitable citizen. But beneath the surface he had been the centre of conspiracy. A prominent Fenian, he had in 1881 become one of the leaders of the Invincibles, an offshoot, though independent, of the older organisation. These Invincibles, whose object was the extermination of those whom they deemed tyrants, were under the orders of a mysterious chief, known even to his fellows by no other title than 'No. 1.' It was he who, after attempts on the lives of Forster and Earl Cowper had failed, designated Burke as the next whose life should be assailed. Carey, however, by his own showing, had arranged all the details of the crime.

His evidence brought five of his colleagues, Brady, Curley, Fagan, Kelly and Caffrey to the scaffold, and though by turning informer he escaped a similar doom, he got little good by his treachery. After being detained some time in

Kilmainham prison, he was smuggled out of the country, with his wife and family, in a ship bound for South Africa. Arrived at Cape Town, he took another ship for Natal. But his doom had followed him. When twelve miles from Cape Vaccas, he was shot dead by one Patrick O'Donnell, a bricklayer, whom the Invincibles had sent out to wreak their revenge. Government precautions for Carey's safety had been useless against the spies of these secret workers.

Carey's story proved that, after all, it was not Lord Frederick Cavendish for whose destruction the black plot had been laid. Burke, well known as a vigilant enemy of the secret societies, was the man at whom the assassins' knives had been levelled. They did not even know who it was that walked with the under-secretary. But some one had tried to hinder them in their work and they had struck home. Lord Frederick's death was no planned murder. It was a hideous accident.

Another of his sons was to precede the seventh Duke of Devonshire to the grave, though only by a few months. It was 18th May 1891 that Lord Edward Cavendish died at Devonshire House. Before the year had run its course his father also had crossed the borderland. For some time past his health had been failing, and 21st December, full of years and honour, he passed away at Holker, the oldest and best beloved of his homes.

Although a younger son, it was Lord Edward Cavendish's lot to continue the line of the Dukes of Devonshire. For himself, he played a modest though useful part. He sat in Parliament first as a Liberal, afterwards as an Unionist, for West Sussex, for North Derbyshire, and for the western division of the same county, but he never occupied ministerial rank. For a short time he was private secretary to Earl Spencer, the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, who was later to be so tragically connected with Lord Edward's brother. On leaving Cambridge he had been for five years in the

Rifle Brigade, and he was afterwards a keen volunteer. He was also personally interested in those Lancashire industries which owed their existence in so great a measure to his father's energy. He married Emma Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the Right Honourable William Lascelles. The first of the three sons of this mating is now Duke of Devonshire.

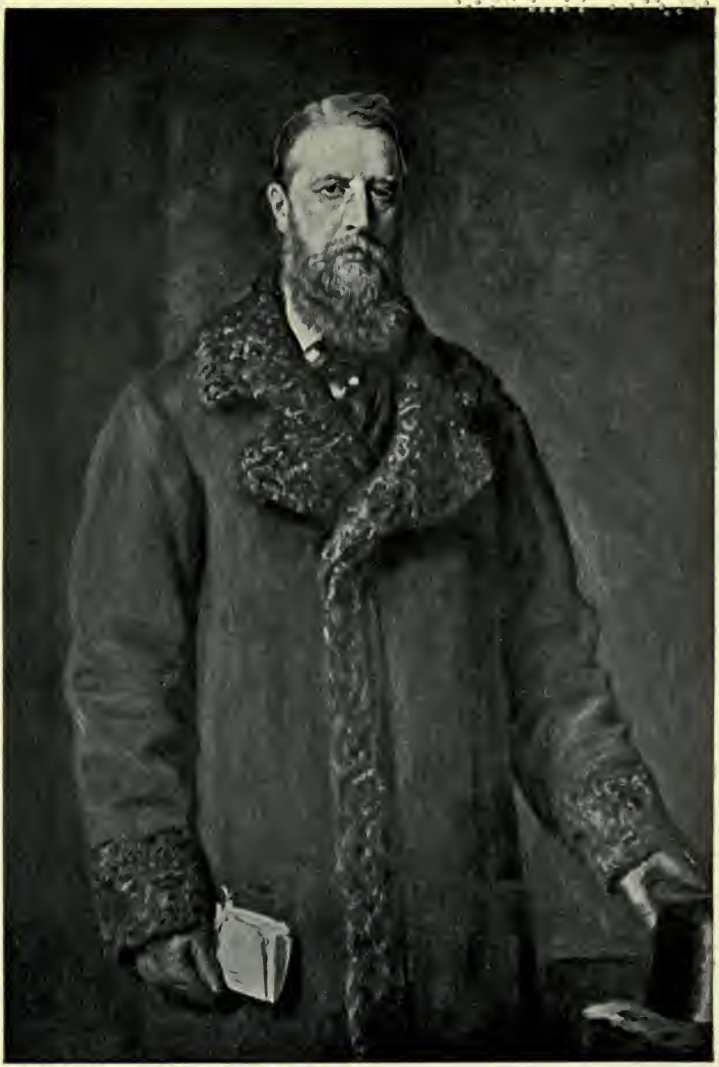
## CHAPTER XI

### SPENCER COMPTON, EIGHTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

When one comes to write of the eighth Duke of Devonshire, one seems indeed to have reached modern days. His death is still a recent event. His latter years were spent in battles that have not yet come to an issue. But when he first saw the light, Victoria was still a princess, and more than half a century has passed since the beginning of his political career.

Born 23rd July 1833, and baptized with the surnames of two great-grandmothers who had played a large part in Cavendish history—the beautiful duchess and the heiress of Compton Place—Spencer Compton Cavendish was the second son of that Mr. Cavendish whom the fates had selected for the future Duke of Devonshire. Before he was a year old his brother's death had left him heir-apparent to whatever of honour and wealth might be his father's portion.

Brought up and educated at Holker, under the close supervision of a wise and able father, he proceeded in due course to Trinity College, where, though not a scholar of his sire's calibre, he took a very fair place in the Mathematical Tripos, and that despite the fact that in his hurry for the political field his time of preparation had been less than the ordinary by two years. The exact science of mathematics was, indeed, peculiarly congenial to his intellect, and the story is told that, on one of those occasions when appearances suggested that the member for North Lanca-



SPENCER COMPTON, EIGHTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
*(By kind permission of the Duke of Devonshire.)*
*By Millais.*

shire slept at his post, he was observed to be struggling with the half-forgotten formula of the binomial theorem.

But the academic life lacked attractions to young Cavendish, athirst as he was to bear witness to his hereditary Whiggery. So he left the university on the eve of his coming of age, which was celebrated at Holker as beseemed the heir of a great house. Gathering of tenantry, feasting, appropriate oratory were the order of the day. Only one incident marred the occasion. A premature explosion of fireworks not only robbed the merrymakers of a keenly anticipated pleasure, but very nearly robbed their hosts of a favourite house. An event of the day was a cricket match; in which Lord Cavendish, accompanying his father to open the Holker innings, most characteristically carried his bat for a total of five runs.

Before entering on his political career, Cavendish played a minor part in a diplomatic errand. He went with his kinsman, Earl Granville, to the crowning of Czar Alexander II., and witnessed the splendid celebrations designed to signalise the end of the Crimean war. Granville was not the first of the young man's kin who had been on such an embassy. At the previous Russian coronation England, it will be remembered, had been magnificently represented by the sixth Duke of Devonshire. Although thirty years had elapsed, the same duke reigned, and he took a keen interest in Granville's mission, presenting the countess with a priceless collection of cameos, specially mounted for her personal adornment, and lending the earl, his nephew, a service of frosted silver, which filled seventeen cases and had no equal in the country.

Lord Cavendish's opportunity for entering Parliament came at the general election of 1857, when the Liberal representative of North Lancashire, Mr. James Haywood, resigned for his health's sake. There was no seat in England that the aspirant politician might more appropriately

occupy. An invitation was received and accepted; and on the last day of March, as a follower of Palmerston, a supporter of the principles of Free Trade, an advocate of franchise extension and popular education, Cavendish was returned unopposed, together with the old member, Colonel Wilson Patten.

His career opened with no foreshadowings of an active or brilliant future. Only three times in the first four years of his parliamentary life was his voice heard at Westminster. On the first two occasions, it was a family matter that roused him from his normal silence. Twice the honour of Earl Granville, as chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, was called in question, and twice the Marquess of Hartington, as about this time he became, spoke in his defence. It was hardly likely that a great career would be predicted for him by any one not exceptionally gifted with foresight. 'An idle, muddled-head youth,' he appeared to one observer. But one with keener eyes saw more clearly. An inclination to somnolence was always (at least according to the caricaturists) a characteristic of the Marquess of Hartington. One would naturally explain such a quality as the contempt bred of familiarity, and would accordingly expect in a parliamentary novice a greater respect for the august assembly in which it was his privilege to sit. But in this case such reasoning does not apply. Hartington yawned in the middle of his maiden speech. 'He 'll do,' exclaimed Disraeli. 'To any man who can betray such extreme languor under such circumstances the highest post in the gift of the Commons should be open.' As a matter of fact, the marquess was early convinced of his unsuitability for a political career, and had it not been for the encouragement of John Bright, he would possibly have abandoned the game.

His third speech in the House was that wherein he moved the amendment to the address in June 1859, thereby

playing a leading part in the overthrow of the frail second Derby ministry, and the restoration of Palmerston to power. It was a performance which raised him considerably in the opinions of his fellow politicians.

In 1862 Lord Hartington visited America. The terrible cotton famine, which had broken out in Lancashire as the direct result of the Civil War and consequent dislocation of American commerce, touched him keenly, in his double capacity of proprietor and representative of parts of the stricken area. He visited in person the scenes of distress, and gave of his wealth to alleviate the poverty which had come upon the most prosperous of English shires. He took part in the debates on the subject in the House of Commons, advocating, though vainly, the raising of a loan instead of such a burdening of the rate-payers as was meant by the Union Relief Aid Bill. Thus for once, though on a non-party question, he placed himself in opposition to Palmerston, the political ideal of his early days.

From Lancashire the marquess's logical mind turned to America, and in the late summer he was borne across the Atlantic on the *Great Eastern*. Although his sympathies were with the Southern States, he was well received in New York, where he was soon joined by his father and his younger brother, Lord Edward Cavendish. He visited Washington, where he had an interview with Abraham Lincoln. Of this meeting a story is told. At first the president did not catch his visitor's name. It was repeated to him. 'Why, Hartington rhymes with Mrs. Partington,' was his comment, accompanied by a smile of satisfaction at his own amazing and spontaneous wit. Much capital was made out of this gaucherie by the men of the south.

To the south went the marquess himself not long after this interview. His welcome was even warmer than it had been in New York. The scion of a great Whig house, with secessionist sympathies, he was naturally an acceptable

guest among the Confederate leaders. Those secessionist sympathies, on his return to New York, very nearly got the marquess into trouble. At a fashionable function in Fifth Avenue, he was induced, by a masked but persuasive lady, to don, in a moment of thoughtlessness and social pliancy, the loathed badge of the south. Expressions of anger appeared on the faces of those around, and had not Hartington, perceiving himself the victim of a malicious trick, at once removed the badge, the matter would without doubt have gone further. As it was, his explanations were accepted, but the story in a garbled form was freely circulated. Even James Russell Lowell, who ought to have known better, recounted it with intent to bring the marquess into discredit.

Although he was the guest at many an entertainment, Lord Hartington gave much attention to the study of the country which he was visiting. On the whole his impressions of north and south were alike unfavourable. The American love of money and the power of the press were things that he contrasted with the comparative superficiality of American education. He looked on the prosperity which the Northern States enjoyed in spite of the war, as a false and temporary state of affairs, which must sooner or later lead to disaster. The expression of his views subsequently brought him into acrimonious controversy with Bright and Cobden.

Lord Hartington's return to England signalised an increase alike of activity and of importance in the world of English politics. Re-elected by his former constituents in March 1863, he received his first Government appointment at Palmerston's hands, as civil lord of the Admiralty. This promotion of a young man whose birth had so far been his chief claim to distinction, did not pass without criticism, which was naturally not abated when, a month later, he was transferred to the War Office as under-secretary.

But the indignation which found vent in the lobby did not last long. Palmerston's choice was amply justified by the under-secretary's wise conduct of the business for which he was responsible. The army estimates for the year were already settled, but he had charge of the Fortifications (Provision of Expenses) Bill, and of the Volunteer Bill, and in his second year of office, when the Government's plans of retrenchment made the estimates extremely debatable matter, he proved his mettle in the face of an opposition eager for his discomfiture. He had taken pains to make himself master of the details of his business, and during his term at the War Office he did not once speak on any other subject. This thoroughness, which all the world was to know and respect, brought him with credit through many a trying ordeal of cross-questioning.

It was quite natural therefore, that Earl Russell, who succeeded to the Treasury on Palmerston's death, should promote his colleague and friend to be secretary for War, when a vacancy occurred owing to Earl de Grey's transference to the India Office. The descendant of William Russell, the patriot, may well have had a special kindness for the descendant of the first Duke of Devonshire, but Hartington's services deserved this recognition.

The Liberal government, however, had not very much longer to live. The marquess entered the cabinet, and was sworn a privy councillor in February 1866. Four months later Russell and his colleagues went out of office.

When Lord Hartington came back to the House in his new capacity, a curious technical question was raised. The rumour had got about that the customary clause debarring the war minister from participating in the functions of the commander-in-chief had been left out of his patent. Members professed much alarm lest the conduct of the British army should have been placed in the hands of a young civilian utterly without experience of the arts of

war, and a question on the subject was at once put. The marquess was able to quiet the fearful. It was quite true that the clause had been omitted. But the defect had been remedied by a special document bearing the queen's sign-manual.

This was almost the only matter connected with his office with which Lord Hartington had to deal. Reform was the dominant issue, and the Government plans for extending the franchise were being expounded and defended by Gladstone, leader of the House of Commons since Lord John Russell's promotion to the Upper Chamber. The war minister was among those who spoke in favour of the Bill, but a number of Liberals opposed it, and in June the Government suffered defeat. Without a general election the third Derby ministry was formed.

In the following year the second great Reform Bill was passed under Derby's auspices, and Parliament turned its attention to the burning question of disestablishing the Irish church. It was this question which, as already noted, stirred the Duke of Devonshire from his long silence. His son was equally affected by it. The speech in which he supported Gladstone's resolutions was far in advance of any he had yet made. He shared his father's views of the injustice and uselessness of forcing a Protestant church on a Catholic country. With boldness he announced that if, as the Conservatives alleged, the disestablishment would endanger the union, then the Fenians were right, and the union was a pernicious thing. But he quickly went on to argue that such a danger did not exist.

At the ensuing election Lord Hartington had for the first time to fight for his seat. The Stanleys, whose interest in Lancashire was as great as that of the Cavendishes, put up a candidate for the north-western division in the person of Frederick Arthur Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby. The contest, fought on the question of the Irish disestablish-

ment, was hot and acrimonious. Patten, the third candidate, Hartington's colleague since he first entered Parliament, worked with Stanley. Illegitimate capital was made out of the Cavendishes' Irish landlordship; and when, 23rd November, the poll was declared, the marquess was found to be the least favoured candidate.

Destined by Gladstone for the Post Office, another seat had to be found for him, but the prompt retirement of Mr. Green Price, who had been returned unopposed for the Radnor Boroughs, settled the difficulty. Conservative opposition was offered him, but he was elected member for the Welsh constituency by an easy majority.

Lord Hartington was Postmaster-General for two years, during which the telegraphs were acquired by the Government, the newspaper and circular rate was reduced to a halfpenny, and the halfpenny postcard was introduced. But the marquess did not, as hitherto, confine his attention to the details of his own department. Questions were afoot in which he took special interest, and he joined freely in debate. He was chairman of a special committee for discovering ways and suggesting means of improving the parliamentary and municipal election systems, and introduced a bill which, though dropped, was the herald of that which established the ballot and abolished or minimised corruption.

Gladstone was prime minister, burning to remedy the wrongs of Ireland. The Church disestablished, he had turned to the land, and in 1870 the Land Bill was passed. Here, too, he had been supported by the marquess, and in the following year he chose him as the appropriate successor to Mr. Chichester Fortescue in the office of Irish Secretary.

Now, as always, the post was one which presented many difficulties, and called for infinite tact. Gladstone's measures had already had some effect. There were signs of nascent

prosperity in Ireland, and there was a lull in the activity of the Fenians. But agrarian outrages had not ceased, and the Ribbon confederacy was at work, enforcing by its own stern methods its own ideas of justice between landlord and tenant. One of the new secretary's first steps was to move and obtain a select committee to inquire into the doings of the Ribbonists.

Twice during his tenure of the office Lord Hartington had to submit to the inconvenience of legal proceedings. The suit of one O'Byrne, who claimed damages for injuries done to him by the police, cost him and Mr. Burke, the under-secretary, £25. The other case, which came to nothing, sprang from the visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland in August 1871. On this occasion, the forbidding of a 'monster meeting,' which was deemed dangerous to the prince's person, led to a riot. The Government was severely called to account for this occurrence, and Lord Hartington's explanations did not stave off an inquiry.

But though he had no sympathy with the extreme forms of Nationalism, the chief secretary was all enthusiasm for Irish reform. On one occasion, while disclaiming any leanings towards Home Rule, he went so far as to admit that the small amount of time devoted to Irish affairs in Parliament was a strong and legitimate weapon in the hands of Mr. Butt and his friends. This statement, made on the morrow of the disestablishment and of the Land Act, was naturally the subject of some comment.

In January 1874, defeated on the question of Irish education, Gladstone went into opposition, and Disraeli formed his second cabinet. But though out of office, Lord Hartington was at this point to become a far more important person than he had been hitherto. To the consternation of the Liberals, Gladstone refused to lead his party, and after one session of anarchy, the marquess was chosen to succeed him.

The choice was by no means a matter of course. Several candidates were in the field, though they eventually dwindled to two, Lord Hartington and Mr. W. E. Forster. But between these it was found difficult to decide. Mr. Forster, who was certainly more ambitious of leadership than his rival, had, as certainly, qualifications that the marquess lacked. On the other hand he was unpopular with no small section of his party. The more his claims were pressed by his adherents, the more patent did this become; and finally, 'not without a pang,' as he himself admitted, Mr. Forster left the field. On 3rd February 1875 at a meeting held at the Reform Club, under the presidency of John Bright, it was moved, seconded, and unanimously carried, that the Marquess of Hartington should be requested to undertake the leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Commons.

A cartoon in *Punch* shows the 'New Shepherd' perplexedly asking Farmer Bright, who hands him the crook, 'Hey, but Measter! where be the sheep?' And it was indeed the shadow of a party that Hartington was called upon to lead. The fortunes of Liberalism were at their lowest, and Disraeli was triumphant.

Nevertheless the marquess displayed a capacity for generalship for which few had given him credit. Despite his incurable habit of taking his seat in the House at least a quarter of an hour late, he showed an assiduity, a tact and an activity which soon won him the confidence of his followers. From the opening day of his leadership, when he surprised the prime minister by a masterly analysis of the speech from the throne, he never ceased to vindicate his party's choice.

For some time Gladstone adhered to his decision of only putting in an occasional appearance in the House of Commons, and although he found the meteoric and irresponsible utterances of the great statesman as often embarrassing as

helpful, it was then that Lord Hartington established himself as a real and efficient leader.

But in 1876, the Eastern question brought Gladstone once more into the van. Fired by the reports of the atrocities in Bulgaria, he plunged eloquently into the arena as the champion of the oppressed, forming a striking contrast with Beaconsfield, the dispassionate politician, who was pro-Turk merely because he was anti-Russian. Lord Hartington, though his sympathies were with Gladstone, was not made of the same inflammable material. Politics were for him a question of reason rather than emotion. With characteristic thoroughness he decided to get as near as might be to the root of the trouble. Accordingly, as soon as he was free from his parliamentary duties, he set out eastwards.

Nor was he content with any superficial inspection. He visited not only the towns but the countryside, gleaning much knowledge of the conditions of the peasant subjects of the Sultan. At Constantinople, in spite of every effort that was naturally made to deceive him, he acquired a great deal of useful information. Two important points became clear to him. He saw that the Bulgarian atrocities were not so much due to deliberate cruelty and despotism as to the rottenness and impotence of the Turkish government. He also learned that while the Turks considered Russia unequivocally their enemy, they considered England, because of her jealousy of Russia, their friend. He returned to England absolutely convinced that Turkey must be sternly dealt with, and utterly opposed to a hostile attitude towards Russia.

But he was none the less still constitutionally incapable of sharing Gladstone's enthusiasm, and when, on Russia's declaration of war against Turkey, the hot-blooded statesman was for moving five strong resolutions as an expression of entire disapprobation of the Turk's conduct, Lord

Hartington was one of the many Liberals who refused to support him. Eventually a compromise was arrived at, and the leader of the Opposition gave his official support to the remnant of the resolutions which had been allowed to survive, but which, even in their comparatively harmless condition, were defeated by a substantial majority.

By the beginning of 1878 the war had gone badly for the Turks, and a Russian occupation of Constantinople seemed by no means improbable. The Mediterranean fleet was ordered to the Bosphorus, and the Government asked for £6,000,000. Against this the Liberals at first proposed to stand out, but eventually, fearing further to inflame the jingoism which was already rampant throughout the country, Hartington, though against Gladstone's will, withdrew his opposition. Speaking in the House on the terms of the Treaty of Berlin, the marquess declared that the struggle with Russia for India had been advanced a hundred years, and our vulnerable frontier a thousand miles.

Well as Lord Hartington had done the work entrusted to him, enhanced as his reputation had been by five years of honourable service to his party, he was far from sorry when in March 1880 Parliament was dissolved. The years of his leadership had been difficult. For besides the trouble in Eastern Europe, they had witnessed the Afghan war and the tragedy of Isandhlwana, where Cetywayo and his Zulus broke the English force. The conduct of a prominent member of his party had not lightened the leader's labours. From the commencement of the Eastern troubles, the sorties of Achilles from his tent had become more and more frequent, till the enemy could speak derisively of the 'leaders' of the Opposition. So that to become once more a mere member of the Government was in the nature of a relief.

In the election campaign of 1880 the call for Home Rule first made itself urgently heard. Liberal as he was in all

questions connected with the government of Ireland, Lord Hartington showed himself from the first the staunchest champion of the union. Speaking at Newcastle in the previous year he had already declared himself in no obscure terms. Parnell, pursuing an obstructive policy, had boasted that the Nationalists 'had another way of bringing the Whigs to reason.' 'If he means,' Hartington retorted, 'that we shall be ready to purchase his support or the support of any section of Parliament by concessions which we think fatal to the integrity of the empire, I can only repeat now, in the last year of this Parliament, what I said in its first session, that I believe that those statesmen who would be so rash and foolish as to offer any concession of this description, would thereby condemn themselves to lasting exclusion from office.'

Instead of seeking safety in Radnorshire, Lord Hartington returned to Lancashire, and stood for the north-eastern division, the neighbour of that which had rejected him twelve years before. Here he had to work hard for his seat, and how hard he actually did work is shown by the fact that, with the exception of Gladstone, no other Liberal made a quarter the number of speeches he made. Even Gladstone, in the great Midlothian fight, only spoke sixteen times to Hartington's four-and-twenty. The Government, to serve its own ends, had made as much as possible of the Home Rule danger, and the marquess had again emphatically to disclaim sympathy with the movement both on his own account and his party's. Unsparingly, also, he condemned Beaconsfield's foreign policy, and championed the principles of Free Trade, which were assailed by Mr. Ecroyd, one of the Conservative candidates. Some of the methods employed by perfervid Tories, in their desire for his discomfiture, were not of the fairest. On the eve of the polling day the following letter, purporting to come from the central committee-rooms at Accrington, was

freely circulated among voters who lived any considerable distance from the booth, while a poster couched in similar terms was pasted over the Liberal placards.

> 'Lord Hartington, having been elected as member for the Radnor Boroughs, has decided to accept that seat. He will not contest this division of the county, and therefore there will be no occasion for you to be at the trouble of voting on Friday next.'

There was also an ingenious effort made to bring the candidate into disrepute among pious constituents, because of his racing proclivities. But in spite of these obstructions, when the poll was declared Lord Hartington was at the head thereof, the other Liberal being not far behind with a majority of thirteen hundred over the most favoured Conservative.

In the whole country, as well as in North-East Lancashire, the Liberals were once more in the majority. The question now was, who was to be trusted with the formation of a cabinet. The choice lay between three men, Gladstone, Lord Granville and Lord Hartington.

At the outset of his campaign in Midlothian Gladstone had spoken of Granville and Hartington as desirable premiers. His preference was plainly given to the former, but as yet there was no talk of himself taking the reins of government. But as the country's enthusiasm for him waxed higher, he could not resist the opportunity of once more leading his party to victory. He soon made it quite plain that he would enter the cabinet in no subordinate position.

Acting on the advice of Beaconsfield, however, Queen Victoria summoned Lord Hartington to Windsor, and requested him to form a ministry. The marquess, who had already sounded Gladstone, replied that he thought no Liberal Government would be complete without the old chieftain was in it, but that he had reason to believe that the premier-

ship was the only position Gladstone would accept. He advised the queen, therefore, to send for him. The queen, however, who did not want Gladstone, urged the marquess to accept office, but finally agreed that he should return to town and ask the difficult member for Midlothian to give a definite statement of his attitude.

The next day, accompanied by Lord Granville, he returned to Windsor to tell her Majesty that Mr. Gladstone was resolved to be prime minister or nothing. The queen was for the latter alternative, and once more pressed Lord Hartington to undertake the formation of a ministry. The two noblemen urged the impossibility of ignoring the great man, who had after all the supreme claim to the leadership of his party. Reluctantly the queen accepted their point of view. Beaconsfield, in his picturesque way, declared that Lord Hartington had 'abandoned a woman in her hour of need.' [1]

Failing the Treasury, Queen Victoria would have liked the marquess at the War Office, but Gladstone, ignoring his sovereign's wishes, chose him to manage the affairs of India. This was a task congenial to him; for his broad and statesmanlike mind was a little weary of party trivialities. The two years which he spent at the India Office are chiefly memorable for the evacuation of Kandahar, for which he was officially responsible.

At the end of 1882 Lord Hartington was transferred to the War Office. He was one of the four ministers who

[1] It has been repeatedly asserted that Lord Hartington tried to form a cabinet behind Gladstone's back, and only abandoned the attempt because of the discouraging attitude of his colleagues. This was not the case. Such underhand dealings were little in keeping with the marquess's character; and that he had from the first maintained that Gladstone was the only man for the premiership is placed beyond a doubt by the testimony both of Lord Morley and of Lord Esher, who was the marquess's secretary at this time. (See Leach, *Duke of Devonshire*, pp. 198 sqq.)

interviewed Gordon before sending him on his fatal mission. The general received a favourable impression of the marquess, and he said afterwards that he would have liked to give Bibles to him and Lord Granville.

Lord Hartington, though it was his official duty to justify in Parliament the Government's policy, all along took a graver view than Gladstone of the dangers of the situation in the Soudan, and he entirely concurred with Lord Selborne in urging the earlier despatch of a relief force. Nevertheless he had to bear with his chief the blame for the tragedy which moved England to grief and indignation. He and Gladstone were both at Holker with the Duke of Devonshire when the telegram came which announced Gordon's end. Mr. Brett (afterwards Viscount Esher) and Sir Ralph Thompson read it at the War Office, and forwarded it to the ministers, who almost immediately afterwards received severe messages of censure from the queen. As war minister, it was Lord Hartington who, 11th May 1885, announced that the Soudan had been temporarily abandoned.

Meanwhile the condition of Ireland was the vital and menacing question of the day. As already stated, Lord Hartington's face was steadfastly set against Home Rule. Ready and anxious as he ever was to redress what he conceived to be Irishmen's legitimate grievances, he had no sympathy with Parnell or the Land League. It is easy to understand that the events of Phœnix Park, the barbarous murder of a dearly loved brother, confirmed him in his natural aversion from the terrible methods that patriotism had adopted, if they did not actually weaken (as well they might, even in a mind so just as his) those sympathies which had made him zealous for land reform and disestablishment.

In November 1885, in the short Conservative interval between the second and third Gladstone administrations, he visited the country towards which all eyes were so apprehensively turned. The speech which he delivered in the

Ulster Hall at Belfast, an admirably lucid exposition of his attitude, attracted much attention. A general election was imminent, and Parnell was working hard to get eighty Nationalist members returned. Lord Hartington insisted on the vital necessity of a Liberal majority that should be independent of the Irish leader and his friends. If the Liberal party were returned with sufficient power to work untrammelled, he said, sweeping and beneficial reforms would, he believed, be carried out in Ireland. He reiterated these sentiments in his address to the voters of Rossendale, the newly created division of Lancashire, to whom he was offering himself as Liberal candidate. 'With due precaution for the protection of the rights of the minority,' he said, 'I am prepared to support an extension of the powers of local self-government in Ireland, and to undertake legislative reforms in the structure of the executive government.' Rossendale was a one-man division, and, 27th November, Lord Hartington was declared its chosen representative by a majority of 1832 over the Conservative candidate, his old opponent, Mr. Ecroyd.

Vague rumours of Gladstone's intentions were making the Liberals of the older school extremely uncomfortable. A meeting was held at Devonshire House, at which it was decided that the great man should be asked to speak plainly. His answer was, that he had no definite intentions, that his views as to Ireland had not altered. But the Whigs were not satisfied. On the amendment to the address which brought their party into power, Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen and Sir Henry James voted on the losing side, and when Gladstone offered them places in his Government, these three statesmen, besides Derby, Northbrook and Bright, declined. Nor was it only the Whigs who were dissatisfied with their chief. Mr. Chamberlain, head of the Radical section of the party, accepted the presidency of the Local Government Board. But as soon as the prime

minister had definitely stated his policy, he also refused to serve under him.

Even before the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, Lord Hartington, with Goschen and James, had been invited by Lord Randolph Churchill to 'come over and help us.' But the marquess was not the man to move in a hurry. On the first reading of the bill, however, he criticised Gladstone's propositions as likely to lead to dissension or even civil war. He was on the platform at the great Opera House meeting, and moved the first resolution; which was to the effect that any proposals which tended to invalidate the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, would be disastrous to both countries. When the bill was read for the second time, Lord Hartington moved its rejection in a strong speech, at the commencement of which he gave expression to the regret with which, for the first time in his long career, he thus followed his old colleague. In spite of overtures from the Government—to which he replied, 'No, Mr. Gladstone and I do not mean the same thing'—Lord Hartington voted against the bill; and it was the defection of him and those who thought like him, that turned the scale against the old champion of Irish liberty.

At the general election the marquess had to work hard. His desertion of his chief was not taken with unanimous kindness by the Liberals of Rossendale, and the meetings he addressed were often stormy. Nevertheless he was sent back to Westminster in preference to a Home Rule candidate.

Gladstone was beaten, and the question was which of his two vanquishers was to succeed him. Was Hartington or Salisbury to form the next ministry? The queen was supposed to favour the former, and a conjectural Hartington cabinet, drawn up by 'a distinguished member of the present administration' crept into the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It subsequently transpired that this was the work of Gladstone

himself, done in a frivolous mood, and never intended for publication.

After an audience with the queen, Lord Salisbury went straight to Devonshire House and offered Lord Hartington the premiership. For the second time the marquess declined that high office to which only one of his ancestors had ever attained. To accept, he argued, might well be taken as symptomatic of conversion to Conservatism. He wished it to be clearly understood that he was Liberal as ever, and only temporarily estranged from his chief on one special question. That at the time was the attitude of the new Liberal Unionist party, which in its pristine purity, before it had become fused with Conservatism, was the representative descendant of the old Whiggery to which Lord Hartington was bound by such close ties.

So Salisbury assumed the reins, and Hartington entered Parliament as the duly elected leader of the Liberal Unionists. But five months later, when the sudden resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill struck a blow at the Government which for the moment was thought to be fatal, Salisbury renewed his offer. Hartington, it happened, was in Rome, and though he started at once for England, his telegraphic reply was prevented by a snowstorm from reaching the premier. When, therefore, he arrived in England, he found that Lord Salisbury had hearkened to the counsels of his colleagues, and decided to remain at the head of affairs. The only office open to him was that which Churchill had vacated, the exchequer, which he did not want. Goschen, however, accepted it, thus creating a precedent for the alliance of Unionist and Conservative.

In 1891 Lord Hartington went the destined way of a peer's eldest son, and passed, as Duke of Devonshire, to the Upper House. There, two years later, he once more moved the rejection of a Home Rule Bill, and in 1895 he at last identified himself with the Conservative party by

accepting office under Lord Salisbury, as president of the Council. In that capacity he had the Education Bills of 1896 and 1902 under his wing. He was also president of the Council of Imperial Defence, a matter which he had much at heart, and he gave his support to the Government's policy during the South African war.

The duke was preparing to rest after his long labours in his country's service when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain made his memorable speech at Birmingham in May 1903. This is not the place for a discussion of that difficult question which is still waiting a decision. All his life Devonshire had supported the principles of Free Trade, and though he was in favour of a sincere inquiry into our fiscal system, he found it impossible to do anything but oppose tooth and nail the gospel of Protection. His resignation from the cabinet which, as is well remembered, succeeded closely and in somewhat curious circumstances those of Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton, was followed by secession from the Liberal Unionist Association. Thenceforward, though he in no way returned to his old party, but clung to the term Liberal Unionism as the adequate description of his politics, he devoted all his energies to the defence of the fiscal system under which his long life had been passed, accepting the presidency of the Unionist Free Food League. A rumour, indeed, got abroad that negotiations were afoot between the duke and Lord Rosebery, with a view to a coalition of the Free Trade Unionists with the Liberals. But all knowledge of the report was denied by both noblemen. Undoubtedly, however, the crushing defeat of the Conservatives in 1906 was in some measure due to the duke's influence.

During the racing week at Ascot in 1907 the Duke of Devonshire fell suddenly ill. He was taken to Windsor, where he stayed until strong enough to move to Devonshire House. Later in the year he went to Egypt. In

the following spring he started homewards, but died at Cannes, 24th March 1908, from the effects of pneumonia contracted at Cairo. He was seventy-four years of age.

The duke was not a showy statesman. Brought up under Palmerston, the best years of his career falling at the time when the great duel between Gladstone and Disraeli was attracting the eyes of the world, his latter days when the forceful personality of Mr. Chamberlain occupied the centre of the stage, he has never stood among the lime-lit ones. Certain characteristics of his militated against popular enthusiasm on his behalf. His oratory, for instance, was not brilliant: occasionally it was even dull. But his speeches, though they might not electrify the House, stood the stern test of dispassionate perusal. His weighty words wore better than the flimsy eloquence of more mercurial rhetoricians. Soundness was his great virtue, and though he might not tickle the fancy of a superficial proletariat, it was those best able to judge who thought most highly of him. His apparent somnolence, his inveterate unpunctuality were merely ornaments. 'A sturdily honest English gentleman,' Mr. H. W. Lucy called him, 'whose name and personal character are a tower of strength to his party, and whose leadership is a pledge that its policy will be straightforward and intelligent, bold if need be, manly and true always.' Lord Randolph Churchill, a man of so different a temperament, considered the duke's judgment infallible. 'He was slow, but sure. If an important paper requiring an early answer was sent to him to read, it might be pigeonholed for weeks; but when he *did* read it, he would at once discover any flaw or weakness, and his verdict generally carried the day.'[1] Disraeli was among the first to recognise the talents of his young opponent, and Gladstone, at a moment when some warping of judgment might well have been excused, described him as 'the very flower of

[1] *Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill*, p. 155.

truth and honour.' To the city man he was the 'safe duke.'

Politics were far from being his only interest, and, like his politics, several other interests were hereditary. He loved his lands, but the fact that his father's life overlapped his by so many years relieved him, during the greater part of his career, of the responsibility of the management of his broad estates. When at last his property came to him from the capable hands of the seventh duke, it was in a very different condition from that to which it had been reduced by the sixth duke's lavishness. Chancellor of Cambridge and of Manchester, lord rector of Edinburgh, he was keen on all that concerned education. Heredity was again evident in his advocacy of improved technical and industrial training, a subject on which he was at one time in communication with Huxley and Roscoe. To commemorate his mayoralty of Eastbourne, he presented the town with the site of a technical institute and free library. It was his care to foster those industrial activities which had been so near his father's heart, and among the companies of which he was chairman were the Barrow Haematite Steel Company and the Furness Railway Company. He was also chairman of the royal commission on labour.

The duke was a keen sportsman. A cricketer in his youth, he followed the hounds as long as the years would let him, and shooting was a lifelong pleasure. Just as he made Lismore his headquarters when he felt the desire to ply rod and line, so he used Bolton Abbey mainly as a shooting-box.

He was devoted to the turf, though it cannot be said that he was eminently successful with his horses. He won neither the Derby nor the Oaks nor the St. Leger. The Thousand Guineas and the Coronation Stakes in 1877, the Hunt Cup and Gold Cup at Ascot in 1892, and the Eclipse Stakes ten years later, were his principal victories. When he started racing in 1870 he was known as Mr. C. J. Stuart,

and his colours were a brown jacket and an orange cap. Three years later he registered the 'all straw' under his own name. In 1883 he was elected to the Jockey Club, and in the year following Queen Victoria's death, he raced King Edward's horses.

Late in life the duke was quietly married at Christ Church, Down Street, to Louise, Countess Von Alten, and Dowager-Duchess of Manchester, who had been Mistress of the Robes during that Derby ministry, the downfall whereof had been brought about by the young Marquess of Hartington's first important speech in the Commons. The 'Double Duchess' has been one of the foremost women politicians of her time, and the great social and political gatherings which under her auspices have taken place at Devonshire House recall the brilliant days of Georgiana.

The eldest son of his youngest brother, Lord Edward Cavendish, had long been known for the eighth duke's certain successor. Mr. Victor Christian William Cavendish, who had Holker after his grandfather's death, was at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. From 1891 until he became duke he sat as Liberal Unionist for the western division of Derbyshire. From 1900 to 1903 he was treasurer of the King's Household, and thence till 1905 financial secretary to the Treasury. In June 1910 he was installed chancellor of Leeds university. His marriage with Lady Evelyn Emily Mary Fitzmaurice, a daughter of the fifth Marquess of Lansdowne, has knit the great Whig house of Cavendish more closely than ever to the Unionist cause. After the death of King Edward VII. the Duchess of Devonshire was appointed mistress of the Robes, in succession to her aunt, the Duchess of Buccleuch. Besides five daughters, two sons have been born to carry on the Cavendish line.

## CHAPTER XII

### CONCLUSION

HERE, for the present, ends the tale of the great house of Cavendish and the dukes who reign in it. That name and title shall long continue there is good assurance. There are in these days not a few who have little good to say of dukes and earls; who would relegate stately titles to the realms of archæology. But if they had their way, England would be the poorer, and not in pageantry only. The inheritance of a great tradition, the memory of ancestral achievement, are not things that men hold lightly or despise. It may be that many of our greatest statesmen, our Pitts and Burkes and Gladstones, have reached their heights by inspired genius, and without the example of noble forefathers. But the phalanx of the aristocracy (our ridiculed—and sometimes ridiculous—House of Lords) has had its fair share in the greatness of England. Nevill, Russell, Cecil, Cavendish—if the supreme ruler, the heaven-sent statesman, is vainly sought under some of these high names—reddest leveller, most earnest democrat would be hard put to it to deny the weight and value of the sum of the achievement of those who have borne them.

Sprung from the loins of a fourteenth-century lawyer, rising to wealth on the devastation of the monasteries, earls by the grace of the first James, dukes for their part in dethroning the second, the Cavendishes may well stand for the type of the English aristocratic family. For four centuries they have kept their name unstained, and their

part in history has been an honourable and a consistent part. Of the eight dukes who have completed their rule, each one has worn the Garter. The Most Noble Order has fallen somewhat, it may be, from the high exclusiveness of the knightly age of its foundation, but here, at least, it has not been ill-bestowed.

To reduce all men of kindred blood to a common denominator, to find 'family characteristics,' is a habit which is very open to abuse. Men are too various, take too many liberties with the laws of heredity, to make such work as profitable as it is amusing. Then there are the wives, bringing new blood and new qualities to each generation. Account must be taken of them. One cannot ignore the influence of personalities like Bess of Hardwick, Christian Bruce, or Georgiana Spencer.

Nevertheless, in reviewing the lives of all these Cavendishes, there do seem to be certain factors which run like an unbroken thread, stringing together the individual lives—the beads of divers hues and lustres. Predominant, of course, is the love of liberty which embraced Whiggery at its birth. Secondly comes that dislike of extremities—justifying the family motto—which remained faithful to the same principle to its dying day. It was the second quality which led the Cavendishes unanimously to the king's side in the Civil War; it was the first that, after the bitter lesson of the Restoration, made them play their great part in the Revolution. They have known how to chose. Liberty for them does not mean anarchy. Many, like Lord Charlemont, have found them 'a little too aristocratic.' But their reverence for the dignity of the Constitution and the social order has never degenerated into mere conservatism. They could oppose parliamentary reform in the eighteenth century and, keeping pace with the time-spirit, give it in the nineteenth their hearty support. The first duke combated the Catholics' claims for recogni-

tion, knowing that to countenance them would mean James II. on the throne; but his descendants have ever been liberal where religion is concerned.

Nothing is more characteristic of the Cavendishes than their connection with Ireland. Good landlords everywhere, across the Channel they are among the few Englishmen who are beloved of their tenants. About Lismore the name of Cavendish is held in reverence. Two dukes have represented their sovereign at Dublin Castle, and both left the country regretted by patriots. The black tale of English rule in Ireland has won no approval or palliation from them. Measures of amelioration have always had their ardent advocacy. But no further. It was the gospel of Home Rule that drove them from the Liberal party.

With their moderation and their love of justice has always gone a third quality. It seems an insult even to whisper of the honesty of men like these. But political is not the same as private morality, and this will not be the first place in which the canons of good taste have been thus broken. What Wraxall called 'the hereditary probity of the Cavendish family' has struck both friend and foe, from the days of the first duke to those of the last. Even Horace Walpole bears witness to it. Striking testimony! Political chicanery, expediency, the tricks of the party game, have never found exponents among the men of the great Derbyshire house.

Immaculately honourable, modest beyond measure, always courteous and dignified: if England ceased to breed such sons as these, where would be the gain? 'Think of what the Cavendishes have done in days gone by,' said John Bright. 'Think of their services to the State.'

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